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THE KAULBACHS.

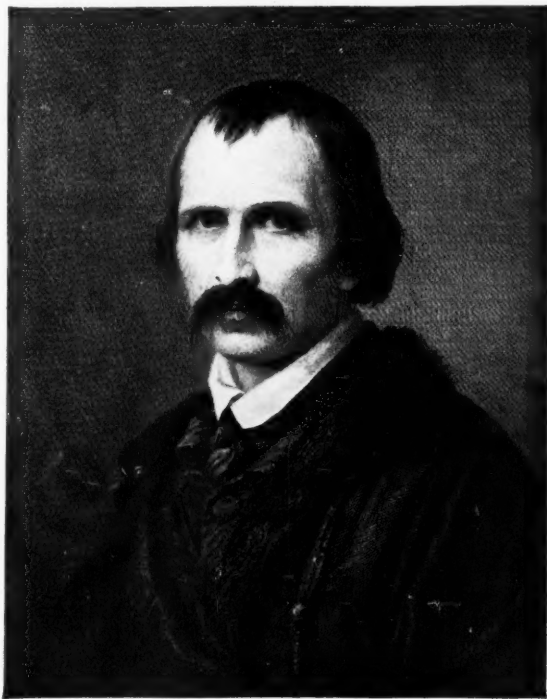
By Margaret Field.

MODERN German art is associated with the name of Wilhelm Kaulbach, who was born in Waldeck in 1805. But the Kaulbach who has so many lovers among the art critics is of a later day than this famous old painter, being his son. The father had at one time some very extraordinary ideas which he allowed to have play in his earlier pictures, but in his later years he occupied the position of court painter at Hanover, and in this capacity painted some striking portraits, among them being those of the royal family, which can be seen in the gallery at Hanover.

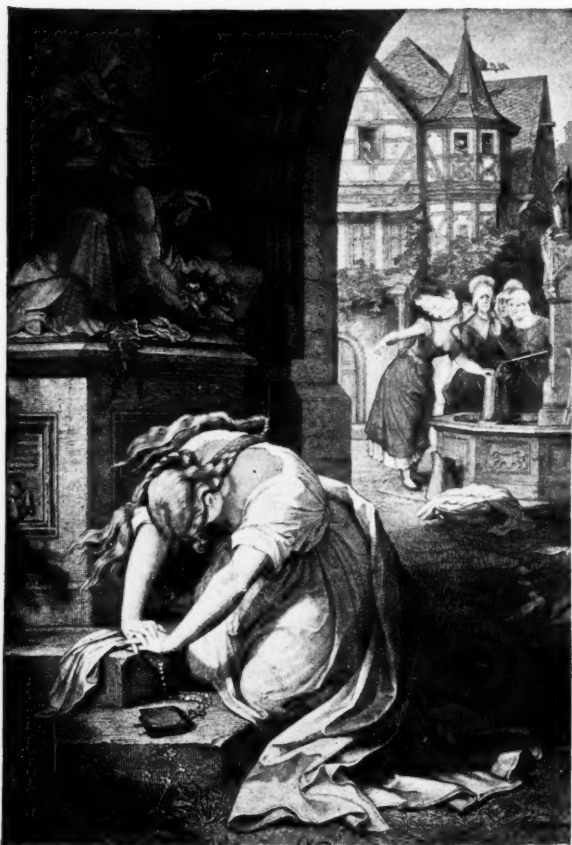
Fritz August von Kaulbach, the son, is a most pleasing artist, who enters into the spirit of his subject and puts it before you with a grace that is truly captivating. He is more distinctively a portrait painter than a genre painter. In costumes he is inimitable. Many of his subjects are taken from the time of the Renaissance. It may be for this reason that the element of vulgarity which is found in the

usual picture of fancy costumers is entirely lacking.

It was some time time early in the seventies that his work first became popular. The German past possesses for him a charm that causes him to put so much enthusiasm, so



WILHELM KAULBACH.



"MARGUERITE'S PENITENCE."

From the painting by Wilhelm Kaulbach.

much passion into all that he pictures, that you feel carried away by it and share the enthusiasm that inspired him. His women, children and girls are one and all in fancy costume, behind them the unchanging background—a calm, country landscape. There is such a *prettiness* in all that he paints that he would in any age be popular, but his remarkable technique has procured for him a prestige far more lasting than popularity.

In 1876 there was given at Munich a fancy dress festival, one of those fêtes so dear to the heart of southern Germany. The success of this was almost entirely due to young Kaul-

bach. He designed all the costumes, and, possessing not only the necessary learning, but at the same time the fastidious taste and love of harmony, made of the affair a great success. The two pictures, "The Mandolin Players" and "Reverie," were exhibited in Paris in 1878 and became very popular.

Kaulbach was but twenty nine when he painted his "Mayday," which is now hung in the gallery at Dresden. In the foreground is a table with fruit and wines, and seated at it is the jolly old burgher, who drinks to the health of his demure wife. In the center is a group of children in long frocks, wide

cuffs and caps. The whole scene has a freshness, a realism about it that carries you back to the time when such a spectacle might have been possible.

A very pleasing composition is his "Spring Walk," which represents a mother and two children, both as placid as the streak of meadows and the river with its reflected sky. The "Lute Player," which was bought by the Emperor Francis Joseph, was afterwards sold and reproduced in black and white to become the darling of the public. It determined Kaulbach's success as a portrait painter. The success it achieved was universal; but nowhere was it appreciated as in Germany. It became the ambition of every German beauty to see herself clad in a similar gown and to adopt the pose of this fair lute player.

A sojourn in Paris did not a little for Kaulbach—gave him that finished touch which is lacking in so many German masters, and yet it did not spoil him as it has succeeded in doing so many of his countrymen. He merely accepted the polish and did not try to put into his pictures that *chic* which is a Frenchman's inheritance, but which, allowed to penetrate the sacred precincts of German art, carries destruction in its wake.

Kaulbach, in many of his portraits, gives evidence of having striven to produce the same effects as did that much admired German master, Holbein. The sweet simplicity of many of his subjects, and his charming manner of treating them, lends them a merit which is unique, and thus the charge of lack of originality is scarcely just when applied to him.

As a caricaturist Kaulbach was inimitable, but his cleverness in this line is scarcely appreciated beyond the bounds of his own country. He was born in Hanover in 1850, and was there a pupil of his father; after-

ward he went to Nuremburg, where he studied under Kreling. In 1872 he settled in Munich, where he has since lived.

The elder Kaulbach, Wilhelm, already referred to, is perhaps best known by his "Battle of the Huns," which was completed in 1837 and combined elements in its composition of so unique a description as gave the artist at once a large following. Another famous historical piece, "The Destruction of Jerusalem by Titus," was finished the next year. But the work which first drew to him



"THE MARKSMAN'S WAITRESS."

From the painting by F. A. Kaulbach.

the attention of the art world was his "Mad House," displayed in 1829, after a course of study at the Academy of Dusseldorf.

His choice of painting as a career came about in rather an odd manner, and in strong contrast to the experi-

with no particular natural bent for legal lore or physic, but if you have no taste for drawing, it is quite out of the question for you to become an artist.

Nor was a miracle wrought in Kaulbach's case. The germ of the



"FLORA."

From the painting by F. A. Kaulbach.

ences of most young artists, who are traditionally discouraged by their parents from embarking in so hazardous a pursuit. In Kaulbach's case quite the reverse was true, for his father planned that his son should be an artist, while the boy himself showed no liking for the brush. One would think that this would have settled matters finally. You may be a lawyer or a doctor

talent was there, but lay dormant until some engravings, illustrating the tragedies of Schiller, fell under the boy's eye, and awakened it. He at once began his studies and in due course illustrated, in the style of Hogarth, Schiller, Goethe and Shakspeare.

One of his most famous pieces of illustrative work is "Reineke Fuchs" ("Reynard the Fox.")



A LIMITED VOCABULARY.

I.

BELINDA was a maiden
Divinely picturesque
As any child of "Aidenn"
(See Poe, in "Tales Grotesque."):
Her manners were most gentle,
Her voice was music sweet,
And I grew sentimental
When first we chanced to meet.

II.

We danced a waltz together,
And oh, the way she danced !
Each little foot a feather
Across the carpet glanced,
We ogled o'er the ices,
Until my heart said "This
Must be what Paradise is—
Superlatively bliss."

III.

In all our conversation,
We cordially agreed ;
Her highest commendation
Was always, " Yes, indeed ! "
I criticised, I queried—
It grieves me to confess,
I actually grew wearied
With " Yes," and " Yes, Oh, Yes ! "

IV.

But girls that are so stupid,
Oft have a pretty face ;
They get the help of Cupid,
And win us by their grace.
Thought I, since she's so willing,
Forever to agree,
Some day, I'll bet a shilling,
She'll answer " Yes " to me.

V.

So at the beach last summer,
Beneath the moonlight clear,
I sought to capture from her
That affirmation dear ;
But her vocabulary—
'Twas limited, and so,
Her language just to vary,
She tenderly said " No ! "

Paul Mederst.



FREDERICK SMYTH.

By Ralph Morgan.

RECORDER SMYTH. The worst bandit of the frontier that ever terrorized a people, never inspired greater fear than this name inspires with crime can scarcely be exaggerated. An ex-mayor of the metropolis recently said, in speaking of the recorder :



FREDERICK SMYTH.

From a photograph by Macnabb, New York.

in the hearts of the criminal classes of the metropolis.

It is well that it is so. With a resident population alone in and about New York of nearly three millions—a population made up from all the nations of the earth—the importance of a firm hand in dealing

“We owe our safety to Smyth. He, above all others, is the one man whom the criminal element of this community most fears. The police department can do no more than apprehend the wrong doer; Smyth sends him to prison.”

Recorder Smyth is the presiding

judge of the Court of General Sessions of the Peace. He was appointed in 1879. His name has become as familiar to New Yorkers as that of the President of the United States. This is due to several causes. First, to his unyielding firmness; second, to the peculiar title he bears—that of recorder; and third, to the fact that the district attorney usually elects to lay before him those cases that will be most stubbornly contested by the defense—notably capital cases.

"He has tried more 'murderers' than any other living judge in the State of New York, and 'conviction' is the usual verdict of the jury. So sure is this to be the result that many people, and especially the criminal classes, have come to regard the conviction of a prisoner tried before the recorder as a foregone conclusion. This opinion is not far out of the way, though it is not intended to convey the idea that the culprit at the bar is not accorded the fullest and freest opportunities for establishing his innocence.

No better evidence of this can be desired than is shown by the fact that in thirteen years, trying in this time thousands of cases, the recorder has had but two of his decisions reversed by the Court of Appeals, and in capital cases there has never been a dissenting opinion. This is a record that could come to no man whose chief aim has been the conviction of prisoners, as some people assume to have been the recorder's ruling motive. It is a record that speaks volumes for his intelligence and painstaking care in the management of trials.

There was perhaps never a case brought before him that provoked greater discussion as to his characteristics and manner of presiding than that of *Carlyle Harris*. It is doubtless not too great a stretch of imagination to fancy that under a less sagacious and careful judge *Harris* might yet be of this world. Heaven and earth were moved to save his life, but so skillfully had the recorder conducted the trial that the Court of Appeals could not find

even a pretext for reversing his decision.

Then came the appeal before the recorder himself for a new trial, on the ground of newly discovered evidence. He gave the defense a patient hearing, and being convinced that no evidence had been offered that would justify him in granting a new trial, he refused to do so. On this ruling he was again sustained by the governor.

A man of a more sentimental nature might have yielded to the pressure, and then there would have followed another long, tedious trial, with the even chance that justice in some way would have miscarried as it has been known to do in other conspicuous cases.

The recorder is of a Scotch Irish type, with a decidedly Scotch temperament. If there is any sentiment in his nature, it is not apparent in his official life. If he were a Presbyterian, the conclusion would be that he is more Scotch than Irish; if he were a Catholic, the conclusion would be that he is more Irish than Scotch. But since he is an Episcopalian and is an Irishman born, this analysis throws no light on the component parts of his origin.

He came to this country when a small boy, was educated here and here admitted to the bar.

He is a tall, strongly built man, with a sinewy figure. His clean shaven face, with its rugged features, is remarkable for its firmness. In court his expression is grave, even stern. His gray blue eyes are calm and penetrating. They see deep into the secret chambers of a prisoner's heart and make him feel that he is in the very atmosphere of prison walls.

Thirteen years of experience on the bench, with thousands of criminals brought before him—men and women charged with every conceivable crime—have given him a knowledge of human nature that enables him to determine almost at a glance the true character of a prisoner.

Socially the recorder is an agreeable and pleasant companion. A

smile lights up his features that lessens their gravity. He is a man of strong intellect, of great common sense. He is scrupulously just and deep beneath the calm, emotionless exterior are kindly impulses and generous sympathy.

Years ago it was said of New York that money would secure the freedom of any criminal, however black his crime.

This was before Recorder Smyth became a judge of the criminal court.

THE SONG OF A STAY-AT-HOME.

AWAY with your praises of seaside delights,
Of the long summer days and the cool, balmy nights,
Where Pleasure's gilt measure is filled to the brim,
And tho' bathing's bad form "they are all in the swim,"
Where the gay Gotham belle casts her line for a beau,
And the penniless youth builds his Spanish Chateau.
There's enjoyment, you say, by the deep sounding sea,
But the sweet little isle of Manhattan for me!

Here, careless and happy, right joyful I dwell,
Away from that nightmare—the summer hotel,
Where the waiter strides by with a curl on his lip,
When you fail to hand over the regular "tip."
And your friend says: "Old chappie, I'm busted, you know;
Won't you lend me a trifle—five hundred or so?"
In such an existence no pleasure I see—
Oh, the bright little isle of Manhattan for me!

My life is untrammelled by care or regret—
I'm away from the wiles of the summer coquette,
Who keeps gushing sentiment always on tap,
And forgets you just after her afternoon nap;
But this season I'm out of the race for her hand.
Let her flirt as she may on the soft shelving strand,
May her conquests be many as shells in the sea—
But the tight little isle of Manhattan for me!

Oh, what is so sweet on a bright summer day,
As a stroll in the region of Upper Broadway,
When the gay, dashing maidens, so handsome and spry,
In their wee russet gaiters glide gracefully by?
And how light is my heart as I turn my steps home!
I can fancy the woes of my friends by the foam;
In my bachelor quarters in Rue Twenty Three—
Oh, the sweet little isle of Manhattan for me!

IN SPITE OF CONSCIENCE.

By Matthew White, Jr.

"I DON'T see how you an' Elviry 'r goin' to get along."

The sick man spoke in a peevish tone. He moved his head restlessly from side to side on the pillow, as if in rebellion that it must be there at all.

"Don't talk that way, Philander," said the woman who sat by the bedside. "It sounds 's if you thought you wasn't goin' to get well. Here, take some o' this broth. It'll put new strength into your veins."

The man pushed the bowl away with an impatient gesture.

"'Tain't I that need the strength, Maria," he said. "It's you an' Elviry. How's she feelin' today? She don't know's I'm as sick as I am, does she?"

The man half raised up in the bed to look at his sister with keen intentness for an instant. Then he fell back with a moan of pain the exertion had caused him.

"There now, Philander," exclaimed the woman, with an asperity in her tones that was belied by the tenderness with which she bent over the sufferer, "haven't I told you 's you wasn't to worry one mite; that I'd see to everything? Elvira hasn't an idea but what it's the rheumatism that 'keeps you laid up this way. Don't you forget about that, Philander, when you go in to see her."

"I ain't never goin' to see her again, Maria. I'm tellin' you the truth. I feel a givin' way of all the vital forces. I don't see 's how you an' Elviry 'r goin' to get along."

The sick man came back to the expression of his gloomy forebodings with a half sigh of relief, as if in the fact that he realized the very worst that could befall there was a species of comfort.

Before Maria could make any re-

ply there was a knock at the outer door.

"That's one o' the Canterburys," she exclaimed. "She's come to find out how you are."

Maria hurried out of the room and opened the back door to find Thankful Canterbury on the broad stone there. She had a hood on her head and a shawl about her shoulders in spite of the fact that she lived in the same house with the Hoppings. Indeed, this was one of the agreements when the Canterbury homestead was divided between the two families. The Canterburys themselves were to occupy the right half, with privileges of the front door, and the Hoppings, the left, with an exit only by the back. And to prevent that familiarity which breeds contempt, whenever the members of one family called upon the other, they were not to cross the hall, but, according to stipulation, were in each case to go out by their own door and come in again by that assigned to their neighbor.

The only exception to this rule was to be in case of fire, burglars or tramps, a proviso inserted by the Miss Canterburys themselves, who had assigned away half their mansion, rent free, for the express purpose of experiencing the protection afforded by the presence of a man on the premises.

"Oh, good morning, Miss Hoppling," said Thankful, extending her mittened hand to Maria. "How's your brother this morning?"

"Thank you, Miss Canterbury," responded Maria, "won't you walk in and sit a bit? It's real kind of you to stop in an' inquire. The rheumatics is slow, you know, but it is sure—what you can't say for a

good many diseases that take you up all of a sudden and carry you off in a night almost. Excuse me for taking you into the kitchen, but we had to make up a bed for Philander in the sittin' room. The stairs was too much for him."

"Don't mention it. I'm sure you keep the place as clean so's you could a'most eat off the floor. But then you ain't got no dog to track the mud in. Fortune an' I have spent years tryin' to teach Watch to wipe his feet, but he don't seem to sense what we mean, though he's bright enough in other things. We really don't need a dog with your brother in the house, but we've got sorter attached to Watch and don't like to turn him off. How's your sister in law?"

"'Bout the same, thank you, Miss Canterbury."

"An' the doctor don't hold out any hopes of her ever bein' able to leave her bed?"

"There can't nothin' be done for her," responded Maria simply. "But she's that cheerful she puts the rest of us to shame."

"Do tell. I'd run up and see her now, but I told Fortune I'd be right back. Tell your brother we hope he'll be about again in a day or two. Dear me, I wonder if he knows what store sister Fortune an' I set by his bein' in the house? Only last night we was a talkin' an' wonderin' how we could ever have had any peace o' mind before he came. Good by."

Maria stood in the doorway and watched her caller till she disappeared around the corner of the house. She was wondering what the little woman would have said if she knew that it was not rheumatism but pneumonia that was keeping Philander confined to the bed that had been made up for him in the sitting room. This was the verdict of the doctor, for whom Maria had sent by the butcher wagon man to Mans-quasett, five miles away.

She wondered now, as she still stood there in the doorway, if he was a man likely to talk about his patients. Most of the people here in

Plainboro region had Dr. Oldby, from Lyme. That was the reason Maria had sent in the opposite direction for Dr. Bascom.

A sudden realization of the fact that a draught of air might not be the best thing for her patient, caused her to shut the door hurriedly and go back to the sitting room. She smiled to herself as she went through the passageway leading from the kitchen at the recollection of what Thankful Canterbury had said about trying to teach the dog Watch to wipe his feet.

"I'll tell it to Philander. It'll cheer him up," she said to herself.

"I've got something to make you laugh, Philander," she called out as she entered the room. "Jest as soon as I rake this fire down I'll come over and tell you."

She fell upon her knees in front of the stove and shook the clinkers down into the ash pan.

"Watch a wipin' his feet," she murmured to herself, her mouth twitching. "I must sit by the window and see 'em give him a lesson at it some day if I ever get the time."

She put her hands against the rocking chair to steady herself as she rose to her feet again—placed the shaker in the corner of the fireplace and then went over to the bed.

"What do you think, Philander," she began. "Thankful Canterbury has——"

She stopped suddenly. There was a little table by the bed on which stood the bowl of broth. Maria clutched this now so fiercely that the spoon rattled in the bowl. She opened her mouth to utter a cry, but before a sound could come forth she closed it, a look of grim determination came into her gray eyes, and she reached forth one of her toil furrowed hands and drew the coverlet over her brother's face.

Then she sat down in the rocking chair before the stove and thought. She knew that whatever personal grief she might feel must be suppressed until there was time for her to give way to it. The supreme thing now was Elviry's wellbeing.

There was now no one to look out for Philander's widow but herself. The money that Philander had been able to save up from his pay as teamster for the shoe factory at Lyme would not last them many weeks. But most important of all was the house. Where could they go if the Canterburys turned them out? Maria felt that she could take in sewing or go out to wash and make enough to feed Elviry and herself if only they could be sure of a roof over their heads. If there were only herself to consider it would not matter. She could then give free course to her grief and when it had expended itself, go out into the world, sure of earning enough to keep her.

But Elviry? Bedridden, dependent on petting and yet so patient and uncomplaining, she must be shielded from the effects of this blow at whatever cost.

Maria Hopping's character had always been a strong one. People used to say that she ought to have been the man and Philander the woman. So now she took up the problem with which she had been so suddenly confronted, with a resolute determination to solve it at the outset.

But at this moment two taps with a cane on the ceiling over her head caused her to start suddenly, and then to hurry out of the room and up the stairs.

"What is it, Elviry?" she asked, opening the door of the apartment above. "Do you want anything?"

There was no sharpness in the voice with which these questions were put. Maria went over to the bed and began softly stroking back the fair hair of the faded woman who lay upon it.

"No, nothing particular," was the reply. "Only you hadn't been up to tell me how Philander was this morning. Just think! I haven't seen him in four days now."

"You mustn't worry about Philander, Elviry," Maria said. "He's all right now, an' as long as he feels that you're comfortable he won't worry. So you see it's doin' some-

thing for him to be easy in your mind."

"I try to be, Maria. But layin' here all day I can't help findin' time to think it's kinder har—queer that is, for us two, husband and wife, to be in the same house an' not see each other."

"Yes, I know, Elviry," returned the other soothingly. "But you know what the rheumatiz is. If he'd only been took on this floor! But there now. We mustn't be questioning the doin's o' Providence. By the way, Miss Thankful stepped in this mornin' and inquired after you. She's coming to sit awhile with you pretty soon. But I must go down now and see about the dinner."

"Is Philander's appetite good?" asked Elviry.

Maria turned away quickly to step over to the window and adjust the shade to the same height as its mate.

"I made him some chicken broth for breakfast," she said. "You know he was always fond of that. Wouldn't you take some for your dinner, Elviry? There's a little left."

"Yes, I think I would relish it."

Maria hurried out, and as the door closed behind her stopped to lean against it for a moment. Both hands covered her face while a moan of anguish that she could not quite suppress struggled from between the lips usually so set, but which now were quivering.

Instantly a door on the other side of the hall opened and a woman's voice was heard calling:

"Watch, Watch, is that you? Come in here, sir."

Maria dropped her hands from her face and with noiseless tread hurried down the stairs.

"I must be careful, careful," she said to herself in a whisper.

She did not go into the sitting room again that morning, but after dinner she was busy there until tea time. While she was getting this meal there was a knock at the door and Fortune Canterbury presented herself. She was older than her sister, but much smaller, and some way always reminded Maria of a bird.

She always pursed up her lips when she talked and held her head on one side.

"I hope your brother isn't worse," she said now. "While sister and I were taking our walk this afternoon we noticed that the shades were all drawn in your sittin' room. I didn't know——"

Miss Canterbury paused here. It did not seem to her exactly the thing to put into words the awful thought that had occurred, to Thankful and herself when they saw the darkened windows.

"Yes, Philander, I'm coming."

Maria had raised one hand and placed the other behind her ear as if to satisfy herself that she was really being called from the front room.

"You must excuse me for leavin' you, Miss Fortune," she added, "but when folks is gettin' well, you know they're apt to be fretful."

"Oh, Thankful'll be so glad to hear he's better. Good night, Miss Maria," and little Miss Canterbury hurried around to enter the house again by the front door.

Meanwhile Maria had thrown herself on her knees beside the bed on which her brother lay.

"It was a meant lie, if not a spoken one," she moaned softly. "But it's all for her sake; 'tain't goin' to do me no good, an' so I can't see the sin's so awful. Besides, I was always stronger than Philander. He wouldn't a been any protection for the Canterbury's."

* She roused herself to go out and take Elviry's tea up to her.

"Philander's slept quiet all the afternoon," she said in answer to her sister in law's eager questioning.

But this did not satisfy Elviry. She wanted to know what he had said when he waked up, what message he had sent her, when Maria thought he would be able to get up stairs, and so on. And Maria found that half truths were no longer available. She was obliged to tell out and out falsehoods, the strain of inventing them wearing on her brain as much as the sin did on her soul. This plain, outspoken New England

woman was not at home in the domain of diplomacy.

She was worn out when Elviry finally fell asleep. But for herself she knew that there was to be little rest that night. She went down stairs and put on her hood and shawl, took a little roll of money out of the china tea pot in the upper shelf of the pantry, and went out into the starry winter night, locking the kitchen door after her and putting the key in her pocket.

She walked fast, partly because she had a long journey before her and partly because it seemed as if in this way only could she escape being overwhelmed by her own thoughts. She remembered the minister had once given a talk in prayer meeting on the matter of doing evil that good might come. She could not immediately recall what he had said on the subject, and did not try to do so. She preferred to be impressed with the fact that he *might* have approved the method.

It was a cold night. Even Maria's quick walking did not keep her warm. And Mansquasett was five miles away, and it was growing later and later, for she was no longer the young, spry woman she once was, and could not travel very fast. The doctor would probably be in bed by the time she arrived. And he would be apt to be cross at being roused up. But there was no help for it. She could not go to Dr. Oldby, or any one in Plainboro. Everybody there knew everybody else's business.

At last, it seemed after walking half the night, Maria reached the outlying houses of Mansquasett. And now she realized that she did not know which one was Dr. Bascom's. But she kept on resolutely till she came to a dwelling in which a light shone from an upper window. Her knock at the door was answered by a voice from the same window asking what was wanted.

Maria put her question and received the necessary directions. Ten minutes later she stood on Dr. Bascom's door stone.

The doctor dressed himself hurriedly and came down to let her in.

"Is your brother worse?" he asked quickly.

"No," she answered simply; "he is dead."

"Why didn't you send——" began the doctor, but Maria interrupted him.

"You couldn't have done any good then," she said. "It's now I want you to help me. My brother's wife mustn't know what has happened; nobody must know except those what has to. I've got a little money. I want you to get me an undertaker and—a minister, an' have the funeral tomorrow night from here. I'll pay you for it. Elviry mustn't know, you see; it'd kill her. She's an invalid. You can send the hearse and a carriage for me tomorrow night. Will you attend to all this for me? It's for Elviry's sake."

The doctor was a keen discerner of character and knew the sort of woman with whom he had to deal. He promised to do what he could and then, when he found out that she had walked the five miles, went out to the stable, roused up his man and sent her back in his chaise.

"I s'pose I'll have to tell some time," mused Maria, as she drew near her home again. "I can't keep on always inventing lies. Lie—it's an ugly word. An' how many of 'em I'll have to tell in a day even!"

Now that the responsibility of making the funeral arrangements was off her mind, she kept thinking persistently of this other phase of the situation.

"But it's all for Elviry's sake," she tried to console herself by reflecting, and then she started from her seat beside the driver with a little cry. There were lights in the Canterbury

house. She saw figures pass the windows in Elviry's room. What did it mean? What had happened? Had they discovered anything?

"Drive, drive!" she cried, almost springing from the chaise in her impatience.

Five minutes later she was running up the stairs. Half way she met Thankful Canterbury.

"Maria Hopping," said the latter in a stern voice, "where have you been? There, your poor sister in law was took bad and we heard her knockin', knockin' on the wall till we couldn't stand it no longer, an'——"

"Hush." Fortune Canterbury came out of the room above with uplifted forefinger. Then she crept down the stairs behind her sister.

"She don't need any of us no more," she whispered.

Maria did not cry out. She just clutched the banisters tightly and bowed herself over them.

"It's my punishment," she moaned softly. "If I'd a told about Philander, I needn't have gone off this way, an' then I'd a been here when she wanted me. Now I've killed her."

"Don't take on so," Fortune Canterbury whispered. "She'd likely have died just the same if you'd a been here."

"Only we couldn't make your brother hear us," her sister added. "And she did want me to give a message to him before she went."

"Then she didn't know!" exclaimed Maria, a sudden gleam coming into her face.

"Know what?"

"That Philander died this morning."

There was a little ring of triumph in the words, and as she spoke them a burden seemed to roll from Maria's soul.



THE MASSACRE OF LA CAROLINE.

By Stephen K. Schonberg.

ONE of the bloodiest crimes of the era when European colonists were first struggling for a foothold in North America was done in the name of religion.

It was the dream of the great Huguenot leader Coligny to found in America a France beyond the seas that should be both a refuge for his fellow Protestants and a counterpoise to the western empire of Spain. His earliest colony on an island in the bay of Rio de Janeiro, proved a failure. So also did his second, which first landed at the mouth of the St. John's River in Florida and moved thence to Port Royal, in South Carolina. His third expedition, which left Havre in April, 1564, also went to the St. John's, and on its bank, six miles from the sea, built the little port of La Caroline. They were peaceable folk, these Huguenots—simple minded and devout. The natives who dwelt about them were deeply impressed with their constant singing of hymns. "Long after the breaking up of the colony," says Dr. Baird, in his "History of Huguenot Emigration," the European cruising along the coast or landing upon the shore would be saluted with some snatch of a French psalm uncouthly rendered by Indian voices, in strains caught from the Calvinist soldier on patrol or from the boatman plying his oar on the river."

But the settlement did not prosper. There had been hopes of finding gold, but they proved delusive. Few of the colonists knew anything of tilling the soil. Disappointment bred dissensions, and some of the emigrants sailed off for the West Indies. Captain René de Laudonnière was preparing, in the autumn of the second year, to take the rest

back to Europe when there came reinforcements sent out by Coligny—seven ships and nearly a thousand men, women, and children, under Captain Jean Ribaut.

Ribaut took three of his vessels up the river to La Caroline, leaving four, the larger ones, anchored at its mouth. Five days later (September 2, 1565) a messenger came from the coast to the fort with surprising news. A large fleet had been sighted, sailing in from the ocean. It was just before sunset on a hazy afternoon, and it had been impossible to tell of what nationality the new comers might be.

The uncertainty did not last long. Another message was received the next morning. It was from Don Pedro Menendez de Abila, the commander of the strange fleet, who announced that he had come with fifteen ships and twenty six hundred men "to exterminate all Protestants whom he should find on land or sea." There was a council of war at La Caroline. Laudonnière was for bending all energies to the strengthening of the fort, and for relying on the friendly natives to save it from the Spaniards. Ribaut, although his four large ships had slipped off and put to sea, insisted on taking to those that remained and attacking the Spanish fleet. Laudonnière had to yield, and Ribaut took almost the whole fighting force of the colony and sailed after Menendez, who had made a landing thirty miles to the south. A violent tempest caught his ships, and wrecked them on the sands of Cape Canaveral.

The same storm demolished part of the stockade at La Caroline. Laudonnière had only a handful of able bodied men among the two hundred

and forty souls left in his charge, and he could neither repair nor guard his broken defenses. On the night of September 20—while the gale was still blowing, and torrents of rain were falling—five hundred Spaniards dashed through the palisade, and the fort was lost almost without a struggle. Menendez had stopped near his landing place to begin the building of a fort which he dedicated to St. Augustine—and which was the nucleus of the oldest town now existing in the United States—and then, guided by two Indians hostile to the Huguenots, he had crept through the forest to assault Laudonnière by surprise.

His success was complete. The attacking party lost not a single man. Of the defenders Laudonnière, the Lutheran preacher Robert, and two or three others, escaped into the woods, reached the coast, and were carried to Europe on one of Ribaut's smaller ships. The rest were cut down by the Spaniards until all attempt at resistance was over. Then the survivors were marshaled before Menendez, and the men were led out from the fort and hanged to trees. On the scene of massacre the Spaniard set up an inscription, "Hanged not as Frenchmen, but as Lutherans."

Meanwhile Ribaut, leaving his ships stranded and shattered at Cape Canaveral, was making his way northward through the swamps of the Florida coast. After many hardships he came in sight of La Caroline. The Spanish flag flying over the stockade warned him that it had fallen into the hands of his enemies. He turned about, and moving back to Menendez's fort at St. Augustine sent to ask for terms of surrender.

The Spanish captain was there, and told Ribaut's messenger that he would give the Huguenots no quarter. He was reminded that France and Spain were at peace. "True," he replied, "but not so in the case of heretics. Yield yourselves to my mercy," was his ultimatum. "Give up your arms and your colors, and I will act toward you as God may prompt me."

When Ribaut's men—who numbered three hundred and fifty—heard the messenger's report, two hundred of them refused to surrender, and took to the woods. The rest gave themselves up. Menendez asked if they were Catholics or Protestants. "We are Lutherans," answered Ribaut, and began to sing the psalm,



COLIGNY.

"Lord, remember David," in which his fellow prisoners joined. Then Menendez had their hands tied behind their backs, and every man of them was put to the sword, with the exception of twelve who recanted and professed themselves as Catholics. The two hundred fugitives fled to Cape Canaveral, and were attempting to build a ship from the fragments of Ribaut's wrecked fleet when Menendez pursued and overtook them. They prepared to sell their lives dearly. The Spaniard, seeing their desperation, made them a solemn promise to treat them as prisoners of war if they would surrender. The hopeless men submitted, and Menendez so far kept his word as to spare their lives, and send them to Spain as galley slaves.

The awful fate of their countrymen— butchered, hanged, and enslaved, and that in a time of peace—aroused bitter indignation among the people of France. So fierce was

the cry for revenge that a young French officer, Dominic de Gourges, actually sold his patrimony to raise money for an expedition of retaliation. He bought and equipped three small vessels, landed near the mouth of the St. John's River, and, having enlisted the aid of the Indians, fell on La Caroline—which the Spaniards had rechristened San Mateo.

He took the fort with its whole garrison, and wreaked his avenging rage by slaughtering and hanging its defenders as they had slaughtered and hanged the Huguenots. Then beside Menendez's inscription he set up another, burned with a hot iron on a pine board, "I do this not unto Spaniards nor unto mariners, but unto traitors, robbers, and murderers."

ALONG THE DELAWARE.

By Matthew White, Jr.

"WHERE shall we go this summer?" is the refrain that is repeated over and over in city households from February until the momentous question is finally decided, and thus the vacation period comes to assume an importance that cannot be ignored. And as three fourths of pleasure lies in the anticipation thereof, the enjoyment to be extracted from a summer outing is materially added to when the discussion of its how and when and where comes up while the snow is still on the ground and continues on

through bud and blossom time, and until birds begin to pillage the cherry trees.

But if, perchance, the problem is still unsettled by this date, anticipation is apt to transform itself into anxiety, and the fear arise lest there be no actuality.

And the choice of a resort in a country like our own is indeed a difficult matter, because of the embarrassment of riches. Seashore, mountain, glen, spring and forest all invite us to come and taste of their delights. Which shall it be?



VIEW NEAR CONASHAUGH.

"If I could only find the charms of all combined in one," sighs the paterfamilias of limited purse and rural predilections.

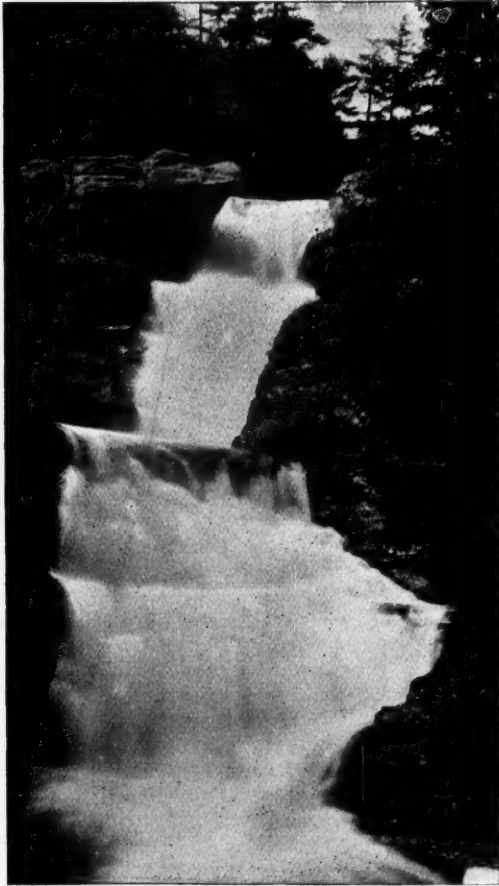
This is not difficult. There is Bar Harbor, where mountain and sea meet in most picturesque juxtaposition, and the Adirondacks, where the trees cast entrancing shadows in placid lakes.

"But these are beaten paths," paterfamilias objects, "and because of this fact, they are expensive paths, too. Find me some spot of which I have never known before, where the voice of the summer boarder has not been heard so long in the land that the very birds give out their notes for hire."

Yes, there be some such spots still left. And one of them is so close to New York and Philadelphia that a railroad ride of a few hours will carry one to its borders. To its borders, we say, for as yet the iron horse happily has not desecrated the sylvan stillness of the region with its panting, the steed of steel being the only means of *rapid* transit through its charming scenes.

Pike County, Pennsylvania, is the location of the territory on the maps. Let us take the reader into it for a sip of its delights, starting from Port Jervis, where the Erie Railway leaves us, and where we shall find in the Delaware the stone that marks the spot where three States meet. But our way lies over the bridge across this stream, which flows widely over a shallow bed. Along a perfect road we journey on, at first with flat land on either hand, only a lofty hill over in Jersey lending diversity to the landscape.

Presently, however, what we have taken to be a bank of clouds in front of us resolves itself into a mountain, along whose shaded side we pres-



UPPER RAYMONDSKILL FALLS.

ently find ourselves driving. Ever and anon we catch a glimpse of the winding Delaware, now on its home stretch to the Water Gap, some thirty five miles beyond. And so we come to Milford, the county seat of Pike, with not a few hotels and its Sawkill Falls, eighty feet in height, and which leap into the brook over which a picturesquely located bridge leads us on our further way.

Higher and higher we mount, although by a scarcely perceptible incline, but at the end of some three miles the Falls of Raymondskill impel us to turn sharply to the right and climb a hill that taxes sore our weary steed. But behold how we



CONASHAUGH GLEN.

are rewarded, for in no other one spot have we ever beheld such a variety of natural water gushes. There is the wild dash and white, foaming swirl of the upper falls, shown in the picture, caught in a basin which holds the water for a while till it grows calmer, and then lets it descend more gently, but over a still higher cliff. The width of fall is greater, however, and at one side the Bridal Veil wavers in the breeze, seeming to defy all attempts to capture it with the camera.

There are many sunny boulders scattered about in the brook at the foot of these lower falls, where one may lie at ease, looking up at the blue sky between the two sides of the chasm far above him, listen to the plashing of the water, and easily imagine himself to be far off in the fastnesses of Yosemite or the Yellowstone.

But there are many other beautiful spots along this Bicycle Road, as it is called, so we must not linger longer here. Continuing our way by exciting turns and twists skirting the edge of the mountains, with the river here just below, down a sheer descent, we come presently to Conashaugh. The brook of the same name flows

under a stone bridge just before we reach the hotel, finding its way out through a glen which presents many enticing view points to the tourist. Here, too, are more waterfalls, and a little break in the forest, of which we give a view, carpeted with velvety greensward and watered by still another brook, surely deserves the name of Paradise Meadow.

It is little wonder that Conashaugh should rise happily in the memory of him who has explored its offerings. To the lover of nature it presents a largess of delights which a many days' sojourn cannot exhaust. There are just three houses in the place, one of these being the hotel; the rest is forest, mountain, river, and that silence which only the soothing splash of falling water breaks.

The road from this point on becomes still more picturesque, winding around Overlook Mountain, and presenting view after view, each more captivating than the last, of the Delaware, which is at no point over a quarter of a mile distant, and which at times, washes almost at our feet. On its further side lie the fertile farm lands of Jersey, but it is seldom that we see a house. Indeed, the almost utter absence of man and

man's work from the landscape, constitutes one of Pike County's chiefest charms. Nature, peaceful, mild, bountiful, broods over the scene, and supplies that restful element which jaded urban workers often travel much further in the vain hope of finding.

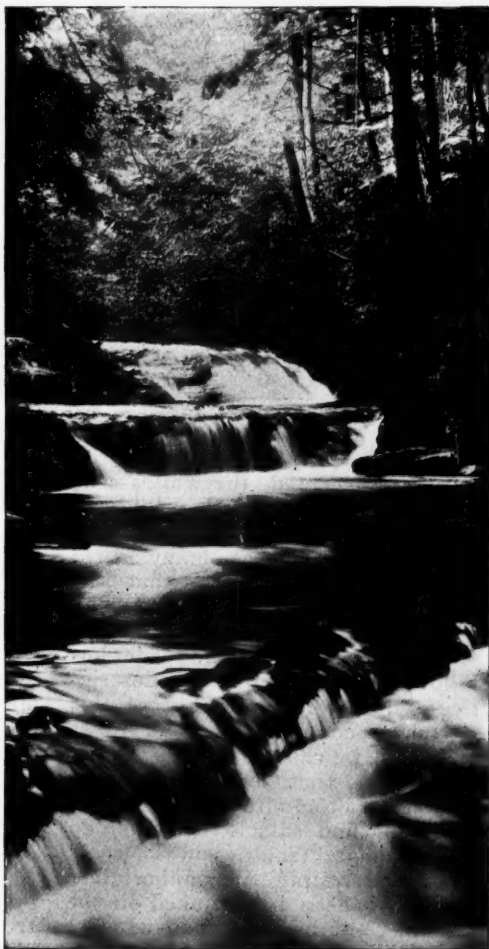
Some three miles from Conashaugh and we reach Adams Brook, one of the wildest in the whole series of waterfalls, and which we see only by rough and at times perilous climbing in our outing clothes and rubber shod feet. A return again to the highway, and a drive of a mile or two more, and we come to the end of the Bicycle Road and arrive at the quaint little village of Dingman's Ferry, where there is another hotel, boarding houses galore, and an old scow which transports one by aerial cable from Pennsylvania to Jersey.

Dingman's is quite a sizable village, as villages go in Pike County, but even here a Sabbath stillness pervades everything. Communication with the outer world is obtained only by the mail stage which goes down every morning to meet the train at Port Jervis, some twenty miles away, returning in the afternoon. Thus, when one wants to leave these enchanted precincts he must rise with the lark. But what a glorious ride that is! The early sunlight flashes diamonds into the dew laden cobwebs on grass and fence rails; the shadows of the mountains are clearly defined on field and roadway; the fresh morning air fills our lungs with an exhilarating vitality. We gaze on views already seen with a new appreciation of their beauties.

This region was the home of the Delaware Indians—or Lenni-lenapes, to give it in their own tongue. They were a fine looking race, but

were utterly cowed by the Five Nations—the Iroquois. Perhaps it was this fact that rendered them such an easy prey to the white man when he made his entry into the country and set about acquiring land by the exercise of those arts which would seem to make the term "the cunning of an Indian," a misplaced one.

For instance, the new comers agreed to give the Delawares a buffalo skin for as much land as the skin would inclose between its edges when spread out. To this the simple red men eagerly agreed, whereupon the crafty whites cut the buffalo skin



ADAMS BROOK.

into strips no wider than your finger and proceeded to lay these end to end, thus encompassing a goodly tract of territory. In the same way a proposition was made to the Indians to buy from them as much land as a man could run around within a specified time. And when

There it is—the American of it. Always anxious to be in the active mood. How often do we hear this and that summer resort set down as a bore, because “there is nothing to do” there? And yet we ostensibly go off on our vacations for rest.

But the average American seems



THE DELAWARE AT CONASHAUGH.

this was accepted, the whites sent one of their number, who had been in training for weeks, and in consequence encircled so many acres within the given period that the Delawares were utterly impoverished by the bargain.

And now, supposing the reader has followed us thus far in our descriptive and historical account of this stretch of country along the upper Delaware, we can imagine his saying, “Well, yes, that sounds attractive, but one can’t admire scenery all day long, nor find sufficient occupation for his mental faculties in reflecting that an interesting tribe of aborigines may have been hoodwinked on the very piece of ground upon which I am now stretched at ease. Is there anything to do after you get there?”

to like rest best in the abstract, as a thing to talk about, to wish for, perhaps, but not to be enjoyed, if one has it. The habit of getting into one’s day by hook or crook the discharge of more duties than it would seem one individual could perform, comes to have an excitement about it that is stimulating. And so a mind adjusted to this crowded life, to parceling out all its moments with care, conscious that there is more to be done than there is time to do it in, does not take kindly to a more sluggish movement of the wheels of existence.

Thus it is that even in our summer outings we want to keep employed, trusting that the good our holiday may do us will be from the change of occupation. Lying idly in a ham-

mock, looking up at glimpses of blue sky between green leaves, may do for the Continental races, but we Anglo-Saxons want something more practical. So it has come to pass that those resorts are the most popular which afford the most abundant opportunities for either boating, driving, swimming, fishing, or hunting.

And there *is* something to do along the Delaware, as well as to look at and reflect upon. There are mountains to climb, a river to boat on or swim in, and a road that is a veritable pathway to Elysium for wheelman, to say nothing of the golden

opportunities everywhere for the use of the camera. One camera club has selected Conashaugh for three outings, while the New York Society of Photographers has also availed itself of the many fine views in this vicinity.

Truly this is an enchanted spot. The spell it weaves about us manifests itself in our soul even as we write. The guardian spirits of woods and river, glen and mountain side impel us to retrace in memory the steps which our pen has now brought back to it, and as we bid the reader good by, we fondly linger in imagination along the bucolic allurements of the upper Delaware.

OFF FOR THE KIRKLAND HILLS.

THE time has come for a grand hegira ;

Folk have fled for a holiday ;

Peter has packed and eke Elvira—

Everybody is hying away !

Who will deny that the town is horrid?—

Roar and rattle and endless bills!—

Skies are brazen and airs are torrid,

I am off for the Kirkland hills !

Oh to be free from the heat and riot,

Far where the skies are the deepest blue !

How I long for the rest and quiet,

Pastoral quiet—and rest for two !

The secret's out, and the thought elates me,

Stirs my heart till it throbs and thrills ;

Ho ! for the land where my love awaits me—

I am off for the Kirkland hills !



A NOBLE FOLLOWER.

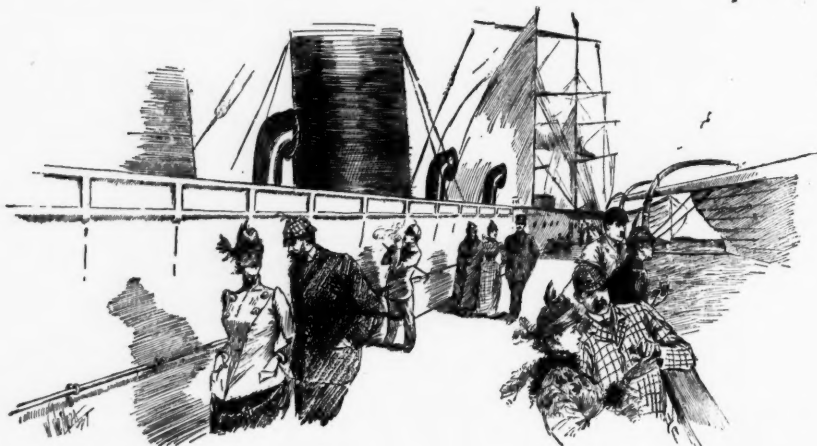
By A. S. Duane.

WE were going to Europe. Mrs. Wallace had written to me at Christmas time (which I spent in the city of Mexico as the guest of Jack Darrel and his wife), asking me to accompany her.

My pocketbook happened to be unusually "high grade" just then, to use a Westernism, as Jack had

we felt a trifle blue at having no good byes to say.

There was a regular confusion of passengers and their friends all around us, but not as many tragic scenes as I had expected from the novels I had read, judiciously padded with descriptions of ocean voyages made by heroes going over to



taken me down to Mexico in his private car, and given me no opportunity to squander my modest income, so I wrote to Mrs. Wallace and accepted her invitation.

New York was almost as much of a foreign city to us as any we would see on the other side of the Atlantic; but although our stay there had been circumscribed by the New York Hotel, the best shops and some passable theaters, in the nature of things we could not expect to be escorted down to the pier by the owners of any of these, and being accustomed to the ready friendships and cordial relations of the West,

finish their educations, or heroines flying from their unhappinesses.

Who isn't acquainted with the youth or maiden who sits on deck and likens his life to the stately ship plowing its way through the rolling billows, or sees in the waves of molten gold the kind friends who would cover her from a hard unfeeling world? We didn't see anything like that. I do not even remember anybody who stood on deck for a last look at Fire Island, and a chance to exclaim, "Farewell, my native land." Most of them seemed, like us, to be going over for the first time, and also like us, trying by

easy manners, nautical talk, and elaborate array of steamer chairs, steamer caps, and steamer novels, to be giving the impression that crossing the Atlantic was an experience as familiar as riding on horse cars.

Mrs. Wallace and I had finished our educations, such as they were, long ago. We had no miseries to escape. (Mrs. Wallace's husband was dead, and mine was to be got.) So as we had no romantic rôles to play, we began our voyage with the utmost conventionality. We wrote as impressive looking letters as anybody, and gave them to the pilot to mail when he left us. Mrs. Wallace's were to her housekeeper and her farmer, and mine was to Susie Messersmith, telling her that she might use my horse in my absence; but nobody knew that they were not the longed for last words to some devoted one left behind. And after that ceremony, we were fairly off.

The sea was as calm as it usually is between the months of May and September, and there was no excuse for sickness on the part of anybody; so we walked the decks and posed as old sailors, in the possession of stomachs that had given over squeamishness long ago.

As Mrs. Wallace and I strolled along arm in arm, trying to think of some sensible and ladylike remark, that would be open sesame to the captain's attention and favor, we noticed a gentleman who was walking in the other direction, but upon our line, and who, consequently, met us at every turn.

"Watch him take in your feet," Mrs. Wallace said flatteringly.

If there is one thing that I do pride myself upon, it is my feet. They were looking unusually well that day, as I had realized the conspicuous part shoes play in a deck promenade.

He was a tall, dark man, with a twisted mustache, and just the masterful sort of black eyes, that a woman who has lived a little in the world grows to be fond of. A poor young innocent of a girl can find a master in almost any kind of man.

There was nothing bold looking about the promenader, but he gave us side glances that did not mean utter indifference.

"He must be somebody," Mrs. Wallace said, "because you see he is an Italian, or a Spaniard, or something, and in those countries the middle classes don't look like gentlemen. I'll wager you something that he is a count, at the very least."

"Pouf!" I blew my words out with scorn, but still some of the air castles that I had kept in reserve since my early girlhood, for those seasons when my devoted admirers did not suit me, or I had none, and which had arisen like magic at our first talk of Europe, went vision-like before me. "Countess!" sounded sweet in my ears. Count, prince, whatever he was, he was certainly interested in us. Not that he presumed in the least, but when we went on deck the second morning, our steamer chairs were stretched in the pleasantest place, with our rugs comfortably adjusted; and the steward, as he handed us a basket of fruit, mentioned that "the gentleman" had ordered it brought up as we took possession of our chairs.

We ate the fruit, and the steward thought that he in some sort belonged to us, although we had not exchanged a single word with him. That evening it began to blow, and the swell tossed the ship about in a most uncomfortable manner. We did not stay up to see how many real old travelers there were among the pretenders, but ignominiously retreated to the seclusion which the cabin grants.

The light was just struggling in through the round window of my stateroom the next morning, when the stewardess made her appearance, bringing a tray with a bottle, glasses, and a card. I was quite exhausted from my horrible night, but I found strength to read the card. On one side was neatly engraved:

HENRY VALOIS,

PARIS.

Mrs. Wallace was mistaken. He was a Frenchman, after all.

On the other side was written in a most gentlemanly hand, in pencil: "If madame and mademoiselle will be so good, indeed, to drink the contents of the bottle by the glassful, at intervals, they will find no more *mal de mer*."

"Maybe it's poison." Mrs. Wallace groaned; but I had reached the desperate stage where poison is preferable to seasickness, and she obediently followed me in drinking a glassful of the colorless stuff. I don't know what it was; I wish I did; but the second glassful certainly put us on our feet.

I impressed upon Mrs. Wallace my sense of the kindness of an entire stranger, and that she must give him our most cordial thanks.

We found our steamer chairs again in place, just where the evening sun would strike past them, but leave our faces in shadow, and lounging near them was Mr. "Henri Valois."

"That is a very interesting and aristocratic name," Mrs. Wallace had said, holding the card in one hand and her lorgnette in the other. "Valois—Valois—wasn't there a king or something, with a name like that?"

I suggested that this might be a branch of the family with the bar sinister; and then Mrs. Wallace said positively: "Then that settles it. He is a duke at the very least. Those kings always gave titles and estates right and left, to that sort of connections. I'll find out."

To do her justice, she made valiant efforts to keep her word. As we took possession of our chairs, it was the most natural thing in the world that Mrs. Wallace should smile sweetly and bow invitingly, to a gentleman who had been of such service to us.

Mr. Valois (we longed to say *Monsieur*, but were conscious that the pronunciation of French by Westerners would hardly sound Parisian to native ears) responded with delight.

And then began a delightful friendship. He was most distinguished looking, so that it was with a calm joy and hearts free from carking

jealousy, that we looked upon the other parties in the ship, as we three sat or walked or dined together.

Mr. Valois had been everywhere, knew of everything that came up in the world, spoke several languages, and could tell an adventure equal to Rider Haggard. I remember one night—it was the evening before we reached Cork harbor—we sat on deck until the moon came up out of the dark sea. Mr. Valois was telling us of an adventure that a party of gentlemen had encountered in southern Italy. They were going by private carriage from one point to another, when they were set upon by brigands. From the minute description he gave of everything, he must have been there, but he did not once speak of himself. There was a certain Marquis de Saint Lippe, who had put his pistol to the chief bandit's head and vowed he would shoot him dead if any of the band lifted a finger, and made the villain order off his men, who figured as the hero.

I can see Mr. Valois now, as he sat on the camp stool, leaning excitedly forward, the words clipping after each other on his tongue, the white moonlight, and the excitement of the story, making his eyes all aglitter. After we went into our staterooms, Mrs. Wallace turned to me in excitement.

"Don't you see it? He is the Marquis de Saint Lippe himself. No man ever took that much interest in the heroism of a friend."

After that, Mrs. Wallace tried with all the traditional shrewdness of the Yankee, to bring out some detail of Mr. Valois's private history, but it was the only subject upon which he was silent.

One day, when she had been unusually pressing, he turned suddenly, and smiling in her face, said in his peculiar short sentences:

"Is it my profession you would know, madam? France is not like America. All men do not cast accounts, nor keep a shop. It is different. I am a traveler from one beautiful city to another."

After that madam retired from her

researches, abashed ; but ever since the night of the story of the bandit adventure, Mrs. Wallace had addressed me as "the marquise."

It did no good for me to try to laugh her fancies away, and tell her that Mr. Valois had never hinted a word of love making to me.

She always said : "Just as though, Jean Medlicott, I hadn't lived in this world long enough to know the difference between flirtatious attentions and the deferential service a man gives a woman he means to win."

Notwithstanding my disclaimers I felt rather like a marquise already. I fully realized that to marry a French nobleman was decidedly different from the brilliant destiny attained by some of our American women, in marrying English dukes and lords ; but even a French marquise, if he is genuine, is not to be despised in a land where the only man with any sort of title that you have any chance of marrying, is an army lieutenant. I have hardly enough money to buy a title in the regular market, but a bargain sometimes falls my way. Mrs. Wallace and I both felt that this encounter was an unusual piece of luck.

For the last year or two, people interested in my affairs, had begun to make allusions to that typical maid who went through the thicket, and picked up the crooked stick at last ; and to suggest that a crooked stick was a better support over the roads that lie along the end of life, than no support at all. I didn't mind their advice, and I had long ago made up my mind that it was going to be the most beautiful wand to be found, or none at all ; and as luck would have it, here it lay, across my path.

And still nothing was settled. Mrs. Wallace declared she knew what she knew ; and certainly no queen and princess royal were ever served so gallantly as Mr. Valois attended upon Mrs. Wallace and me.

There was a little boat came off at Queenstown, and several of the passengers left us. We were watching them embark, when I saw Mr. Va-

lois give a note, with some English money, to one of them. Mrs. Wallace looked a little anxious. I hardly knew what she thought it could be, but when we reached Liverpool we discovered. There was a carriage waiting for us on the pier, with the coachman respectfully lifting his hat to Mr. Valois ; evidently he was no stranger. We had told Mr. Valois that we were going to the Langham Hotel in London, and that was about the extent of our information.

He had suggested that we stay for a day in Liverpool and rest before we took the journey up to London, and now we found that he had telegraphed for our rooms at the Adelphi by means of that Queens-town passenger.

"I took the liberty," he said, smiling in at the carriage door ; "I will see that your luggage is sent to you, and will meet you at the station tomorrow afternoon, if I do not see you before."

"Oh, but Mr. Valois," Mrs. Wallace cried, putting her head out of the window, "you must come up and dine with us tonight."

"With pleasure, madame," and the carriage drove on. Mrs. Wallace leaned back in the cushions.

"Well, you are a lucky girl. Did there ever live another man so thoughtful ?"

There had been something hovering on my tongue for a day or two. I didn't mean it for anything but the most teasing remark, and I didn't believe it in the least, but I said it : "Indeed I hardly think it is I who happen to be the lucky one. It seems to me he pays you a great deal the more attention."

Mrs. Wallace is forty, but an elegant, fully equipped woman of the world, and to my utter surprise she met my little sally with an embarrassed laugh, and a vivid, burning blush. In my astonishment I could not take my eyes from her face ; she was turned away from me, looking out of the window.

"Oh, ho, my dear madam," I thought, "is it thus the wind blows ?"

It would be a fine finish to her life to die a marquise. It was necessary to look to my laurels. I, Jean Medlicott, finding a rival in Mrs. Wallace. Oh, it was too absurd to think about!

Mr. Valois came around to dinner that night, and I put on my prettiest gown. It was a pale green, thin thing, and I thought I looked unusually well until I saw Mrs. Wallace in all her war paint. She was positively regal in dark red velvet and black lace, her hair piled high, and a diamond here and there.

After dinner Mr. Valois took us to the theater to see Mary Anderson. I shall never forget that evening. My dreams seemed to be all broken into pieces. My castles were coming down like cards. Mrs. Wallace was evidently in love with Mr. Valois, although he was fully ten years her junior. I must have been blind not to have seen it before.

And he? He was charmingly courteous to me, but that grand deference was as certainly paid to Mrs. Wallace.

We all went up to London the next day. All the way Mr. Valois spoke of the sights to be seen in the great metropolis, but begged us to make a short stay there at first, going over to the Continent for a time, and then coming back. He said very justly that coming at once into a country where our own language was spoken, we would begin to draw comparisons with America in trivial things, and belittle the magnificence of England. But while we were here there were a few places that we must see. Mr. Valois, who evidently knew London like a book, suggested that instead of the Langham, we should go to a small hotel, almost like a private house, and characteristically English, where the maids brought up hot water in jugs, and pots of flowers bloomed on the parlor window sills. From here we made excursions into the old world about us, and it was here that we had afternoon tea and dinner by the soft light of wax candles.

Mr. Valois was constantly with us. My air castles were up again. I began to see differently. Mr. Valois treated Mrs. Wallace as he would have treated my mother, and he seemed perfectly unconscious of her infatuation for him.

But for the first time since we had known each other, there was a little coolness between Mrs. Wallace and myself. It was nothing defined—just one of those uncomfortable, constrained states that sometimes come between friends like a breath of north wind.

One day we had been drinking tea, and were standing about with the cups in our hands, when there was a commotion in the street; there had been a collision between a carriage and a cart. The occupant of the carriage was just alighting as we looked out. He was a small, wizened faced creature, in the most correct of afternoon costumes, and he seemed in a terrible rage.

Mr. Valois looked, and then started.

"What," he said excitedly, "that is the Prince Gortchoff! I will go to him."

But just then the old man stepped into his carriage again, and was driven off. A maid had come in after the tea things.

Mr. Valois took a card from his pocket, wrote something on it, and putting it into an envelope, bade the maid run down, and send it after the old gentleman's carriage. It was all done in a second, but Mrs. Wallace and I looked at each other. We had seen that the card was not like the ones he had sent up to us. There was a title after the name.

The next day Mr. Valois did not come until evening. Mrs. Wallace was evidently waiting for him. As I opened my room door to go into the parlor, I saw that they were in earnest conversation, and I could hardly help overhearing a little of it. And I did want to know if he made love to her. He didn't.

"And did you go to see the prince—I cannot remember his name?" she asked sweetly.

"Prince Gortchoff? Yes, madam, I was with him today. He is a Russian, one of the greatest nobles of the empire. I last saw him in Vienna, to which city I had traveled with him from Petersburg."

I could see Mrs. Wallace fairly pluming herself at knowing so great a personage even at second hand.

"And when," she said softly, "are we to see the cards that you send the prince?"

Mr. Valois gave a little laugh and walked away. "Oh, I am of service to you here, madam, as I am. I promise when you reach France."

And then I opened the door and walked in.

Two days after, we left England and crossed the Channel to France. At the last minute Mr. Valois found that he could not accompany us, but he promised to meet us in Paris in a few days.

I don't know why, but I did not believe that he would come. I felt that I was saying good by to one of the pleasantest acquaintances I had ever made. And as sometimes happens, my presentiment was not far from wrong.

"It is not good by, but only *au revoir*. We shall travel long roads together over there," and he looked at me.

After we had embarked upon the chopping Channel, we were glad Mr. Valois was not with us, unless his seasickness remedy was also at hand. We were frightfully ill, as were the rest of the passengers.

We stopped in Calais for only one day, as our rooms were already engaged in Paris; Mr. Valois had attended to that for us. Mrs. Wallace and I were anxious to get into the whirl of life. We were no longer good companions for each other, and we moped in the absence of a comrade who had done so much to enliven us of late. It seemed absurd to realize that we had only known him a fortnight.

We had been in Paris a week. We had shopped at the Bon Marché, bought a dress or two of the immortal Worth, and had found some

American friends who had rapidly seen the sights of the French capital, and who wanted us to push on into Switzerland and North Germany with them. Winter was the time for Paris, they told us.

But we were awaiting some one whose judgment was infallible.

We were to go the next day to say good by to our friends, and were sitting in our parlor, talking in a desultory way of plans, carefully leaving out Mr. Valois's name whenever we spoke of our own, when there was a knock at the door, and a servant came in with a large salver—a brass sea, islanded by a tiny white note.

It was addressed to Mrs. Wallace, and we both recognized the writing as being that of Mr. Valois. She broke the seal with almost trembling hands, and after she had read it, passed it over to me. It ran thus:

MADAM: You are now in Paris, where I can refer you to almost any gentleman in the city for information as to my standing. I have refrained from offering myself up to this time, because I wished you to know me well before I made any pretensions.

May I call at your rooms in one hour from this? Your devoted servant,

HENRI VALOIS.

Mrs. Wallace went over to the table and wrote a hasty note which she dispatched.

Again was her face that burning red.

"I will order the carriage and go around to see the Prices," I said, and she did not object. I went to my room, and "nearly died laughing" as school girls say, while I was putting on my jacket and hat. I felt as sure as I ever felt of anything, that Henri Valois, the Marquis de Saint Lippe, or whoever he might be, and we should soon know, was going to propose to Mrs. Wallace for my maidenly hand. To him, she stood in the place of my mother. A man never wrote such a business-like epistle as that to the woman he was going to ask to marry him. I felt a little sorry for her, and then I felt exultant. It was good enough for her. A woman of that age had no business falling in love with young men.

And then I laughed again, and imagined her sensations, when she went into that room expecting the embraces of a lover, to be asked to play the part of mother to me. Oh, it was almost too good to keep to myself. If Mr. Valois had ever made downright love to me, as an Englishman or an American would certainly have done under the circumstances, I would have told Delia Price all about it, and let her laugh with me; but it would have been a tame love story, with its only incident the joke with which it reached its climax. But I was merciful in one respect—I timed my return so that the embarrassment would be as short as possible for poor Mrs. Wallace.

After Mr. Valois (he was something more than that now) had explained himself, I would come in. I looked at my watch as I went up in the lift, and calculated that Henri had been with Mrs. Wallace about three quarters of an hour. I went through my own room, took off my hat, fluffed up my bangs, and softly opened the door of the parlor.

It was empty.

As I stepped in, a little bewildered, Mrs. Wallace's door opened on the other side, and she rushed across the room, and throwing herself into my arms, broke into the wildest peals of laughter. I was frightened. Had the woman gone stark mad over her disappointment? She left me as suddenly as she had clutched my neck, and picking up an engraved card from the table, held it before my eyes.

"Oh, Jean, Jean!" she fairly screamed between her ha-ha's, "if we aren't green. That man is a courier. He wanted me to hire him to travel with us, and because I wouldn't, he is furious. He made

me pay for the theater tickets, and carriages, and everything we had in Liverpool and London. And, oh, yes! he said the telegram from Queenstown was eight shillings, and he wanted ten pounds for taking us about, after he found that I wouldn't have him travel with us over here."

The word on the engraved card that he had sent the prince, and which we had taken for a title, was "courier." He claimed to speak French, Italian, German, Russian, Spanish and English.

We changed our minds, and went to Switzerland with the Prices. Last winter, down on the Lake of Como, we were sitting with a group of tourists who were talking of the shortcomings of couriers, very much as American ladies discuss their servants.

"There is one man," said one, "who has been ruined by being allowed to look and act like a gentleman. He was the best courier in Europe ten years ago, but there is no living with him now."

"Who is that?" Mr. Donaldson of New York asked. "Valois?"

"That's the fellow."

"Well," Mr. Donaldson said, "I am sorry to say that Americans are responsible for it. An American family of wealth, and some position, in one of our large Western cities, employed Valois for a year, and then took him home with them for a visit, and actually introduced him to their friends as a desirable acquaintance."

There were various exclamations of wonder and disgust from the Americans present. The English were too polite to do more than smile at our national ways; but of all the group, nobody expressed such almost incredulous astonishment as Mrs. Wallace and myself.



THE MYSTERY OF KASPAR HAUSER.

By George Cary Eggleston.

ON the 26th day of May, 1828, a gentleman from Nuremberg was walking in the suburbs of that city, when his attention was attracted by the strange appearance and behavior of a boy whom he saw there. The boy was dressed like a peasant, but, unlike a sturdy young peasant, his skin was fair, without a trace of sunburn; his hands were soft and white, and, although he was apparently seventeen years old, he walked with uncertain, tottering steps, precisely like a child just learning to use his feet.

When the gentleman spoke to the boy, he replied: "I want to be a trooper, as my father was."

He spoke these words with difficulty, and very much as a child just learning to talk might have done, and he seemed unable to say anything else. He gave the gentleman a letter, however, which was addressed to a cavalry officer in Nuremberg.

This letter, when it was opened, proved to be an anonymous note in German, and another anonymous note in Latin was inclosed. The writer of the German letter said that he was a peasant, and that he had received this boy—then a baby—in 1812, and had brought him up as directed in the Latin note. The Latin memorandum read as follows:

The child has been baptized already. You must give him a surname yourself. You must educate the child. His father was one of the Light Horse. When he is seventeen years old, send him to Nuremberg, to the Sixth Regiment of Light Horse, for there his father was. He was born on the 30th of April, 1812. I am a poor girl, and cannot support him. His father is dead.

Of course, the first thing done was to question the boy about himself,

but this was of no use, for he could not answer. He knew his name, Kaspar Hauser, but beyond that he could speak very few words. A careful examination of his person was made by physicians. His feet were very tender and soft, like a baby's, and the doctors said that he had never worn shoes, or walked, until very recently. Stranger still, his eyes indicated that he had always lived in the dark. When he saw anything, he could not tell how far it was away from him, but would reach out to touch things on the opposite side of the room, precisely as a baby will do. When he saw a lighted candle he was pleased, and burned his fingers trying to grasp the flame.

It was clear that Kaspar Hauser was a *baby seventeen years old*.

The structure of his knees showed that he had always lived with his legs stretched out straight, never bending the joints, as we do, when we sit in a chair. The boy could write his name, and a few other words, but beyond that, and his ability to speak a few simple words, he knew nothing; yet he was not at all an idiot; he was only a baby that hadn't yet learned! He would eat nothing but bread, and drink nothing but water.

The boy was a mystery, and great pains were taken to teach him to talk easily. When he could do so, he was again questioned about himself, and this is what he told his new friends:

He had always lived in a dark place, probably a cellar. He had been kept fastened in a kind of cage, in which he could neither stand up nor lie down, and hence he had always sat with his back against a

support, and with his legs stretched out, like a person sitting on the floor with his back against the wall. He had had no companions, and no knowledge of any other world than his cellar. He had seen only one person in all his life, and that was a man who came masked every day to bring him a loaf of bread and a pitcher of water.

A little while before his removal this man had taught him to write by guiding his hand. He had also taught him to walk a little, and to say a few words, especially: "I want to be a trooper, as my father was." When this was done, the man came in the night, took him out of the cellar after dressing him in peasant's clothes, carried him to Nuremberg, and left him where the gentleman found him.

That was all that Kaspar Hauser knew about himself.

Many distinguished persons were interested in the strange boy, who seemed bright, and learned easily. Professor Daumer undertook to educate him, and for that purpose took him to his own house on the 18th day of July, 1828. On the 17th day of October, 1829, the boy was missed, and blood stains were found in the house. Search was made, and Kaspar was found in the cellar, with a serious wound on his head. He was entirely insensible, and when restored to consciousness he could give no account of the affair beyond saying that a man with his face hidden had crept into the house, and attacked him with a large knife. The King of Bavaria ordered the police to discover the criminal, but the utmost effort revealed no clew to the mystery. Two policemen were set, however, to guard Kaspar night and day, and the boy went on with his studies.

In 1831, Lord Stanhope—an English earl—became interested in the strange youth, and removed him from Nuremberg to Anspach to have his education completed. In 1833, Lord Stanhope, convinced that Kaspar could never be safe in Germany, determined to take him to England; but just before the time for starting, on the 14th of December, 1833, the poor boy came running home and sank down on the floor, dying from a dagger thrust in his side. He had barely strength enough to say that a man had asked him to step into the palace gardens, promising to reveal the secret of his birth, and had there given him the wound of which he was dying.

Again the most diligent inquiry failed to discover the assassin, and from that day to this, the mystery of Kaspar Hauser has never been solved. It seems certain that the poor fellow was the heir to some fortune or dignity, and that persons wishing to rob him of his inheritance had stolen him in infancy and afterwards—for fear that his identity would be discovered—had put him to death. Some persons have thought that Kaspar was the heir to the Duchy of Baden itself. The Grand Duke Karl had one son, who died in 1812, while yet an infant. It has been thought that, perhaps, the boy did not die then, after all; that perhaps he was secretly taken away, and a dead child put in his place, so that the next heir to the Duchy might become Grand Duke. That theory would account for Kaspar Hauser's existence; but there is no proof of anything of the kind. We know nothing about Kaspar Hauser except what has been set down in this sketch.

Was there ever a stranger story, or a sadder life than his?



FAMOUS ENGLISH HOUSES.

By Richard H. Titherington.

THE number of fine old country houses in England is something that the ordinary tourist seldom realizes. He sees, probably, a few of the "show places" that lie near the main routes of travel. When he lands in Liverpool, one of

man's most cherished possession is his privacy. Fifty years ago, when the trunk lines were spreading out fan-wise from London to the cities west, south, and north, the owners of historic estates did all they could to keep the "nuisance" of the railroads



HADDON HALL—LOWER COURTYARD.

his first excursions may be to Eaton. If he goes southward by the Midland, he may stop at Rowsley to see Chatsworth and Haddon; and when he leaves London he may give a day to Richmond and Hampton Court. But beyond this he catches only glimpses of a few manor houses or terraced parks as he flies by express train through the meadows of the midlands or the gardens and hop-yards of the southern counties. Most of the notable places lie away from the railroads. The English-

beyond the boundaries of their domains; and the great landholders had influence ample to make their wishes law.

Hence it is that the hasty traveler gets very little impression of the marvelous extent to which the historic memories and the ancient wealth of England are treasured in her country mansions. Nowhere else in the world is there an array that can be compared with them. The English are a home loving people. They have adopted "Home,

sweet home," as one of their national ballads, forgetting that it was written by an American. An Englishman regards the roof-tree that has sheltered him and his fathers from the inclement skies of his northern island with an affection that southern nations scarcely seem to know. George Eliot's character of Sir Christopher Cheverel, whose one ambition was the glorification of his

Undoubtedly the finest and most famous of all English houses, or indeed of all houses anywhere, is the royal palace of Windsor. It would be very difficult to select a second, so many splendid and historic structures are there to compete for that honor. As a mediæval fortress, Alnwick certainly outranks the rest. As a perfect type of the old English manor house, Haddon is the an-



CHATSWORTH, FROM THE FRENCH GARDEN.

family mansion, has been paralleled a thousand times among the aristocracy and squirearchy of England.

Then, too, nowhere have peace and prosperity been so continuous as within the borders of England. The countries of continental Europe, now an armed camp, have throughout their history been scourged by war and scarred by fire and sword. England, "compassed by the inviolate sea," as her late laureate said, has not seen the invader's foot really planted upon her island domain since the Norman conquest. Except during the fierce wars of the rival roses, internal strife has been rare; and for two centuries armed men have not met in battle on her soil. In peace she has multiplied her commercial wealth and her treasures of art and architecture.

tiquary's paradise. In beauty of natural and artificial surroundings, Chatsworth is unsurpassed. The Rothschild and the Westminster millions have achieved models of modern luxury at Eaton and Tring. Nor can Blenheim, Welbeck, Castle Howard, and Hatfield be omitted from high places in the list.

Two of these, and two of the very finest, are neighbors among the picturesque hills of the Peak district of Derbyshire. Haddon Hall dates from the reign of the third Edward, and was the ancestral home of the Vernon family. With what manner of sway the lords of Haddon ruled their wide acres may be judged from a historic incident. In the time of Sir George Vernon, famous in the sixteenth century as "the King of the Peak," a peddler was found

murdered on the estate. Sir George had the body laid in the hall of his mansion, and commanded all his vassals to step forward singly and touch it. The ordeal was one often enforced in such cases, it being widely believed that when the murderer touched the corpse of his victim blood would flow from the dead man's wounds. One of Sir George's peasants, on whom suspicion had already fallen, refused to approach the peddler's body, and fled. The King of the Peak ordered a pursuit,

It is a night with never a star,
And the hall with revelry gleams;
There grates a hinge—the door is ajar,
And a shaft of light in the darkness
streams.

A faint, sweet face, a glimmering gem,
And then two figures steal into light;
A flash, and darkness has swallowed
them—
So sudden is Dorothy Vernon's flight!

Next morning the lovers were beyond the borders of Derbyshire, and had found a priest to make them one; and with that marriage Haddon was destined to pass from the



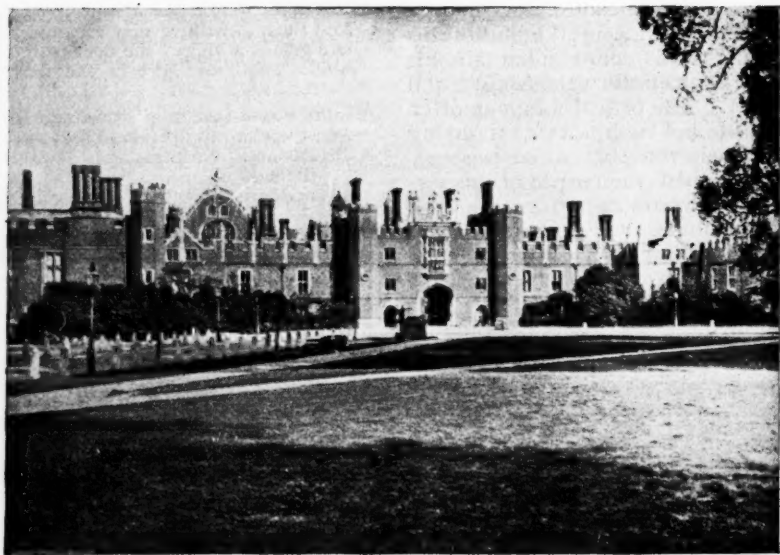
CASTLE HOWARD.

overtook the fugitive, and hanged him out of hand at a spot that bears today the name of Gallows Acre.

This same Sir George was the last Vernon of Haddon. He had two daughters, Margaret and Dorothy, but no male heir. Dorothy Vernon was the heroine of a famous romance. She loved John Manners, who though of noble blood—his father was the Earl of Rutland—was rejected as a suitor by the King of the Peak. Young Manners, the story says, dressed himself as a forester and hid in the woods about Haddon, where Dorothy used to meet him surreptitiously. One night there was a merry meeting in the old hall to celebrate the wedding of Margaret Vernon. Amid the dancing and the feasting Dorothy fled from the ballroom by a passage still called "Dorothy Vernon's door," and sped across the terrace to the spot where her lover was waiting with two fleet horses.

house of Vernon to that of Manners, whose head, the Duke of Rutland, is the present owner of the fine old place.

Chatsworth belongs to another great ducal family—the house of Cavendish, whose motto, *Cavendo Tutus*, "safe by being cautious," has been borne for two centuries by the Dukes of Devonshire. The history of Chatsworth goes much farther back than that. The demesne was granted by William the Conqueror to his illegitimate son William Peveril. From him it passed to the Leche family, and from them by purchase to Sir William Cavendish, who built the oldest portion of the mansion. In this the unfortunate Mary Queen of Scots was imprisoned during most of the years between 1570 and 1581. Later, Chatsworth sheltered the forces of both contending parties during the civil war. First Sir John Gell garrisoned it for the Parliament; then the Earl of New-



HAMPTON COURT.

castle marched into the Peak and held it—only for a time—for the king.

After the Restoration another William Cavendish, the first Duke of Devonshire, rebuilt the house on a grand scale. Sir Christopher Wren was one of his architects, and to decorate exterior and interior he brought scores of painters, sculptors, and iron workers from all over Europe. At the beginning of this century the grandfather of the present duke added a wing to the structure, and commissioned Sir Joseph Paxton to lay out the very elaborate gardens.

Alnwick Castle—or “Annick,” as its name is pronounced—is one of the most perfect mediæval strongholds that have lived into modern days. It is a place of warlike memories. For nearly six hundred years it has been the seat of one of the proudest and most ancient of ducal families, the Percys. Under Edward II Sir Henry Percy, lord of Alnwick, was one of the foremost chieftains of the northern border. For generation after generation the head of the house of Percy inherited the name of Henry with the lordship of Alnwick. It

was the fifth Henry Percy whose prowess as a champion of the red rose of Lancaster won him the famous sobriquet “Hotspur.” When the Yorkists triumphed, the honors of the lords of Alnwick were forfeited—to be restored, however, to the sixth Henry Percy, whose successor holds them today as Duke of Northumberland.

Castle Howard, not far from the old city of York, derives its name from another leader famed in border annals, the first Earl of Carlisle, of whom Scott wrote:

The Borderers still
Call noble Howard “Belted Will.”

When James I made “Belted Will” Lord Warden of the Marches, conflicts between England and Scotland had been ended forever by the union of the two kingdoms; but the border was infested with marauding “caterans,” upon whom the Lord Warden warred so vigorously that, as he phrased it, “a rush-bush would guard a cow,” so secure were the farmers under his regime.

Castle Howard was built for a later Earl of Carlisle by Sir John Vanbrugh, the designer of Blenheim

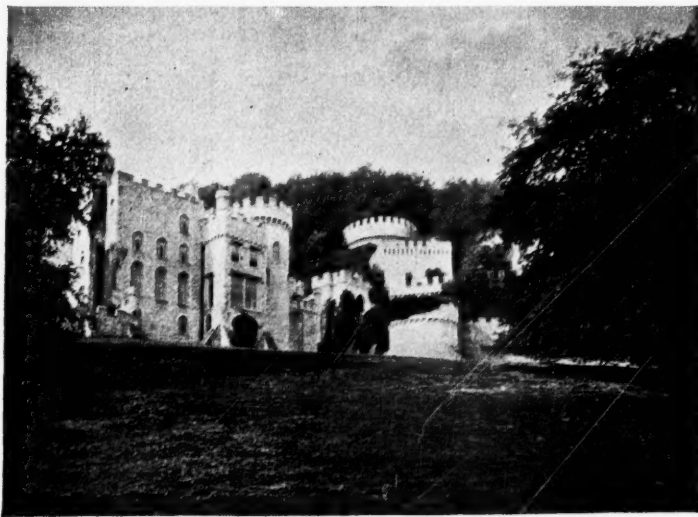
and several other mansions of the same date, and the architect whose solidity of style suggested the epitaph proposed for him—

Lie heavy on him, earth! For he
Laid many a heavy load on thee.

The structure is, nevertheless, like Blenheim, a really handsome one, and contains a fine collection of old masters. Its owners are a younger branch of that Howard family which claims precedence over all other families of England save the blood

sented by the proud cardinal to Henry VIII. Oliver Cromwell, in spite of his Puritan scorn of pomp, found in its palatial chambers the residence he liked best. William III and Sir Christopher Wren rebuilt most of it. Its interior has some fine carved ceilings, much ancient tapestry, and many of those rather gloomy paintings of Benjamin West's in which George III so delighted.

One Welsh house must have brief mention. Every English schoolboy



THE MAIN ENTRANCE OF GWRYCH CASTLE.

royal, and whose head, the Duke of Norfolk, is "premier duke," Hereditary Earl Marshal, and—a less high sounding title—Chief Butler of England.

Hampton Court is a royal palace, although it is long since a monarch has sojourned in it. Its gardens, which overlook the Thames just above Twickenham, and its finest apartments, are open to visitors—as, it may be added, are not a few such famous private houses as Haddon, Chatsworth, and Eaton, permanently or periodically. Hampton was built by Wolsey, in the days when his power and splendor were greater even than his king's, and was pre-

known Felicia Hemans's poem that begins:

The stately homes of England!
How beautiful they stand,
Amid their tall ancestral trees,
All o'er the pleasant land!

Gwrych (pronounced "Greeh"), on the Denbighshire coast, was the "stately home" of Mrs. Hemans's girlhood. The building is a structure of imposing extent—its frontage is fifteen hundred feet—and of singular design, imitated from the castles that the Edwards built for their garrisons in conquered Wales. Its towers extend far up and down the slope of a hill overlooking the sail dotted waters of the Irish Sea.

CHINESE FESTIVALS.

By Helen Gregory Flesher.

THE festival most fully observed by the Chinese in California is that of the New Year. From time to time contingents of Chinamen celebrate some of the other many religious holidays, but this is the only one in which all join heartily.

The date varies considerably, for of course it is reckoned according to the mode employed in the Celestial

itself. In appearance Chinatown is not a bad reproduction in a limited way of Canton—minus the pagodas, of course. There are the same narrow, squalid streets, overhanging balconies, and high houses for which the Chinaman has a peculiar fancy; nothing, he thinks, is so likely to bring him good luck as to live in a high house which is all the better if it overtops every other in the neighborhood.

One very curious circumstance noticeable in Chinatown is that there is not to be found either in the streets or the alleys a scrap of paper with Chinese characters written or printed upon it. These people have the greatest admiration and respect for the characters, not only on account of their beauty and antiquity, but because the great Confucius himself, they say, gave them to his countrymen. At the entrance of every house and on all the street corners waste paper baskets are hung, upon which are inscribed "Respect the Characters" and men are hired to go about and gather up any pieces that may have fallen or blown down.

Today the baskets are full, for every one is tearing down last year's papers with New Year's wishes and putting up new ones. Covered with these narrow crimson slips (for every dwelling has many inmates and each one must paste up a strip), the houses present such a singular appearance that it seems incredible that Market Street and everyday life are only a few blocks away. At the street corners men sit with bundles of strips written upon and all ready to affix, for the great majority of the Chinese in America can write neither their own language nor any other.

Some of the papers bear simply a



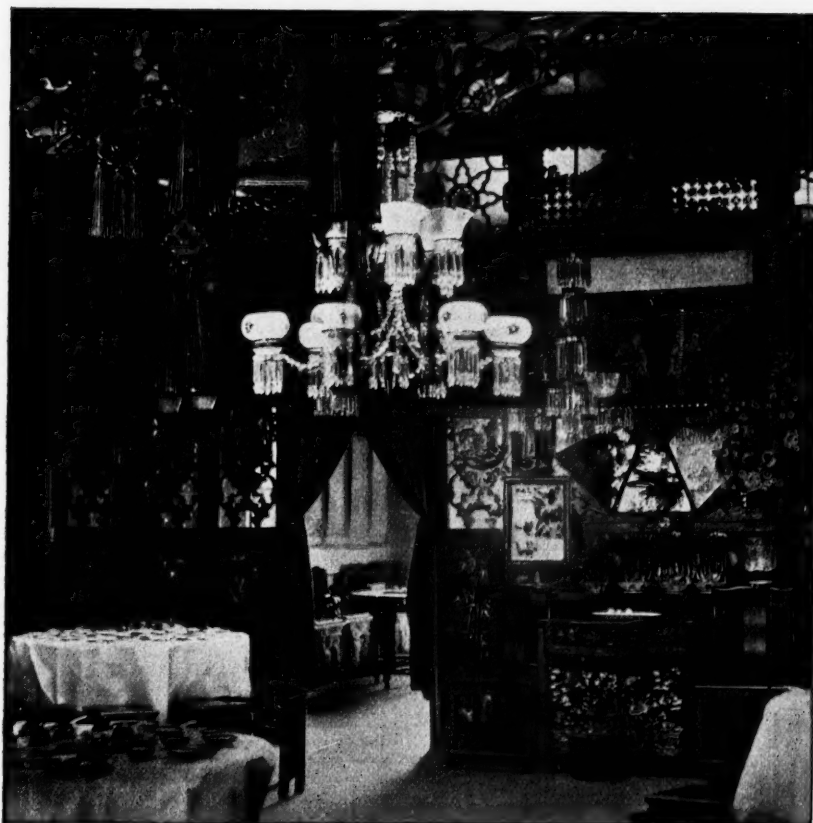
CHINESE CHILDREN.

Kingdom, and in this method it is customary at the end of every thirty months to insert an extra one so that the Chinese year begins, according to our reckoning, some time between the 21st of January and the end of February.

In San Francisco the Chinese quarter is a distinct section of the city and, though situated in the business center, is a little world by

good wish as, "Kung hi," or "Sinhi," "A prosperous New Year;" others are a prayer for the Four Blessings, viz: long life, children, love of virtue, and a natural death. When all the

many profitable sales this year." "May I have many wealthy patients" is the legend affixed to the druggist's shop, which is gorgeous with scarlet and green cloth hangings, embroid-



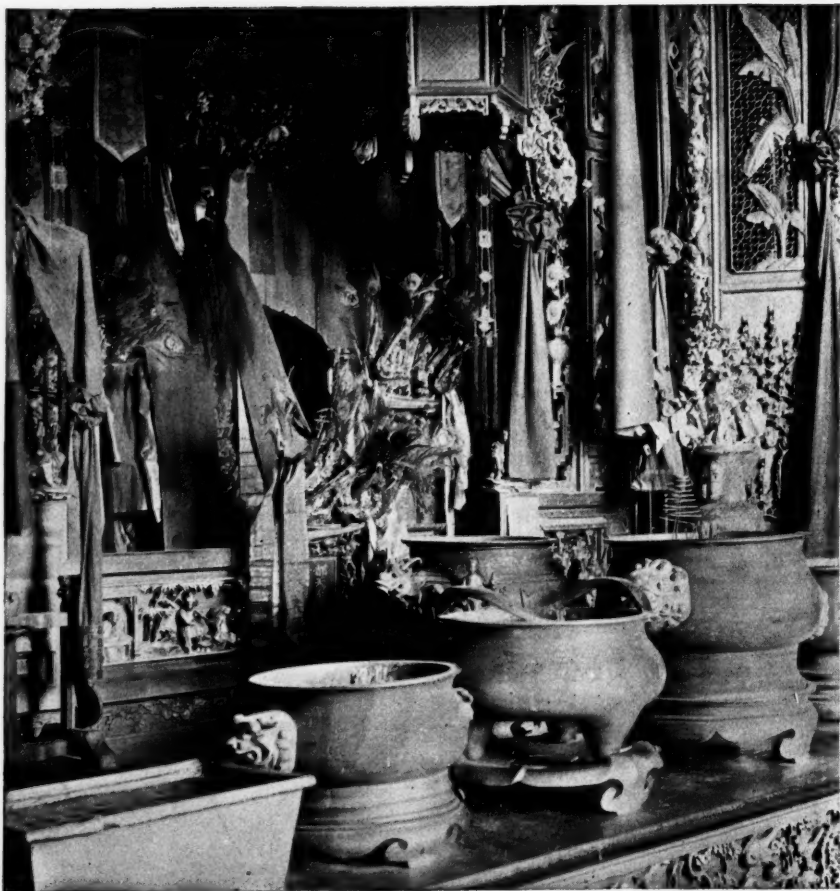
INTERIOR OF CHINESE RESTAURANT.

highbinder murders and the fierce vendetta of the last two or three years are recalled, the wish for a natural death seems to have a special significance, for never a week passes but some unfortunate Chinaman is mysteriously and fatally shot, and compared with these murderous secret societies the mafia is as child's play.

Inside some of the hallways hang pieces of scarlet paper sprinkled with gold. These are New Year mottoes appropriate to the owner's business, such as: "May I make

ered with gold. At the back of the shop is an altar blazing with candles and fragrant with incense.

The joss houses are crowded, especially the new one of the Ning Yung or Six Companies on Waverley Place, which is said to be the finest in America. It is of pressed brick and stone, and cost twenty five thousand dollars, including decorations. The lower portion of the building is occupied by priests, the temple itself being in the third story. The broad staircases, lined with lists of the names and amounts subscribed by



ALTAR OF JOSS HOUSE.

the different members, lead to a long hall with a balcony overlooking the street. The roof of the latter is supported by two gilt pillars bearing the names of the Six Companies in red letters and at either end of the balcony railings is a stone lion of curious workmanship, holding in his mouth a movable granite ball. It is a problem how the ball got there, for though the jaws are open the front teeth are closed in such a way that it is impossible to get it out.

Two yellow and green silk banners, round in shape, like a flag sewed on a hoop, hang each side of the pillars and are covered with pieces of looking glass, tinsel, and spangels fastened on with floss silk, until the

whole resembles some gaudy theatrical property. Suspended near the door is the flag of the company, heavily worked in bullion and swarming with dragons and hieroglyphics, while in the middle of the balcony stands a handsome bronze censer bristling with little sticks of incense and sandalwood stuck in the fragrant ashes of myriads of former ones. The odor of the lillies and the heavy sensuous perfume of the incense almost overpower the foul smells of everyday Chinatown.

A curious, small brick furnace with a grated iron door stands in one corner; nothing but paper has ever been burned in this and many a white man would be glad to see such a

little furnace at his church door. This is the Chinese substitute for the insolvency court, but it has the advantage of not having so much undesirable publicity attached to it. If a member of the Six Companies finds it impossible to pay the debt he owes another member, they meet before this furnace and the debtor solemnly swears that he is unable to pay what he owes. The accounts are then all thrown into the fire and burned, and the debtor begins the year with a fresh balance sheet. Strange to say, this privilege is never abused; it is always regarded as a last resource and only taken advantage of in extreme cases.

The interior of the joss house is a mass of exquisite wood carving and gilding, of silk drapery and strange Eastern splendor of color. The only Western touches are the two handsome crystal chandeliers at either end of the hall. A high fretted and carved screen divides the room in half and shields the gods from the disillusionizing glare of day. Here there reigns a "dim, religious light" through which can barely be discerned a high altar behind which sits a hideous, life size wooden figure, supported on either side by nameless attendant "josses." This is the great Quan Sing Ti Quan, a warrior of note some two thousand years ago, whose physiognomy is ugly enough to have caused his enemies to commit suicide at first sight. Coarse and scanty hair seems to be an indication of superior wisdom and goodness among the Chinese, for all these deities have very thin, straggling black locks. Two or three Chinamen perform their devotions before we leave. That is, they stop smoking cigarettes and talking for a few moments, stand in front of the altar and bend forward; then clasping their hands together, they mutter something inaudible—and the next instant resume their chatting and smoking.

The altar itself is covered with a scarlet cloth and laden with offerings of roast pig and sweetmeats. Innumerable pots of lillies and little

censers waft agreeable odors to the sacred nostrils of the defunct warrior behind whom wave two exquisite fans of peacock feathers. The only light here is the soft radiance shed by the altar candles. A few feet back from the altar is a beautiful, tall, bronze censer at least six feet in height which is a marvel of artistic work; lions, tigers, dragons and mythical creatures run riot over it, and it is so arranged that the incense pours from the nostrils of the griffin that surmounts the cover.

To the right of the altar sits a priest in a long robe, who, as each service ends, strikes upon a huge gong mounted on a red lacquer stand. This is the signal for a perfect fusillade down in the street; great fire crackers, the size of a bologna sausage, are placed in a large wire cage, made for these occasions, and all set off together. The intention is thus to drive out all the evil spirits, including perhaps the Fan Kwei, or "foreign devils" as the Mongolian entitles all queueless and degenerate Westerners. From time to time during the day this bombardment of fireworks is renewed until the road is covered with bits of exploded crackers and burnt paper that have fallen through the meshes of the cage. It may be interesting to note incidentally that the word "joss" used by all Chinese in America for "God," is not a Chinese word at all, but is said to be a corruption of the Spanish missionaries' term "Dios."

In all the restaurants great preparations are being made for the evening. The finest and most expensive of these resorts are on Waverley Street; here all the celebrated visitors who have come to the Pacific coast have had some sort of refreshment served them, the Marquis of Lorne and the Princess Louise, Henry M. Stanley, Dorothy Tennant, and Sir Edwin Arnold, being among the guests who have been entertained here. A misguided public may be surprised to learn that the bill of fare does not include the rats and puppies with which the Mongolian appetite is popularly sup-

posed to be regaled, though bird's nest soup can be obtained.

Going down into the street again we meet the gayly dressed crowds making their calls, the women carrying bits of sugar cane, the conventional present which is offered to every hostess as a matter of form, but generally declined. The men wear a business-like air and show a determination to miss none of their more or less obligatory visits, but

the women and children seem to be enjoying themselves more and do not appear to regard the matter in so serious a light as their male compatriots. Perhaps this is because a woman is not of much account, and if she leaves a call or two unpaid no one troubles very much. The New Year's festivities usually last two or three days, after which the shops begin to open and gradually business is resumed.

THE FIRST FAMILIES.

By Richard Mace.

I.

A TINY little apartment on a cross street in New York, not too far from the "Tenderloin District"—the sort of neighborhood that house agents "really don't know anything about" when they have a house to rent in the vicinity, and which ignorance they always supplement by the information that "in New York you have to take the neighborhood as it comes; queer characters get in everywhere nowadays, and all a man can ask is that the people in the same house with him shall be respectable."

There is a *degagé* air about the little parlor which is extremely fascinating to the man who likes a cigar after dinner, and to put his feet on something. There are ottomans and cushions, endless cushions covered with bright striped stuffs that look as though tired heads knew them. The pictures on the walls are gay little French prints and photographs of great paintings, framed according to their kind, in frivolous little frames of white and gold, or sober bindings of oak.

The piano is open, and so is the writing desk. There is music on one, and scattered leaves on the other. By the one table sit the husband and wife, whose gatherings of

fluff have gone to create this nest: Mr. and Mrs. Baylor.

"Two hundred and eighty, and six hundred and forty, certainly make—let me see. Yes! They certainly do make nine hundred and twenty. The Lord only knows where it is, but we are some better off than we ought to be."

"Count your money," says Mrs. Baylor, with the inspiration of a bright idea.

Mr. Baylor goes down into his pockets and comes up with a little leather purse, which is evidently the sole receptacle of his worldly wealth, for after he discovers it, he goes no farther in his process of exploration.

He opens the top and takes out three or four untidy wads, which spread out into bank notes. There are also in the purse two blue coupons torn from theater tickets, a key and a crumpled card, all of which he empties out.

"Dear me!" Mary says, taking up the bits of pasteboard. "Here are our coupons for last night. *Wasn't* Ada Rehan the loveliest creature you *ever* saw? That voice of hers is just music."

"She wouldn't be anything if it were not for Daly. He *forces* her. She'd be playing—"

There was an angry flush upon

Mrs. Baylor's face, but her voice was calm and entirely free from expression.

"I suppose you think she ought to have gone on the stage from upper Fifth Avenue, to be able to play in the parts she plays at Daly's?"

"Well, not *much!*" says Mr. Baylor with emphasis, still engaged in unfolding and trying to decipher the card he has taken out. He wonders what in the deuce it is, and how he ever happened to put it there.

There is mollification at once on the very brilliantly colored and mobile face of Mrs. Baylor, and she turns her attention again to the hat she is trimming. Both of them seem to have forgotten the little pile of money on the table.

"This card! Why, this card is that address at Atlantic City—that little house where Janway was last year, when he went to write up that story about the Middletons. We meant to go down there this spring for awhile, but I suppose your everlasting anxiety to go down to Ellenbro' and live in a house of your own will knock us out of all that." Mr. Baylor lighted a cigarette and puffed at it with the true spirit of the dilettant. "I only hope, my dear Polly, that you'll like it when you get there."

"Like it? Of course I'll like it," says Mrs. Baylor with conviction. "Who wouldn't like it? Aren't we going to live in our own big house, with room to turn around in, and isn't Dolly going to have a pony, and I a garden? And aren't we going to have money enough so that you can write your great play in peace and comfort, *and—*" Mrs. Baylor's voice ended in a gasp of satisfaction.

She put the hat carefully on the top of her well coiled dark hair, and tilted gingerly to the mirror between the windows that was draped with a bit of Japanese chintz, and gladly lent itself to making a picture of the young face reflected in it.

"We can go abroad on that money," says Mr. Baylor, "and live

about in all the places we have dreamed of. We can go down to Algiers, to Florence, to Nice, to Monte Carlo. You can live very cheaply over there. Three thousand dollars a year isn't much to keep up a big old place like Castle Hill, but it is riches to us if we keep on living as we've been doing."

"That's exactly what I'm just not going to do. It's all very well for you and me, but *Dolly* is going to be brought up a *lady!*"

Mr. Baylor winced just the least trifle.

"I hope she'd be that wherever she was brought up—like her mother before her," he said with courtesy.

"You know what I mean, Dick, just as well as I know myself. I want Dolly to *always* have things like other girls. I want her to have a home, not be knocked about from pillar to post, and friends—and *you* know."

Mr. Baylor was of the blonde type, considerably older than his wife and rather *blasé*. He hated with a hatred that passeth understanding, anything sentimental or disagreeable. Now he went back to his wads of money and his card.

"There's forty dollars here. According to that account, I ought to have ninety. I'm blessed if I know what's become of the rest of it."

"What's the difference," says Mrs. Baylor with serenity. "What difference does money make to us *now*. We're *rich!*"

A shrill whistle comes up from the street and there is a sharp, short ring at the flat bell. Mrs. Baylor puts her pretty head out of the window.

"It's the postman," she announces, and having delivered herself of this superfluous piece of information, she goes calmly back to the mirror and devotes herself to trying the effect of various eccentric bends in the brim of the new hat.

"Isn't it a beauty?" says Mrs. Baylor, with justifiable pride. "When it comes to hats, it takes an artist's touch. For my part I pity the woman whose only resource is a milliner's shop. Poor witless things!"

Mrs. Baylor has been married four years, but her cheeks are as rosy and her eyes as happy and gay, and her movements as free as though she were sixteen and just out of a gymnasium. She had never been of sufficient consequence to have her beauty questioned. Most of the people she knows are men, men who are her husband's friends and hers, and they have frankly admired her; told her when her clothes were becoming, and criticised them when they were not. But it would be an ugly garment and a very critical man that must come together to find Mary Baylor anything but sweet and charming and delightful. The sweetness of springtime is in her breath, and the sunny heart of summer in her smile.

Baylor thinks all this as he looks at her, posing before him, light footed, the hat she has, just made set jauntily on her head.

"Mary, my darling," he says calmly, as one stating a judicial fact, "you'll simply *loathe* it down in Ellenbro."

"Not I," says Mrs. Baylor.

There is a quick staccato knock at the door, and almost before it can be answered there is a good humored, foreign looking face, the face of a man of sixty, whom everybody would recognize as owning his years and describe as "looking forty." Poncet was "well preserved."

"I have some letters for you," he said gayly, before he could be greeted other than by Mary's smile and gesture of invitation. "One for madame," presenting it with a bow, "and another for monsieur," and he held the business envelope out to Baylor's indifferent fingers.

"Sit down, Poncet. Sit down and have a cigar. What's new in New York?"

Baylor brought out a box of cigars and saw his visitor established before he turned to his own letter.

Neither of them noticed Mary. She had opened the envelope, after having first looked at the address as though a recognition of the handwriting were the only possible means she could have of learning the writer,

and then had unfolded the sheet with curiosity. As she saw the first words she drew in her breath with a little gasp, and looked at her husband with what was almost fear in her face. If Baylor had seen it it would have astonished him beyond words. Secrets and fears were unknown between these two. Mary put the letter in its envelope and tucked it under her belt, and gathering together the remnants of her hat materials started to leave the room.

As she passed Baylor he looked up at her.

"Who was your letter from, Polly? Old Griggs? How is the old fellow?"

"Very well," Mary said in a constrained voice and left the room. Outside she took the letter out and read it quickly, and then, her face white and anxious, tore it into small bits and opening the window let them fly out into the street.

II.

The little rooms at Atlantic City were in an airy building attached to a bath house. The morning sun streamed in at the windows, and the wind brought the spray of the ocean, which lapped and rolled and pounded away as though it were inviting the world to come and play with it. Little Dolly climbed out of her crib and went pattering to the window.

"Pitty day! Pitty day!" she said with baby happiness, her night gown half off, and her tumbled yellow hair all over her little face.

"There's one thing I'll *hate* money for," Mary said; "I *don't* want a nurse for Dolly. I think a nurse is a vulgar necessity. I suppose when we get down to Ellenbro' that they will be shocked to know that I have washed and dressed and taken care of Dolly since she was a little baby. They'll expect me to have a black woman for her."

"There are worse things than a mammy."

Baylor wasn't up. He plumped his pillow and turned over and looked at his young daughter with affection in his indifferent blue eyes.

Richard Baylor cared for few things in this world, and his appearance indicated it. Life had never grown serious to him. It had been made a holiday since his birth, because when the work day came he had always played truant, and dallied in the green fields of pleasure.

Mary ran over to her little girl and lifted her tenderly in her arms. It was a pretty picture and Baylor looked at it with the appreciation of an aesthete as well as the love of a husband and father, but it was not in his nature to say so.

"Are you going to take Dolly tagging about with you everywhere?" he asks. "Why don't you get a nurse now? You tie yourself too closely to that child. It was all very well as long as we could afford nothing else, but now that we can——"

"She's my baby, just the same," Mary began, and then she turned and looked at her husband. Any reader of human nature could see in that pure, clear, open face, the passing thought that came into her mind. One would have read now, that every word of the man lying over there, the not very thick locks of hair straying down over his forehead, his pajama open at the neck, an air of utter indifference to everything marking even the way he folded his arms, was her law signed and sealed and delivered over for action. The most casual sentence spoken in that slow, lazy voice was listened to with the loving confidence and attention of a devotee.

"If you think she ought to have a nurse, Dick——"

"Oh, trot around with her all day if you want to. Only there are a lot of places that I had thought we might have gone together where we could hardly take an infant."

Mary dressed her baby in the dainty little garments her own fingers had fashioned while Mr. Baylor drank his coffee, which he always took in bed, and read over the morning paper.

"By Jove," he exclaimed, "here's our next door neighbor, staying at the hotel just behind us."

"Who? Not—surely not Poncet from 276."

"My innocent child! Our neighbors in these days mean the inhabitants of the sylvan shades of *Ellenbro'*. Listen to this, in the Atlantic City arrivals: 'General and Mrs. Courtney, Mr. Reginald Courtney, and Miss Smith.'"

"Disguised under the plebeian name of Smith, my dear Mary, is the richest girl in *our* part of the country. She is the catch. She has a broad face like a Holstein cow, and is about as intelligent. But she is pure white. She hasn't any black spots," added Mr. Baylor, as though he feared that Miss Smith might be mistaken for the animal mentioned unless he explained. "The Courtneys want to catch her for Reginald, who isn't a half bad fellow, and who does, I believe, like Miss Smith first rate. My dear, good sister Eliza supplied me with the current gossip of the county when I saw her last. Good gracious, Mary, do you think you can ever break into the harness of going about and minding your neighbors' business? Not that they'll be likely to offer you the opportunity very soon. We are black sheep, my dear, and it will probably be some time before we are taken into the confidences of our first families down in *Ellenbro'*. They never were very fond of me."

"And I," Mary said, flushing, "am entirely out of it. Not that I care. But I am not going to believe that people will not be kind to me. I am sure I want everybody to have his own good time in his own good way. I am not going to pretend I am trying to be like them. I *wouldn't* be!"

"You are better than the best of the lot, my dear, and the reason I love you is because you are such an everlasting simpleton. I hope, for my own sake, that the old tabbies never lick you into shape. It might be better for Dolly to have a conventional mama, seeing that it is likely that she will never have a conventional papa. She will need somebody to marry her off——"

"I will not be made over. I am *me*," said Mrs. Baylor with fine scorn. "And Dolly will need no one to marry her off."

"Mary, my love, you are developing a very ill bred habit of interrupting people in the middle of their sentences."

Baylor had lighted a cigar and was in the midst of an editorial in a New York paper, but he was keeping one side of his indolent consciousness toward his wife.

"My ways may all be ill bred, according to your family's standards, but any way they are honest. I say exactly what I mean."

"And tell all you know."

A quick, embarrassed little flush came up into Mrs. Baylor's face, and she turned to little Dolly's bonnet, tying the strings with her face almost inside.

"I declare," Mr. Baylor said, "if McDonald hasn't gone and written up all that stuff I told him the other day about famous gamblers. And here it is, illustrated in this sheet. I suppose he thought he had to be remunerated in some way for his losses at poker that last night."

"I *hate* gambling," Mary said vindictively.

Mr. Baylor declined to answer, and argument was senseless. Little Dolly was curled and dressed and bonneted by this time. Her mother turned her around and looked at her admiringly, as though she were a big doll.

"Go and kiss your papa by by, baby, and tell him he is a lazy thing not to go to breakfast with us! I know you don't want to take us down to Ellenbro'—we're a bother—but I'm *going*!" And Mrs. Baylor shuts the door with emphasis as though her morning coffee lay in that new home she was so anxious to see.

III.

WHAT a jolly world it is to live in after all. It is only the middle of June, and the great choking crowd has not found its way to Atlantic City yet. The hotel verandas are

gay with pretty modish gowns, and broad, flower laden hats, and there are open spaces all along the beach where there is only a broad hatted child or two, digging with new pail and spade, the well that is certain never to run dry, having the whole Atlantic Ocean for a bottom.

It is still before noon. Up in one of the pavilions there is a little group of four. The sort of people who are always described as a "family party," the sort of people who are invariably recognized everywhere as being from "out of town," to their own eternal mystification.

They bought their clothes at the best establishments (at least those with the largest stores and the most advertising) in New York, and yet nobody seemed to take them for New Yorkers. Not that they were particularly anxious to be known as city people. The name of Courtney was too well known in that part of the middle South where they lived, for them to envy any man his habitation.

General Courtney, general of militia for twenty five years, was a large gentleman with a quiet manner and a good deal of gray hair, on head and lip. Mrs. Courtney, who would appear on her tombstone as his "beloved and respected wife," held her head up with the air of a woman who has her way in about every position in which she is thrown, an air calculated to impress the weak and cause mirth in the strong, instead of inciting them to battle, as is evidently sometimes Mrs. Courtney's intentions.

Reginald Courtney is a fair type of a big, healthy, not overly wise young man, who treats the world he does not know with courtesy. The creases in his trousers are in the right place, and his shoes are correct, but there is no sophistication in his face. He is treasurer of a company for mining coal in the West Virginia hills, and there are signs that his face has known the sun. It is not a particularly handsome face, but the body below it is straight and sturdy and tall, and the head above it looks

anything but empty. Reg has never had an ache since he was born, and if clean living and healthy ways are factors, he never will. He is one with whom the world seems to have gone well.

By his side sits the girl who from her babyhood has been destined to become his wife. A distant cousin, born into one of the oldest families in the middle South, she has the unusual good fortune to have an estate which even the Civil War did not affect, so great and solid and well invested was it. An orphan, she inherited her whole fortune from her father's father, a canny old man, who had more English than American blood, and who left his entire estate to his son's eldest child, to be held in trust until the heir had reached the age of twenty five.

Edyth had been given into Mrs. Courtney's hands when she was only five, and had been brought up in the conventions of her class.

People in Virginia did not call her plain, although an irreverent Northerner, accustomed to the dash of city heiresses, might have thought so. There is too satisfied an expression in Miss Smith's face, although she is unaffected and simple in her manner.

She affects some sensitive souls much as an unripe peach might. She has not gained the ripeness and sweetness which comes with experience and the contact with the light of the world's day. She is a trifle overdressed. She is only twenty years old, but there are diamond earrings in her ears, and her gown is silk instead of cotton or wool, this summer morning by the sea.

Reginald, like all fine men, knows nothing whatever about women's dress, but some way Edyth doesn't look just right. He thinks vaguely that after they are married he will get her to go about with him alone and be more unconventional. There are few marriages made in which one or the other of the contracting parties does not intend to make some future alterations in the beloved one.

General Courtney sits with his face

toward the board walk, looking into the visage of each passer by with that expectation of finding an acquaintance, which never leaves a man who has been brought up in a country place where his own personality is distinct, however much he may travel about this overgrown world. He never can be made to realize that his name and position are not as conspicuous everywhere as they are at home.

He started suddenly as a well dressed figure in white flannels and a broad sailor hat, lounged along, and then, with a glance at his wife, sat down again. The passer by was absorbed in his cigarette and seemed to see nobody through his half closed eyes.

"Who was it?" Mrs. Courtney asked. "Any Ellenbro' people?"

"Well, yes, you might say so," the general said, as though he were apologizing for owning the fact. "It was Richard Baylor. Since he has inherited Castle Hill, I suppose we might call him a neighbor."

A look of superior virtue came over Mrs. Courtney's face, if anything could be superior to her usual exalted expression.

"I wonder," she said in a casual tone, "if—er—he is alone?"

"He was just now."

"It is to be sincerely hoped that he will not bring his—er—family down to Castle Hill."

"Why not?" Mr. Reginald Courtney dashed into the conversation with an air that was a trifle more than mildly curious. His tone sounded as if he might already anticipate the answer he would receive, and was prepared to take up an independent position in regard to it. But his mother felt herself on indisputable heights.

"I hope, my son, that knowing as you must the character borne by Richard Baylor, and the unhappy marriage he has made, you will readily understand why it is not desirable that he should come to Ellenbro' and place himself and his friends in the midst of our community of gentle bred people."

"Most of whom are related to him."

"Which makes it all the more unfortunate."

"I can't see what is so terrible about Baylor. From all I hear about him he is a clever fellow, who has been in the swim of affairs and mingled with people who were of consequence sufficiently to make a very comfortable income as a newspaper writer. Nobody seems to have anything to say about him except that he plays poker too much. As for his wife, I don't believe Baylor would have married anybody who wasn't pretty and nice and young. I don't see why a nice, young, pretty woman at Castle Hill will not be an acquisition."

Mrs. Courtney's face had settled into its hardest lines.

"I can hardly consider a young woman who was picked up at the stage door, one might say, as an acquisition to Ellenbro' and the county. However sorry I shall feel for dear Eliza, I still have my *principles*—my duty—and I cannot see how these are to be overcome sufficiently for me to recognize Richard Baylor's wife."

"Well, now, mother, you are flying right in the face of all modern ideas. There was a time when an actress was not a social light, but that time has gone by long ago. They are asked everywhere, especially in London, which you say is the only properly regulated city on earth. They make a point of having actors at the very best houses. The Prince of Wales——"

"I hope," said Mrs. Courtney, in a tone which would have done credit to the British matron herself, "that my son will never look upon the moral character of the Prince of Wales as a model. I am very sure that his dear mother has never entertained actresses." Mrs. Courtney spoke the word as though it was a medical term, necessary to use, but rather indelicate.

"Is there anything wrong with Mrs. Baylor's moral character?"

Edyth was looking out over the

ocean as though she had heard none of the conversation, but Mrs. Courtney looked at her and back to her son warningly, but the irrepressible went on.

"Because if there isn't, I think we might be glad to know her. We are pretty well acquainted with Mrs. Chapin."

"Reginald, if you have any unpleasant allusions to make, I must request you to confine them to the hours when you are not in Edyth's society *at least*. I suppose you men may act as you please. If you find Richard Baylor agreeable, nothing *we* may say will prevent your seeking his society. I hope you have too much strength of mind to be drawn into his wretched habit of gambling, and I trust you will remain away from his house."

"And Mrs. Baylor is to get all the cold shoulder. I don't call that justice exactly. She wasn't on the stage any way. She only studied for the stage. Plenty society women have gone through that school."

"I think you can hardly call it the same thing. As I understand it, this Mrs. Baylor is the daughter of an actress, and has a sister who was on the stage for a time, in a very inferior position, until she made a miserable marriage and died in Paris."

"Oh, Aunt Martha," Miss Smith called in a low but excited tone, "here is that lady we saw yesterday. It must be Mrs. Colonel Stanley; she answers exactly to the description I read of her in the papers yesterday. Look at her go into the water. Did you ever see anything so graceful?"

Mrs. Courtney put up her lorgnette and watched the slim, perfectly clad figure walk like a princess down over the sands and into the water. Her bathing dress fit her figure like the tunic of a young Greek, and the proud neck upheld the beautifully carried head, with a conscious pride. There was no timid stopping to dilly dally with the waves, to put one foot out and then another, and draw back with a little shiver. She walked almost up to the water, and then with a rush went

straight into the heart of a great, white crested breaker, coming up with her face wet, but brilliant.

She gave two or three strokes with her round, strong, white arms, and made her way out into the incoming swells, and then as a great green glassy wave rose above her, ready to sweep over her head, she put her hands on her waist and springing with the motion of the water, rose above it, bounding into the air. Her scarlet cap rose two or three times, defying the waves to go over it and then it went out, a touch of color as far as it could be seen.

"I should think she would be afraid," Edyth said, almost shivering.

"The Lacys are a fearless race," Mrs. Courtney replied, as one would repeat history. "I can remember that old General Lacy was said to be the bravest man in the army. He was a second cousin of your grandfather Mason, Reginald. It is the same blood. There have never been any cowards in our families. If that really is Helen Stanley we certainly must go and call upon her. It would be very strange if relatives should be in the same city and not see each other."

"From what I hear of Mrs. Colonel Stanley, and from what the newspapers say of her, I reckon she has about enough occupation in attending to the many friends she has now. They say she came down here, where she knows nobody, so that she might have the sea bathing and not be annoyed by people."

"We can hardly be considered in the light of people. Her own kin."

Mrs. Courtney was rapidly losing her temper with her son.

"She is a remarkable swimmer," said General Courtney, putting up the field glass which he considered an indispensable addition to a sea-side toilet. It is supposed that he imbibed the idea from reading of old sea captains and their glasses. Most worldly experiences had come to General Courtney vicariously.

"But, dear me, Helen Lacy, old Bob Lacy's daughter, must be forty, if she's a day. Her mother——"

"Not so old as that," begins Mrs. Courtney, when her son Reginald gives her another turn.

"We aren't at all sure that it is Mrs. Stanley at all. People seldom look like their reputations. This may be one of those very actresses you so despise."

"I trust I know a lady when I see one," says his mother with dignity.

"It is not very complimentary to say that your cousin, Mrs. Stanley, looks like an actress."

"She's not so near a cousin that I feel as though I were exactly casting aspersions upon my immediate family."

"And then, too, you seem to have taken up the cudgels in defense of that scapegrace, Richard Baylor."

It is a minute before Reginald speaks, and then there is feeling in his voice.

"It seems to me, mother, that we need to add to, instead of detract from, the stock of sympathy in this world for scapegraces."

And he leaves his mother dumb.

IV.

"Come along, Edyth, let us go off and walk a little. My knees are getting cramped by sitting still," and Reginald gets up and gives his tan shoes a little shake that straightens his trousers, and presumably his knees.

Edyth follows him obediently. Where wouldn't she follow Reginald? Her heart is as full of joy as the sea, laughing and glittering away off there to the eastern horizon, is full of sparkles. It is reflecting back the light which the indifferent sun is pouring down on all the earth alike, and the sea's case is something like poor Edyth's. Reginald is in as little lover-like a mood as possible.

He knows that he is going to ask Edyth to marry him. Of course he is. He knows that his mother expects it, and most of all, Edyth expects it. He thinks, with a quick throb of conscience, of the stab he has given his mother before he left. He hates himself for his defiant

tongue. He knows that he cannot go and apologise to her, because the apology would be but a naming of the wound, and demanding for it a new claim upon the consciousness, and it is something that must be kept hidden away.

With his impulsive generosity he makes up his mind that now, today, he will make amends to his mother, carry out her dearest wishes, and go back to her with Edyth as his promised wife. She will forgive him then for his rude touch upon the family sorrow, the skeleton which can hurt even Mrs. Courtney's pride. Her kiss of congratulation will be a kiss of reconciliation. He thinks ruefully that it is his duty to make up to his mother all she has suffered.

But what can he say to Edyth? He thinks to himself that certainly nothing on earth could be harder than to propose marriage to a girl who has been brought up in the same house with you. It is perfectly ridiculous.

When Edyth, a shy little child of five, was left to General Courtney's guardianship, Mrs. Courtney announced to the world that she took up the burden of being a mother to a motherless girl in a spirit of Christian charity. She openly wished that this child had been a boy that Reg might have had a companion, and then she said she supposed it was all for the best, as poor Reg had no sister; the refining influence of a girl in the house would be everything.

And true enough, Mrs. Courtney did her duty in the way of the world. Edyth had been daintily and carefully brought up, with the best of young ladies' boarding school educations. She had been taught art embroidery as the years went by, and the making of famous Virginia dishes, and the painting of china to put them in.

But it must be confessed that poor Edyth had never done any of these things very brilliantly. She could hardly be said to have any influence over Reg, although they were together constantly during all their childhood. Reginald had never had

but one girl companion other than Edyth, and that was a pretty miss of ten who had come out from Baltimore to visit her aunt who lived near the Courtneys. Reginald was fourteen and Edyth was eleven when Maude appeared on the scene and took Reg's boyish heart captive. She could ride and swim and row and climb trees like a boy, and had a sharp tongue of her own; in none of which accomplishments Edyth was at all learned.

Reg was her willing slave until they were riding tournament on the back lawn one day. Maude, on her pony bareback and yelling like a Comanche Indian, galloping down with lance poised to take the ring, found herself almost thrown because her pony had shied at Edyth's white apron, when she sat on the fence meekly looking on. Maude had called her a "spoil-sport" and ordered her home. Reg picked up the rings and went along, much to Mrs. Courtney's satisfaction when she heard of it.

She would hardly have been a human mother if she had not wanted to keep Edyth's thirty thousand dollars a year in the family; if she had not gently discouraged any other man who came Edyth's way. Not that that required much effort. The American man is not a fortune hunter. He has too much faith in his own abilities, is too proud to take a wife's money. He considers it his prerogative as an American to earn his own fortune and to choose the one woman he wants out of the world to bestow it upon.

Edyth, with her rather awkward figure, and stiffness of manner, had little to attract any man, particularly one who did not really know her good qualities. She always had partners at dances and never had known the ignominy of being a wall flower. Everybody went to the Courtney house, and liked Reginald, and one dance is little to give for duty; but Edyth, with the handsomest gown in the room, had never been a belle.

To do Reginald justice, he never

thought of Edyth's money. It is hard to think of money in connection with one for whom it has done so little. He only knew that she was good, that she was devoted to him, that his mother would be heartbroken if he married any one else, and that he had never seen any other woman whom he cared any more for.

Not that bright eyes and a pretty face had no charms for him. He was a young man with blood in his veins, and eyes in his head, and when a gay, bright young girl, full of the joy of life passed him by, his heart gave an extra throb in the manner that every healthy young man's does at that call. But the only girls he had ever known were those about his own home, and in their eyes, as in his mother's, he was the property of Edyth Smith.

Tell a man a thing is a fact from his boyhood up, and he is certain to end by believing it.

Reg thought he loved Edyth. He had never known a man who was passionately in love with his wife. The uncles and cousins, more or less removed, who made up the world about Ellenbro' all had wives very much like Edyth, good and commonplace. It was hardly in good taste to be anything else. And upon this frame of mind was destined to be embroidered the acquaintance of Mary Baylor.

Reg and Edyth walked along up the board walk side by side. The merry go rounds were grinding out their new tunes put in for this season, but only a stray boy and girl were seated upon the splendid and ferocious wooden tigers and lions, going round and round. Away out at sea the red cap of the swimmer they had seen go in, rose and fell on the waves. There was a memory of her poetry of motion in Reginald's mind.

"Forty!" he said to himself contemptuously. "Mrs. Stanley or no Mrs. Stanley, if *that* woman is forty, I'm seventy five."

Edyth broke into his reveries.

"Here's the iron pier. Let us walk out and look out at the ocean."

"All right," is Reginald's invariable answer, and they turn to the right and walk out on the high pier. There is a small theater at the other end, but there is nobody there at this hour of the day. The rows of chairs sit empty like a wooden audience, waiting for performers that do not come.

There are some young girls who are made prettier by the fresh air of the ocean and the sunshine. The wind ruffles their hair in crisp little curls around foreheads and necks and ears, and gives their hats a gay, saucy little tilt, that is the acme of coquetry. It brings deeper color into rounded cheeks, and prints a dear little brown freckle here and there on a white skin.

But Edyth is not one of these. The wind makes her look untidy, and that is all. The extra color that comes is in her nose and chin. Her lips look blue and her eyes are watery instead of laughing back to the sun. Reginald considerably suggests that they should get behind the theater where the wind is not so strong, and Edyth sits down on one of the red wooden seats. The wind comes around the corner laden with the fresh breath of the ocean. One might almost imagine that they are breaths from the Spice Islands, so sweet is it.

Away off on the board walk a popular ditty plays an accompaniment. Now, thinks Reginald, he will say the necessary words.

He looks out at the little boats which are bluefishing outside the bar, the sun making their dingy sails white; he gives ear to the music; he turns his eyes to Edyth's face, and some way his courage dies.

"How big the world is, and yet how little," says Miss Smith. "To think of Uncle Mason seeing Mr. Baylor here. I hope we can get a subscription for the hospital from him. Shouldn't you think so?"

Reg isn't exactly interested in hospitals; like most young men, he thinks of the pleasant things of life, but he has a tenderness for Edyth's kind heart. The hospital is her pet

charity, and the mention of it makes him think how womanly she is, and what a good wife she will make.

"I hope you don't want to go rushing after him now to get his name down on your little book."

"No, not now," she says. "I want to go on to New York with Aunt Martha and get some new gowns before we go back home, and some new curtains for my own room."

"You love the old house at home very much, don't you, Edyth?" There is nothing remarkable about this question, but there is something strained in the tone in which it is put.

She looks at him and knows that the time has come, and the slow red, not the vivid rushing blush that is so beautiful, comes into her face.

This moment is the most blissful of her dull life—this moment that it seems to Reg is about the most difficult he has ever encountered.

"Yes," she almost whispers.

"Wouldn't you—wouldn't you like to live there *always*?"

It is like pulling a tooth.

"You know I should be unhappy away from you—all."

And then, there seemed to be nothing more to be said. He puts his arm around her shoulders and kisses her—and is conscious as he does so that a hair has blown across her lips and he doesn't like it. He doesn't even know, poor boy, that if that hair had been blown across the lips of a woman he truly loved and had crossed his when he kissed her first, it would have had a locket home for the rest of its days.

There seems to be nothing else to say. They both look out over the sea.

"I wonder what Aunt Martha will say when we go in?"

"Must I tell her now—right off?" asks Reg. Now that it is done, somehow it seems as though it would keep.

"Of course it is *yours* to tell," she says with an attempt at playfulness that is unlike her and not desirable.

"I'll tell you what let's do," Reg

said with an air of inspiration. "Let's go into that bath house and get some suits and go in bathing."

Why not begin right now to start Edyth in *his* ways?

V.

It must be confessed that the bathing suit which covers the slender figure of Miss Edyth Smith leaves considerable to be desired. It isn't pretty and it isn't trig.

In the tiny four by six room where she has gone to change her dress from the elaborate sleeved and lace trimmed silk to the damp blue flannel bathing suit which has been handed in to her, there is water standing, and she has the shuddering consciousness that it must have fallen from the clothing of some former occupant. Ladies in water soaked bathing suits and hair that is a collection of dripping points, walk up and down the narrow passageway calling out pleasantries to each other. Edyth has never seen anything so free and easy, and she finds it altogether distasteful. Then, too, the bathing suit has been worn, and that is against her fastidious notions.

Across the front, in big white letters, is the name of the bath house. Altogether Miss Smith finds it disgusting. But this is what Reg wants her to do, and she is going to do it. She cannot see herself, as there is only a little scrap of a mirror of the distorting variety up against the partition. Perhaps if she could she would disregard Reg's wishes after all. There are women who look well in the bathing dress which has been designed for them, and there are women who look well in any bathing dress, or anything else, but Edyth cannot by the wildest stretch of the imagination be called one of these. Added to this, it is the very first time she has been seen without so much as her shoes, and she is covered with confusion at the thought of facing all these people.

She opens the door a little way and peeps out, and looks longingly at her gown hanging up there. A boy suddenly banged at her door.

"What do you want?" she asks timidly.

"The gen'leman said you was to come along. He's waitin'."

And then Edyth brought out all of her courage, opened the door and stepped out.

She met Reg at the end of the corridor, but such a looking Reg! She had looked at all the bathers up and down the beach in a perfectly impersonal way; she had never believed that Reg could ever be one of those dreadful looking creatures. And yet he *was*. She turned her eyes away, and her face was red again. She was thankful Mrs. Courtney was not there if she had to make this dreadful exhibition of herself.

As they came down on the beach they saw that everybody was looking at a child who was frolicking in the water. She was a tiny little yellow headed baby, not more than three, but who could swim like a fish. There was a heavy faced woman with her who was evidently her nurse, and who was bursting with gratified vanity at the attention the baby was attracting. The child had a scrap of a bathing suit about its round little body, but she sprang into the incoming waves shouting with glee, putting her tiny hands upon her waist and rising above the breakers as it sprang into flying spray.

"She springs up like Mrs. Stanley; look at her," Edyth cried, forgetting all about herself.

The child threw herself upon the next wave that came in, and put out her tiny arms and went swimming like a white, golden haired frog.

"I think that is dangerous," Reg said. "I do not believe that nurse can swim a stroke, and that baby has not the strength to cope with waves," and taking Edyth by the hand he started into the water. But the water was cold to Miss Smith's feet, and she stopped.

"Oh, Reginald, I *can't*! Oh!"

"Yes, you can. Look at all these people. It isn't cold after you get in. Come along."

"Oh. Ugh. I cannot!"

People about them were beginning to laugh. Reg was a sturdy soul, without a grain of snobbery, but as he looked at Edyth he did wish she were prettier, if she were going to be silly, or more sensible and braver if she had to be ugly. He put his arms about her waist and rushed her into the incoming breaker, lifting her head and shoulders above it.

"Oh—ah!" she gasped, and burst into tears.

Then I am afraid Reg felt his patience going. "If you really cannot stand it—" he said in the superhumanly mild tone of a man in a real rage—but the waves do not wait for arguments; another one came, and they let themselves be washed nearly back upon the beach.

There was a shriek almost in Reg's ear: "The baby! Oh, the baby!"

It was the Irish nurse. She was wringing her hands, "*Save her!*" she cried.

There were not many bathers in here, only one or two men.

Reg turned to see the little golden head away out on the top of a wave. Coming toward the shore still a distance out, was the red cap of the swimmer they had seen go in far up the beach. It was coming in rapidly, but that baby could never live in those waves until the red cap could reach her. Reg fairly rushed into the water, leaving Edyth dripping on the shore. It was not hard work for his strong arms, but it seemed to him that he would never reach the child nor find her when he got there. The fatal undertow would make short work of that soft atom.

A great green wall came up before him and in it, under it, he saw the white baby face, the little arms helpless. He dived, grasped the golden curls, and came up, holding himself aloft on the sweep of the incoming tide, the baby in his arms.

In another second the red cap was beside him. Such an agonized face, the big eyes wide. "My baby," she gasped.

"She is all right," Reg said, and truly enough, she was. The little

thing had held her breath under the water and breathed on top, with the true instinct of a born swimmer, who had been trained to the water before she could walk.

"I come to your cap, mama," she said, shaking the water from her head like a little dog.

It was no time for talk. The gratitude in the mother's eyes was more eloquent than any words.

Reg put the child astride his neck, and together he and the mother slowly swam in shore. The Irish nurse was gone. When they reached the sand and put the child down, the mother turned to Reg with tears in her pretty eyes.

"You saved my baby's life," she said.

There was a look in those eyes under the red cap which was dangerous for Reg. There are some women born with a *something* (other women call it coquetry sometimes and sometimes they call it brazenness) which is fatal to nine men out of every ten who look at them.

No wonder was it that Mrs. Stanley was the great society leader. The few people who had been along the beach were all looking at them curiously. Edyth had only seen and felt that Reg had left her, and had turned and gone up the beach and into the bath house to don again the garments of her everyday walks, to bedeck herself with trinkets and be the Edyth of conventionality—except—except—in this one respect. There was upon her a new dignity. She was engaged to Reg. Her life was settled. Its placid, commonplace smoothness of outlook might have dismayed another girl, but never Edyth. The broad, plain road, far from any suspicion of the byways or shadow of hedges, was the one that she had chosen all her life, the one that she would be found walking in when she stepped into her most respectable grave.

It looked all sunny before her now—and although she was cold, and the coarse flannel of the bathing suit was unpleasant to her skin, and the one towel was insufficient, still none of

these could entire. And the sun for Edyth, on this the day when the fruition of all her maidenly dreams had come about.

She donned her outdoor garments with a little pleasant warm thrill about the bottom of her heart. She even laughed at herself for a silly goose for having cried in the water. She would go in again tomorrow. Of course Reg was big enough and bold enough to take care of her, and she ought not to be so stupid. She wondered if Reg really meant that they were to keep their engagement for a month, and not tell even Mrs. Courtney. She didn't see how she could, and then she thrilled all over at the thought of having a great secret like that, that meant so much to them both, all alone with Reg.

They hadn't had any secrets together since they were little children and they used to tell each other what they were going to give the other members of the family for Christmas presents. Edyth was childish yet. There had never come to her any of the cares of life, and of the experiences which bring maturity. And heaven had not given to her that mysterious quality which might be called the genius of femininity, which, like a genius for anything else, brings full fledged comprehension of life without the pains of experience. Edyth's idea of bliss was the bread and cheese and kisses programme, and perhaps she would have suffered more from the absence of the cheese than the kisses. All the respectabilities of life must come to Edyth, if she were to be happy.

She put on her garments and started out to find Reg. She thought of sending a boy, but she suddenly bethought herself that Mr. Reginald Courtney might not be so conspicuous a personage along the sands of Atlantic City as he would be in the streets of Ellenbro'. The sense of lost identity is one of the hardest lessons that provincials must learn. She set her hat, her most expensive hat, on her head, and taking her umbrella went out and sat in the pavilion which overlooked the ba-

tners. just as she appeared a red cap, closely followed by a tall young man, crossed the sands, went up the stairs and separating with a tacit promise in each face to meet again in a very few minutes, the two went into their several dressing rooms.

There was nothing of the gallant about Reginald Courtney, but when that merry piquant face under the red cap was turned to him, he forgot that she was a stranger.

"Must you go out?" he said. It wasn't every day that a swimmer like this could keep stroke beside him.

"The nurse has gone, and I must go and dress the baby. She has been in too long now. Poor little tot! I never intended for her to come into the water at all this morning. I have never had a nurse for her in all her little life before, but her papa thinks she ought to have one so that we may have more time for other things. Just as though anything could be more important than having the baby with us!"

"Me won't go out!" said a small but defiant voice.

"Sh—h. Don't speak to your mama like that!" There was anything but severity in the soft tones, but the baby changed her cry.

"I see my papa!" she shrieked, and breaking away from her mother, tore through the crowd, a little bundle of pink flesh, wet flannel and stringy curls.

Reg did not wait to hear the thanks of the head of the family; it seemed to him that that was a formality that he could deny himself. With a hasty word of farewell, he started up toward the place where he had left Edyth. She was gone. He went up to the bath house and found that she had taken the key of her dressing room. Reg knew from many years' experience that when Edyth began to dress, it was a matter of labor and painstaking, and time. He looked longingly back at the glittering, heaving waves, rushing in so coolly and enticingly. Did his eyes deceive him? Away out there on the crest of one of them was a red

cap. That decided him. In another minute his strong white arms and close cropped head were making their way through the breakers toward that scarlet beacon.

"I'll tell her this time," Reg thinks to himself, "that we are cousins. I'll talk to her, and it naturally will come into the conversation."

She was out there all alone, as he had hoped, and the face she turned toward to him was as cordial and gay as it had been when he left it. Some way it made Reg into a hero. It made his swim to the rescue of that small girl, and his grasp upon her curls, seem the act of a great man. The glance in those eyes, sweet as it was, seemed to act like a magnifier. It made Reg swell in importance.

"Where did you go to?" she cried, as she threw herself upon the wave, passively, as another woman would throw herself upon a silken couch for a languid summer afternoon's rest. Her round white arms, slender, yet with dimples in the elbows, and a dear little crease on the forearm just below the bend that enticed you to kiss it, were spread out, and the water seemed to hold her up and support her upon its heaving green bosom as though it loved her.

"I went up to see what had become of my—my cousin. But she was dressing."

She laughed. "And you knew that meant another hour! I am so glad you came back. I wanted you to stay and meet my husband. He might have said some *words* that could have given you some idea of our thanks. I could not."

"You thanked me enough," Reg said. "It was nothing."

"Nothing, to save my baby's life? It probably seemed nothing to you. You may go about saving lives every day in the week for aught I know—but *my baby!*"

The words sounded a little flip-pant, but there was a ghost of a sob at the end, and the water on the round delicate cheeks was not all ocean's brine. It thrilled Reg to the heart. He never stopped to think

how cross he had been to Edyth for crying just a little while ago.

"Did the nurse come back?" he asked—for something to say.

"Yes; her father said he would stay with her while the nurse dressed her. She seemed awfully repentant, poor thing, and I could hardly blame her." She laughed again, that merry laugh that seemed to come out for its own enjoyment, showing all the white teeth and the depressed corners of the not very small nor thin lipped mouth. "It is more than I can do to resist that child's pleading. How can I expect a nurse to do it?"

"I don't wonder," Reg said, and then he blushed. It seemed to him that anybody would give this woman anything she wanted, why not her child.

But the red cap had other occupation than listening to the flatteries of a boy. She had come out to bathe, to swim and dive, and feel the cool waves break over her, and she went vigorously to work, untiring, seemingly.

When at last they came out, just as Edyth, her hair a little wet, and not so daintily arranged as before, took her chair in the pavilion and turned it oceanward, they felt that they had been friends forever. There was an Irish woman, meek of mien, holding fast to a dancing, golden haired little girl, very near them.

"Your mama has come out now, I'm tellin' ye," said the nurse. "Didn't you see her red cap a-comin' up out o' the water. She's jest in the house beyant a dressin' an' will be here the minute—an' it's glad I am," under her breath.

Edyth pricked up her ears at the mention of the red cap. She had seen only one, and that was on Mrs. Stanley's head. Could this be Mrs. Stanley's little girl? She turned and smiled upon the infant. That was enough; in two minutes her bangle

bracelets were being closely inspected.

Edyth's array of bangles was large. There was a little gold pig, a *porte bonheur*, which set the child screaming with delight. "The pid! the pid! The pitty pid!"

Just then a lady, in a simple, cool white gown came in at the pavilion gate. Reg was just behind her, looking red and fresh. The baby sprang for her. "Mama," she cried, "come and see the lady with the pid." Edyth recognized her; it was Mrs. Stanley.

"I hope you will pardon my little girl," she said very sweetly. "She wants everything she sees. I am afraid she is frightfully spoiled."

"Oh no!" Edyth said. "Let me give it to her. I should be glad for her to have it," and she began unhooking it from her bracelet. There is a hand put out to stop her.

"I cannot allow her—" but the air is rent by a shrill wail.

"I wants th' *pid*!"

"Please let her have it," Edyth says almost imploringly. "It isn't like taking it from a *stranger*. I fancy we are almost cousins," hurrying on, as she sees the wonder in the face before her. Reg has come up, and Edyth turns toward him to second her. "We are the Courtneys from Ellenbro'." She always speaks of herself as a Courtney.

"Ah?" and a pleased flush came into the face under the red cap. "Do you know me then?"

Coming toward them Edyth sees Mrs. Courtney, and knows from her face that she, too, sees Mrs. Stanley.

"Why, of course, Aunt Martha knew you at once, and said we must come and see you."

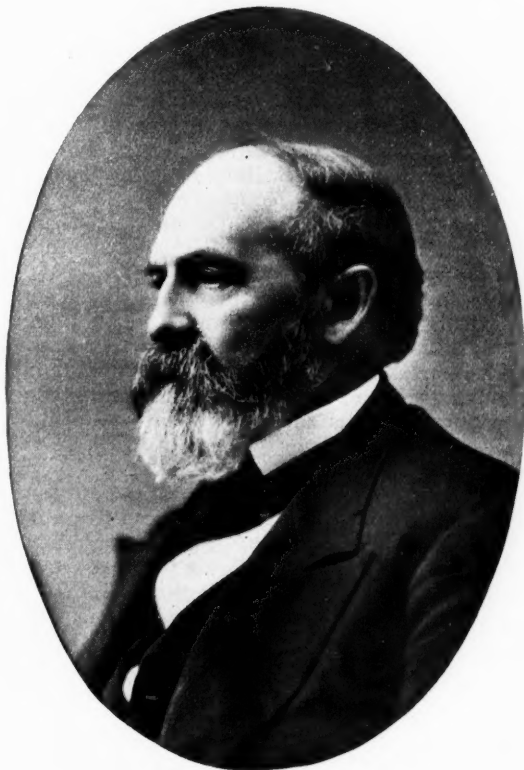
"I will tell Dick." There is a little triumph in the tone. "You might have recognized *him*, but I cannot understand how you could know that I am *Mrs. Richard Baylor*!"

(To be continued.)

COLLIS P. HUNTINGTON.

By Frank A. Munsey.

COLLIS P. HUNTINGTON is one of the great men of our times. He is inherently great. Nature cast him in a big mold. He as a theologian is of no consequence. What he has done in the way of philanthropy is not the test. His achievements are the measuring



COLLIS P. HUNTINGTON.

has done something—has left his impress upon the history of our national development. That man who has the power within him to do great things and does them, is great—great in the direction in which he works. What Huntington might have been

sticks by which he must be measured, and by which honest intelligence will measure him.

Huntington breathed the New England air as a lad—that air that stimulates ambition and gives robustness to energy. At fourteen the

spirit of getting on in the world mastered his educational propensities—mastered his father's objections to his leaving school, and without the loss of an hour, and at that age when city lads of wealthy parents nowadays are almost as dependent as in infancy, young Huntington began with mature stroke the construction of a fortune that has now reached well nigh to a hundred millions. He had great opportunities, to be sure, in his early days in California, but he handled them masterfully. Others had equal opportunities—the same opportunities, but they did not have his brain, nor his energy. It was he who overcame mountains—he who got the reward.

The transcontinental railway was inevitable, but the realization of this masterful achievement would not have been on that day recorded by history had there been no Huntington. The linking together of the two oceans had been but a chimerical dream up to that time when Huntington gave it substance and infused into it life and energy. He associated with himself Messrs. Mark Hopkins, Leland Stanford and Charles Crocker. These four men advanced the necessary means for a survey across the Sierra Nevadas, secured the charter for the road, raised, with the government's aid, the vast sums of money required to construct and equip that railway which at the time of its completion was one of the wonders of the world—a marvel of engineering.

Huntington's genius found its true scope of operation when he turned

from the shop to the broader field of railway construction. Here there was ample play for his tremendous energy—ample opportunity to test the indomitable power of his will.

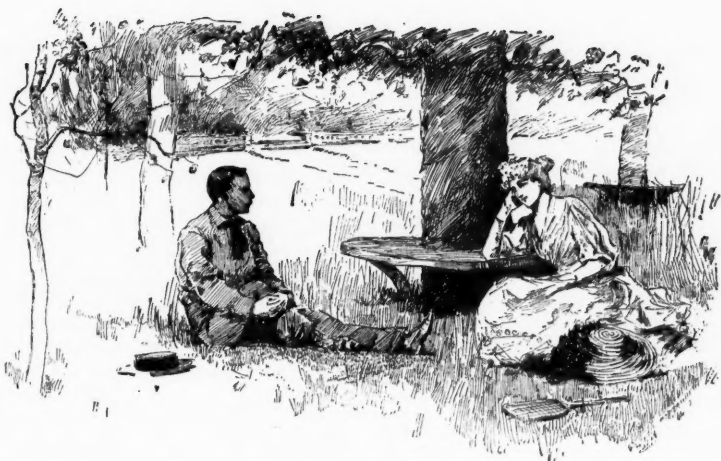
No general on the field of battle was ever braver than Huntington has been in the realm of finance. He has played with millions as the small man plays with pennies. He has been the largest borrower of money this continent has ever seen, and it is recorded that he often says he has not been out of debt since the old days in Connecticut, before he renounced the imperious rule of the school-marm.

Huntington is now nearly seventy two years old. His personality is impressive. His height is towering, his figure strong and robust, with deep chest and broad shoulders. He has a large head and intelligent, kindly face, with strong lines indicative of the firmness and power which have characterized his whole career.

He is still an active man—is still engaged in the management of vast enterprises. Few men have ever had the physical and mental endurance to stand up under such a tremendous strain as Huntington must have borne in all these years of incessant work.

Boldness and energy and intelligence and frugality—that old New England frugality of his forefathers—these are qualities that have brought rewards—that have made an impress on the epoch in which Huntington has lived.





ON THE FOURTH.

I.

ON the birthday of the nation,
While the flaunting banners taught
What Columbia's Declaration
Of her Independence brought,

II.

Far from all the din and riot
And the cannon's roaring mouth,
'Neath a leafy bower quiet
Where the soft breeze from the South

III.

In Marie's fair locks was playing,
She and I—we two alone—
Tarried in our aimless straying
Over meadow, moss, and stone.

IV.

And the thoughts of all my longing
Came in swift onrushing train
Through my very being, thronging
Fervid heart and throbbing brain.

V.

Then Marie, as if she knew me,
With those fingers white and small
Plucked a wild rose—gave it to me—
And I took it, hand and all.

VI.

And the birthday of the nation
Was a joyous day for me,
When I made my Declaration
Of Dependence, to Marie!

Stanley Wynne.

MR. BRIGGS'S FLIRTATION.

By Phillips McClure.

IF ever a good young man lived, it was young Mr. Briggs. His holidays were few and far between, and when he took one he usually tried to combine, if not exactly business with pleasure, at least a sense of duty done with his physical recreation. Just now he was at

Miss Saltor's father owned a house in Ocean Grove, but Mr. Briggs, being a rather shy young man, had never met him, and was waiting for Helen to return that he might make the acquaintance of her parents as a preliminary to asking for the perpetual custody of the daughter.



Ocean Grove, where he had been sent by the Young Men's Christian Association in the town of Westerville, as a delegate to a great convention that was being held there. He was going to stay for a week longer than the convention lasted, that he might meet the young lady to whom he was engaged to be married, and who was going through a course of study at Lake Chautauqua.

He was a business man when he was at home, and some of the rules and regulations in Ocean Grove proper he found rather tiresome, although he fully coincided with the principles which had created them. He wrote to Helen that he didn't seem to care about *living* in a church himself, and he thought he would go over into Asbury Park and await her return.

Helen did not approve of any such course. She wanted him to go and see her father and get all the "embarrassing part" of the engagement over and done with before her return, but this was exactly what Mr. Briggs would not do. He found a quiet little boarding place in the Park. Just across the street loomed up one of the largest caravansaries on the coast, a house where the liveliest element that came to Asbury Park sought quarters. There was a perpetual pageant of carriages driving up and away, carriages with smart coachmen in livery and jingling harness chains, and swaying white parasols held over flowery hats and faces.

There was one carriage that attracted Mr. Briggs's attention, as it did that of every other dweller by that portion of the sea. It had a marvelous power, seemingly, of changing its lining. In the morning it would go out soberly lined with navy blue, and the dress of the occupant would be blue. The fringes that were wafted back in the fresh ocean breeze of the morning would be blue.

In the afternoon there would come floating down the steps of the hotel, a fairy creature all in white, from the top of her big hat to the tip of her patent leather shoe, and she would get into a carriage with a white lining. Some days it was pink, and some days pea green, but there was always the harmony, and the occupant was always the same and alone, save for a beribboned fox terrier.

Mr. Briggs had never seen anything like it before. He had no opportunity to come close to the owner of all this gorgeousness until one day he was coming down his own steps just as the lady and the dog were setting out for their drive. As luck would have it, a large gray cat walked leisurely along just ahead of him. There was a yelp, and a flash of white across the road, and the cat exchanged her dignity for a tree-top and left the fox terrier springing and yelping at the foot.

The lady stood up in her carriage and looked the picture of woe. Mr. Briggs very promptly picked up the howling dog and carried it across the street, handing it up to its mistress with his best bow. He saw on nearer view that she was as slender as a reed, with tiny hands, a most wonderful red and white complexion, and an abundance of red gold hair, very loosely arranged.

Her teeth were white as pearls, as her red lips parted over them. There was a big white tulle veil over her face, but through it was the gleam of coquettish eyes. Some way, Mr. Briggs felt himself blushing; and when he walked away it was in a little tremor of excitement. Her thanks had been given in the softest and sweetest of voices.

The next day, as Mr. Briggs was walking up the board walk, he saw just ahead of him a hat, eccentric of brim over a mass of red gold hair, and a waist that was slender and round, molded into the gayest of gowns. The walk was tilting and modish, and the heels of the shoes that were shown by the lifted skirts *frou-frouing* about the slenderest of ankles, were high and pointed.

Just as Mr. Briggs was letting his senses take in the rather bizarre grace of the figure ahead of him, a little boy in a messenger's uniform came tearing along the board walk, with a package in his hand. The fox terrier that the young lady held in a leash gave a spring between the boy's legs and he went tumbling down. The package burst and love's offering in the shape of chocolates went flying in every direction.

The lad arose and split the air with profanity. It made Mr. Briggs's hair stand on end, and he started to put himself between the lady and such language. To his surprise, her lips were drawn apart in the most amused smile; he could see her teeth through her veil.

She was looking in an elaborate bag at her side for some money, evidently, and just as evidently there was no money in the place where money ought to be.

"Come up to the hotel," she was saying to the boy, "and ask for Mrs. Farquier-Brown, and you shall be paid for your chocolates and your hurt. It was my dog's fault. Naughty Bijou!"

"You kin jus' pay me now—" the boy began insolently.

"Allow me," said Mr. Briggs, lifting his very neat straw hat.

"You are ever so kind," Mrs. Farquier-Brown smiled. "If you will kindly give me your card."

Mr. Briggs paid the sullen boy, and then handed one of the very modest little cards which bore his name to Mrs. Farquier-Brown.

She gave him a flattering look, and then glanced down at the card. Then she gave a little start, and a funny little laugh.

"John Mason Briggs! Do you happen to come from Westerville, Ohio?"

"Why, yes!" said Mr. Briggs.

* * * * *

A week later Miss Helen Saltor alighted from the train at Ocean Grove. She was accompanied by a tall and rather gaunt lady of whom she seemed to be particularly fond. They both wore gray poplin traveling cloaks and carried umbrellas, and as it had been raining when they left Philadelphia, they plodded along in heavy overshoes. The sun was shining brilliantly, and they looked a little as though they had been left over from the night before. Although a second glance at Helen Saltor's really handsome, wholesome face would have made you put her among the children of the morning.

"I know father is going to be perfectly disgusted with John for not coming to see him," Miss Saltor was saying. "I thought they would both be here and we could get the meeting over. I do dislike formalities. The train is a little ahead of time, but I certainly expected John, at least. They may be around here."

Just around the corner stood a remarkably conspicuous equipage. It was a Russian phaeton, with a groom in cream colored livery perched on a rumble at the back; black horses

with white harness and crossing silver chains jingling at every motion of the impatient heads, and aloft on a box, added to the seat, an audaciously dressed young woman aping coachman's airs. Her whip was *en evidence*, and there were many white capes to her big buttoned coat. A dented white hat was on the top of a quantity of red gold hair.

She looked at Miss Saltor and her companion, and a good natured smile of calm amusement at their appearance curled the corners of her very red lips. Helen felt her cheeks burn.

"Come along, Jack, they didn't come, and I'm glad of it!" they heard the young lady call impatiently, and out of the side door of the station, never seeing them, while almost touching them, came to take his seat by the side of this conspicuous creature—John Briggs!

John Briggs, Helen Saltor's lover and Mrs. Briggs's stepson, whom she had brought up in the ways of godliness, decency and discretion since his sixth year. The two women looked at each other and almost gasped.

At that instant a tall man, with a large frame and keen gray eyes, put his two hands on Helen's shoulders and turned her around.

"Well, daughter," he said, and kissed her. "I know this is Mrs. Briggs. I am very glad to meet you, and to thank you for the care you have taken of my daughter."

Mrs. Briggs murmured some words of assent. She was still in such a state of astonishment that she felt as though she had forgotten the English language, although she had taught it for ten years before she married John Briggs's father.

"The wagonette is just around the corner here," Mr. Saltor said. "We'll be getting along home."

Three minutes later the Russian phaeton whirled by them, going in another direction.

"That is one of the curiosities of Asbury Park this season," Mr. Saltor said. "I believe her name is Mrs. Farquier-Brown. The young man with her has been her constant at-

tendant for the past week. I have seen them driving every day. He may be her husband for aught I know. I only know that I wish that sort of people would stay higher up the coast, where they belong."

Mrs. Briggs and Miss Saltor did not even look at each other. Such indignation was burning in each breast that they could not exhibit it.

The next morning when Mr. Briggs was eating his breakfast, he read among the arrivals the names of Miss Helen Saltor and Mrs. J. M. Briggs. He gave a whistle, and then a tremendous sigh of relief. He dressed himself in his daintiest and neatest morning attire, and thought with a beating heart of seeing Helen again, of his unworthiness to possess such a splendid, clever, good girl, and the coming interview with her father. He felt a little as though he had been living on husks of late, and rejoiced at the prospect of a return to wholesome fare.

It was serene and beautiful about the Saltor cottage. Helen's younger sisters, whom Mr. Briggs felt just a little afraid of, were playing tennis on the lawn. The thin Indian curtains were blowing out of the long open windows. It all looked so homelike and sweet. Just the sort of surroundings, Mr. Briggs thought, a man would want to marry a wife from. And then he was glad to see his stepmother. She was a good woman who had been a mother to him as well as she knew how. It was she who came into the pretty rattan furnished parlor to meet him, but there was an expression upon her face that he did not understand, and there was a reserve in her greeting which chilled him.

"Helen has a headache this morning," Mrs. Briggs said lugubriously, "and Mr. Saltor will see you in the library."

"Well, now, really," Mr. Briggs began.

He had expected to be fortified for the interview with Helen's father, by Helen's last words in his ears—by more than that, but instead— Well, there was nothing

like having it over with. If his engagement to Helen were a formally acknowledged thing, he might be able to see her, even though she did have the headache.

Mrs. Briggs went across the hall and knocked at the door. Mr. Saltor opened it, and it seemed to Mr. Briggs that Helen's father looked as miserable as he felt himself. Mrs. Briggs introduced them in the hushed tone that one uses at a funeral, and went out and closed the door, and Mr. Briggs thought that in all his life he had never felt such a fool.

"Sit down, sit down, Mr. Briggs," Mr. Saltor said, pushing a big leather chair toward him, and taking a seat in front of his desk.

Mr. Briggs sat down and caught his breath.

"I suppose," he said, "you have some idea, Mr. Saltor, of my errand——"

"Yes, yes," Mr. Saltor said quickly. Mr. Briggs thought he had never seen any one so impatient, but it cleared the ground.

"I have a first rate business, and an income that I hope is sufficient for the tastes which Helen and I have——"

"Before you go any further, Mr. Briggs," Mr. Saltor interposed, "may I ask you to explain your relationship or—er—connection with Mrs. Farquier-Brown?"

Mr. Briggs's face took on a fine scarlet.

"That, sir," he said tartly, "is an entirely private matter."

"No matter can be entirely private when it concerns the man who asks me to let him marry my daughter. You have been making yourself the conspicuous companion of Mrs. Farquier-Brown, to my certain knowledge for one week; how much longer I do not know."

"I never saw her until a week ago."

"So much the worse."

"But——" Mr. Briggs hesitated.

"Am I not an honorable enough man to be taken on trust? Mrs. Brown has a claim upon me."

"I cannot allow my daughter to

marry a man upon whom another woman has a claim which he cannot explain," said Mr. Saltor impassively. "Helen and your mother saw you with her yesterday at the station. I myself have seen you——"

"It is *nothing*," Mr. Briggs burst out.

"Prove that to me."

And then—I have no apologies for Mr. Briggs; he was a good man who had been taught to control his feelings, but he arose and went out and slammed the door, and there was quiet and misery up stairs in poor Helen Saltor's room.

Mr. Briggs did not come back, nor did his stepmother see him. He felt that she had helped to deliver him over to slaughter.

They heard of him, though, as having gone out the very next morning with a gay party made up by Mrs. Farquier-Brown, on a little yacht which they had chartered.

Julia Saltor, Helen's youngest sister, who had leanings toward frivolities, came in and told them all about it. How all Asbury Park had come out to see the party start; how Mrs. Farquier-Brown had worn a blue serge gown with yellow satin sleeves and a yellow sailor hat, and had been escorted by Mr. Briggs; that there were rumors of baskets of champagne on board.

Toward afternoon a violent summer storm came rolling in across the sea. The Saltor cottage was almost at the water's edge, and the whole family came out on the veranda to watch it. Vessels were putting hastily in to shore, scudding before the wind. There was a little craft just outside that there seemed to be something wrong with; people were moving about on the deck excitedly, and there was a boat about to leave it. It was raining out on the water, but the downpour had not yet reached the shore; the wind was blowing harder and fiercer. The little boat tossed like a cockleshell, but the accident to the yacht must have been serious, for the boat was gay with women's gowns. The rowers pulled steadily, but every in-

stant the situation seemed more perilous. Julia Saltor had brought out the glass, and kept it glued to her eyes.

"I do believe it's Mrs. Brown's party," she said excitedly. "I can see yellow sleeves!"

Down into the trough of the waves the boat would go, and then mount high on a roller. Once, the wave seemed to wash entirely over it, and Helen gave a little cry and hid her eyes. Mrs. Briggs was stony.

"Go in," Mr. Saltor ordered, "and have a big fire and blankets ready. Those people are going to be cast on this shore, and if they are not drowned, they will be wet through."

On, on the boat came! The ocean guard had foreseen the possible disaster and came running down the beach, and a little crowd had collected. It all seemed to happen before they could realize what it was. The boat had been pulled in, and a wet, shivering, dragged party, almost helpless, was taken out. One lady was carried up the beach unconscious.

"Bring her here," Mr. Saltor called.

Such a tiny little bundle. One man was carrying her, and that man was Mr. Briggs. There was no sympathy in the faces that looked at him, but he did not notice that; his whole attention was taken up by the dripping little creature in his arms.

As he mounted the steps Mr. Saltor met him and tried to take her from him, but he motioned him away. It was a slight, young figure, tightly gowned in blue and gold, that he carried, but the head that hung over his arm was that of an old, old woman. The scant gray hair was in wet strings about the little, old, wrinkled face.

Mr. Briggs laid her down on the waiting blanket on the hall divan, and began chafing her hands.

"It's Mrs. Farquier-Brown," Julia Saltor said with awe. "It's *her* gown."

The heat, the rubbing, all these revived the little creature. She opened her eyes and sat up, and looked

Helen full in the face. Evidently she remembered seeing her, and had been told the whole story.

A gleam of amusement came into the quick, still young, blue eyes. She put up her hands and pushed the hair that had been so long hidden by a wig, back from her wrinkled face, washed roughly clean from powder and paint.

"You needn't be jealous of me," she said with a gasp of laughter. "I don't mind telling you that I'm his grandmother. His own mother's mother, who was too frivolous for him ever to know," and then at the confession, at the realization of her own weakness and age, self pity overcame her, and she began crying in helpless little sobs.

DERRINGFORTH.*

By Frank A. Munsey,

Author of "A Tragedy of Errors," "On The Field of Honor," etc.

XXXI.

IT was a trying moment for Marion. Her eyes were fixed upon the carpet. Derrington's eyes were fixed upon her. He was waiting with breathless suspense. The flush on her cheek and the nervous fumbling with her fan answered his question. It could have been no plainer if put into words.

The answer was a revelation that stung his pride and wounded him almost to the death. But his natural gallantry and love for Marion prompted him to spare her further embarrassment.

The blaze of the big lamp in the corner had crawled up to a point that terminated in a shaft of smoke. Derrington saw it streaming high towards the ceiling as he raised his head with a stifled groan, searching for something to break the painful silence.

"Excuse me," he said, rising suddenly and starting to cross the room.

Marion looked up and saw the smoke streaming from the chimney.

"Oh," she exclaimed, and in an instant was by Derrington's side.

"It's all right now," he said, as he reduced the blaze beyond the possibility of further trouble.

"I wonder I didn't see it," remarked Marion, at the same time

thanking heaven secretly for the relief this trifling incident brought her.

"You were not looking in the right direction," replied Derrington. "I am the one that should have seen it before."

He turned towards her and looked down into her eyes. His expression startled her, it was so unlike the Phil of the old days. He took a piece of bric-à-brac from the mantel with the remark, "This is something new, is it not?"

"Yes," answered Marion, "and it is a very rare specimen."

She eagerly seized the opportunity to turn the conversation from the theme that had so embarrassed her.

"Very antique, I should think," rejoined Derrington, apparently studying it with much interest.

"Yes, very antique. A friend of papa's brought it from Europe only last week."

"Europe is full of interesting things," returned Derrington. "I feel that I should like to go abroad and remain for an entire year, well away from business and business annoyances."

This remark was made with the view of leading up to his financial troubles.

"Oh, I wish you would go with us," said Marion, with a sudden

*This story began in the March number of MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE.

burst of enthusiasm and, it may be said truthfully, with a thrill of delight even at the thought.

"Are *you* going?" asked Derringforth, looking up quickly.

"Mama has been urging the matter."

The look that flashed into his eyes made her wish that she had been more cautious.

"When shall you sail?" he asked, trying to appear indifferent.

"We may not sail at all. It is not settled yet," answered Marion, more diplomatically. She could see by the pallor of his face that the thought of her going abroad at this time rankled within him. She was sorry she had said anything about it. His expression became grave and Marion thought a trifle stern. He stood erect, tall and dignified. All the boyish lines of his features, it seemed to her, had yielded to the strength of mature manhood.

"But when your mother urges anything isn't it as good as settled?" he said.

He had tried to disguise his feelings, but there was a touch of sarcasm in his words that cut.

"Mama doesn't do all the thinking for the family. Your remark is hardly complimentary," returned Marion with considerable spirit.

"Pardon me, I didn't mean to be uncomplimentary," he said, returning with her to the sofa. "But I have had good reason, as you know—we have had good reason to recognize the force of your mother's will."

An expression of pain came into Marion's face. "I am sure mama has never urged anything with me that she did not believe best for me. No one knows this better than you, Phil."

"Yes, that is true, but one sometimes errs in judgment. It was just a year ago, little girl, that you and I yielded to your mother's will. You can tell better than I whether she or we were right."

Marion hesitated for an instant, thinking what answer to make. She tapped her folded fan lightly against her forehead as if to quicken thought.

"Why do you think I can tell better than you?" she asked, raising her eyes to his in ingenuous query.

It was his turn to hesitate now, but at the end of an instant he answered: "Because I have never had but one opinion—yours may have changed."

"In all the years you have known me, Phil, you have never found me so very changeable, have you?"

The expression of her eyes and the appealing tones of her voice made it plain to Derringforth that his words had hurt, and they had. It was no easy matter for her to keep back the tears. He felt that he would like to take her in his arms and like a child cry with her and for a time forget the past—forget everything but her.

"No, I have not," he said softly—almost tenderly. "Forgive me for the suggestion," and then he killed the effect by the ill timed effort to justify himself, adding, "but you know you have seen so much of life during the year—have had so many good times—have met so many men."

Marion looked up quickly with flushed face. The reference to the good times she had had and the men she had met startled her for an instant and sent the red blood bounding to her cheeks. Derringforth saw and misinterpreted the meaning, fancying that he had again offended her. But not knowing just how to help matters he said nothing, trusting to luck for an improvement in the situation.

A little silence and a good deal of thought followed. Marion was the first to speak. She had regained her composure, but the sting of her conscience was still felt and the fear that perhaps he knew more of her flirtations than he had admitted prompted caution.

"You have been quite as free to meet girls as I have men," she said, bringing him forward as the subject of discussion, "and since they have not influenced your opinion, why should the acquaintances I have made influence mine?"

"But I have met scarcely any one," replied Derringforth, not altogether

sure that luck had served him especially well. At all events this was a turn to the conversation that he had not expected.

"You have never told me anything about the girls you have met," pursued Marion, in justification of her own omission to inform Derrington of the delicious little flirtations she had had.

"There has been nothing worth the telling."

"Oh, Phil," she said with a captivating little gesture that should have made him own up to anything, true or false.

"There has not," he repeated, unmoved.

"Don't blush so about it or I shall really believe there is something that you don't want me to know." She was far more serious than her manner indicated. Derrington was angry at himself, but the color grew deeper.

Marion smiled. It was that sort of smile that irritated him. Derrington shifted his position and appeared ill at ease, all of which had a tendency to confirm Marion's suspicions. It fed the slight feeling of jealousy already awakened.

"It seems to me we are drifting away from the subject," remarked Derrington, in the effort to free himself.

"Yes, drifting to a rather more interesting subject," answered Marion.

"Not to me."

"But to me."

"Suppose we take them up in order then and return to the one with which we began? I believe we were trying to determine whether the year that has just closed has proved your mother's judgment to be right or wrong."

"Yes, but can we be sure either the one way or the other?"

"I don't understand you."

"I mean to say that without further knowledge of the future I can't see that we can say positively that mama was wrong or that we were right. I am sure you will admit this."

"I don't know that I shall," answered Derrington, with the growing suspicion that Marion was parrying with him—that her views had changed a good deal more than she was willing to admit. The thought increased his reserve.

"Then if we can't agree, what is the object of discussing the question and what good can come of it since we can't recall the past?"

"The errors of the past are guides to the future," returned Derrington sententiously.

"Very true."

"Then why is there nothing to be gained by the discussion?"

"Because we cannot, it seems to me, settle the question as to who was in the wrong."

"Perhaps you don't want to settle it," said Derrington coldly.

The words left a bitter sting. They were nearer the truth than she was willing to acknowledge to herself even. But it was the way they were spoken that hurt most. Her face flushed. Derrington watched her expression with keen eyes, noting the effect of his words. The heightened color, the hesitation, the evident disquietude, all tended to confirm him in his suspicion that Marion had wavered in her steadfastness.

He had come to her with the intention of telling her everything about his troubles—of telling her of his struggles to free himself from the grasp of a Shylock—of telling her of the torture he had suffered in the thought that perhaps Burton Edwards was winning her love, and of finally saying to her that it was he who must now ask that the engagement be postponed or abandoned maybe for ever.

He had come with the belief that she would be true to her purpose of a year before, but the conversation thus far had led him to a different conclusion. The thought tortured him. He turned so that he could place his arm upon the back of the sofa. He put his hand to his throbbing temples. The position brought his face directly towards Marion's. Neither spoke for a time. In the

soft light and becoming evening gown so fashioned that it revealed a glimpse of a white, round neck, she was very pretty. Derringforth thought of the past and of the happiness they had had together—of the happy life they had planned to live together. She was handsomer now, as he saw her, than ever before. He had never craved her love so much as at this instant. To give her up—to think of her as the wife of another—no, no he could not do this, the very idea was maddening. He was miserably unhappy.

Marion was equally unhappy. The conversation had drifted in a way that neither expected—that neither desired. The love of their hearts had been forced back into deep recesses where its light could not be reflected in the eye, where its sweetness could not add music to the voice.

Marion, too, thought of the past—of the simple days of childhood—of Phil as he was then—as he had been all their lives. Her breast heaved with a suppressed sigh and she raised her face to his. The soft, appealing look in her eyes penetrated almost beyond the reserve that incased his true nature. Oh, that he had had the breadth and sweetness of soul to lift himself above himself and forgetting miserable pride, had reached out his hands to her. She would have taken them eagerly in the spirit in which they were given, responding with all the wealth of her heart—with all the depth of her love. One word from him would have been enough, and all the world in her eyes would have been as nothing compared with him. One word from her would have caused him to forget everything in life but her—would have filled his soul with happiness sweeter and purer and deeper than all else of the treasures of earth. God must have turned away sorrowing that that word was not spoken.

Once or twice it hovered on Derringforth's lips; once or twice it hovered on Marion's lips. If each could have seen deep into the heart of the other their two lives would have blended into one. There would

have been mutual confidence—mutual confidings, and love would have softened and sweetened and made radiant the soul of each.

But their better impulses were forced back and two hearts moaned sorrowfully. The opportunity had passed; the spirit of forgiveness began to recede.

"If your mother was right a year ago," said Derringforth, finally breaking the silence, "why shouldn't she wish the same policy to prevail for another year, and perhaps yet another, and maybe still another?"

"Mama thinks she was right," answered Marion softly.

"That makes the matter clearer," replied Derringforth. His voice was hardly steady, though he was steeling himself against all emotion.

The situation for both Derringforth and Marion was a complicated one. Had he been in a position to become engaged he would have reached the subject in a direct way. He had come with the intention of telling in a straightforward manner of his almost hopeless financial condition, but the unfortunate opening of the conversation chilled him. He was in a highly sensitive state, due to the strain and anxiety that had reduced him almost to the verge of nervous prostration, and readily became secretive, thinking it better to draw Marion out before opening his heart to her.

Marion, on the other hand, was at a disadvantage from the start. She knew nothing of his misfortunes and felt hurt as a proud spirited girl should at his seeming indifference. He had not been himself for months. She had seen very little of him and they had drifted further and further apart as the weeks went by. She blamed him and had a right to blame him, not knowing the struggle he was undergoing. Had he confided in her he would have drawn her towards him and she would have drawn him towards her. There would have been mutual confidence and that love that began away back in childhood would have continued to grow deeper and fuller and riper.

The passion of the human heart cannot live on air; will not thrive on memory.

Marion was scarcely less sensitive than Derringforth, and detecting his diplomatic tactics, felt that his treatment was cold and cruel. But she had too much pride to let him know her thoughts and following his example became equally diplomatic—equally cold and indifferent. They were at cross purposes. Neither understood the other; each blamed the other.

One thing was plain to Marion, and that was Derringforth's desire to find out, without committing himself, her feeling regarding the engagement. This was not manly—not right. It annoyed her, and she determined that he should never know without asking her.

He, on the other hand, could not ask her to engage herself to him, situated as he was, and if he were to confess his inability to assume such responsibilities he fancied he would never know her mind regarding the matter. With the almost positive knowledge that her mother would wish her to continue free, and with the belief, resting largely to be sure, on an interpretation of misleading acts and utterances, that she herself was anxious to avoid the engagement, he vowed that he would say nothing of his own affairs.

"I have kept faith," he reflected, "and with no prospect of an engagement why should I humiliate myself before her? It was my place to tell her everything, as I intended to, had she proved herself worthy of my confidence."

A half hour later, when it became apparent that nothing was to be gained by prolonging his stay, Derringforth took his leave and went out into the night. The parting was formal—not warm, not frigid, but excessively polite.

XXXII.

THE click of the door closing behind Derringforth brought him to a realizing sense of his position. He

was not only shut out from Marion's presence, but shut out, with equal truth, it seemed to him, from her heart. He had no sooner reached the street than he stopped and looked back, in the vain hope that he might yet see her face. He was upon the point of turning back with the impulse to implore her forgiveness—to beg for the assurance of her love.

Yielding to the promptings of his heart and to the pathetic moaning of his soul he started to return to her, but before he had taken half a dozen steps the door was thrown open. It was not Marion, come to recall him, but a servant, who an instant later closed the heavy outer doors. Derringforth stopped suddenly, transfixed to the spot, and gazed longingly at the house. His head drooped, his shoulders sagged, and he was the picture of hopelessness and misery.

Marion hurried to her own room and in the darkness went quickly to the window and looked out with the hope that she might yet see Derringforth—might follow him with her eyes till lost from view. She looked down the street to a point where she imagined he would be, but saw no one. She turned to the other side of the bay window and looked in the opposite direction, but was not rewarded with the sight of him she sought. She returned to her original position and again peered into the gray, misty darkness.

Her heart cried out with disappointment and bitter anguish. She threw herself upon a hassock at the base of the window and with her head resting upon her hand still looked far down the street.

A heavy mist, that was almost rain, made the atmosphere wet and cold. Marion shuddered, chilled by the sight and by a sense of loneliness so keen that the tears stole down her white cheeks. She wiped them away with her handkerchief and in doing this cast her eyes downward.

At that instant Derringforth threw up his hands in a pathetic gesture that seemed to say "It is all over—there is no longer any hope," and he

turned away, bent forward with a burden of sorrow that seemed to crush out all the spirit of his young life.

Marion was paralyzed by the sight—dumb, helpless for an instant and then she raised the window and called to the man she loved to come back to her. But he heard her not and went his way sorrowing.

Marion sank again upon the hassock, and with handkerchief to her eyes gave way to deep, bitter, cruel sobbing.

The angel of love had again taken the hands of these two and stretched them forth till they almost touched. But the chasm was not quite spanned—the currents of love not reunited, and each turned away, hopeless.

XXXIII.

EARLY the following morning Marion received a note from Richard Devonshire, asking if he might not call upon her during the forenoon. It was a straightforward request, written in a manly, clear cut hand.

"I can't see him," she said to herself, thrusting the note away from her. "I must not see him again, I must not."

Her breast heaved with a great sigh that meant nothing if not that her heart ached at the thought of giving him up. She leaned languidly upon the arm of her chair and thought. Her eyes were fixed upon the carpet in a vacant stare. For the time she was dead to her surroundings.

The maid's presence was forgotten. But the latter very soon recalled her from her revery, saying, "The boy is waiting for an answer, Miss Marion."

"Tell him there is no answer," said Marion, almost peevishly.

The maid closed the door and started to do her bidding. Marion hurried to the stairs and called her back with the remark that she must say something. She went to her desk and wrote:

MY DEAR MR. DEVONSHIRE:—I am very sorry, but it will be impossible for me to

see you this forenoon, and unfortunately every hour of the day and evening is engaged. You are very kind to suggest calling. I wish it were so that I could receive you, but—

Here Marion paused for further thought. Her penholder found its way to her mouth, and she bit it very hard with her pretty white teeth in the effort to solve the problem that pressed her for an answer.

She got up, went to the table, picked up Devonshire's letter and returned with it to her writing desk. She read it again.

"It's really very nice of him to want to see me," she reflected. "He is such a charming man and so handsome. He was very courteous to me the other evening and it was really very kind of him to offer to make it pleasant for us in London. I should be so sorry to offend him and I am afraid he would be offended if I should refuse to see him. But I don't want to see him—I can't see him and yet—really I ought to, I suppose. Mama would wish me to I am sure."

She turned her head and saw the maid staring at her in dumb surprise. She felt a tremor of nervousness and wished the girl would leave her.

She took up the unfinished note and tore it into a thousand pieces, a rosy tint spreading over her face. Then she began a second letter.

MY DEAR MR. DEVONSHIRE: I am very glad that you have not forgotten me.

She held up the paper and read these words and then did some more thinking. "I am glad," she said to herself, "I am glad that he hasn't forgotten me. No girl likes to be forgotten by a nice man the minute she is out of his sight. It is complimentary to me that he wishes to call on me. Nobody could deny that. I wonder what he wants. I wonder—but I shall never know if I refuse to see him and would it be treating him right to do so? It can do no harm to see him. I don't want him to call. I wished he had not asked me to let him call, but now that he has done so, I don't like to offend him, and

Mrs. Harbury—she too, might be offended.”

The note was finally finished and an hour later Mr. Richard Devonshire was in Marion's presence.

XXXIV.

DERRINGFORTH turned away from before Marion's home in despair. He had stood there for hours, it seemed to him, but minutes were hours at that bitter moment. The unseemly haste in closing the outer doors and turning off the lights as soon as he was out of the house, sent a cold shudder through him. It was not late. The neighboring residences were still cheerful and bright with illumination. Between them stood the Kingsley home, somber and gloomy.

Derringforth turned his eyes toward Marion's room, hoping, even yet, that a light would appear in her window for him—that he might see her face, or in some way be assured that she still thought of him—still loved him. But the longing of his heart was not satisfied. All was darkness.

Life had never been so black and bleak and dreary as at this instant. The foundations that he had built upon had crumbled and tottered before his eyes. That hope which had been his life—which had given to it sweetness and inspiration and enthusiasm was dead.

He walked on and on in the cold, wet night, suffering as only a sensitive, sincere nature can suffer. The pain was so keen that he could scarcely bear it, and the thought forced itself upon him that death would be a welcome relief.

“What is there left to me that will make my life worth the living?” he reflected. “With Marion there was everything; without her there is nothing. My heart is dead—my youth, my ambition, my energy—all these are dead.”

He dwelt upon this idea for some time, finding a sense of relief in the grim thought of death. He had wandered far over towards the East River and was walking through a grewsome

part of the town. He had turned up one street and down another with no definite purpose, with no care for his whereabouts, when suddenly he was awakened from his revery by the discovery that he was being followed. His pursuer was almost upon him when Derringforth came to a realizing sense of his danger, and in a flash all the unhealthy desire for death vanished from his mind. The instinct of self preservation sprang to the front with as keen a desire for life as Derringforth had ever known. Marion, and all his troubles were instantly forgotten and his whole mind was alert for some way to escape the peril which threatened him.

He quickened his pace gradually. By this means he widened the gap between himself and his pursuer. But within another minute he was made aware of greater danger. A low whistle sounded from the opposite side of the way and a little in advance of him. Instantly the man behind made a dash forward, while another ran across the street to cut off escape. The two were closing in upon Derringforth.

It was a critical moment. To turn back would land him in the hands of the enemy. To go forward would bring about a similar result. There was little choice and no time for thought.

When the man in front was within about ten feet of him, club in hand, Derringforth sprang for him and forced the fight. In a flash the club had been struck from his hand by Derringforth's heavy cane, and a quick blow across the head sent him reeling to the ground with a cry that pierced the darkness and awakened a slumbering policeman on the corner below.

The shriek from his confederate terrified the other assailant and while on the point of bringing his sandbag down upon Derringforth he turned and ran for his life.

Derringforth pursued him with the speed of a sprinter and had almost run him to earth, when the awakened policeman joined in the chase and captured him. Derringforth explained

the situation and with the officer hurried back to where the other man had fallen. He lay there still, half stunned by the heavy blow he had received. The policeman lifted him to his feet and in a few minutes Derringforth's assailants were on the way to the station house.

It was past midnight. The heavy mist had developed into rain. The air was chilly and penetrating, but Derringforth did not feel it. The incident with the footpads had sent the warm, young blood bounding through his veins. A healthy glow was upon his face. His shoulders had regained their usual place. He walked erect as he made his way homeward. There was a decision and swing to his movement that suggested strength and power—suggested the man in his own consciousness and in fact.

The contrast with the Derringforth of half an hour before was marvelous. Then he was wandering aimlessly, he knew not nor cared not whither. His shoulders were bent forward, his head drooped, his step was slow and uncertain. He had reached that degree of despair when death began to appeal to him as the only source of deliverance from a misery that it seemed to him he could never endure. The thought once gaining access to his mind, it began to possess him, and in a cold, unnatural, unhealthy sense comfort him.

There is a strange inclination in human nature to make a luxury of misery—to dwell upon it and paint it, in morbid fancy, in its most harrowing and dreadful colors—in its most dramatic and disheartening and grewsome aspects. This is especially true of women, but men are not free from the tendency; Derringforth was not free from it.

It is a novel experience to be suddenly confronted with death just when one is yearning for it. It rarely makes its appearance at such a time. The difference between the real thing and the mawkish fancy of a disordered mind is so great that one should be excused if, in unseemly

haste, he abandons his desire to pass beyond into the unknown.

We excuse Derringforth and rejoice that his life was threatened by these two murderous scoundrels. Nothing could have brought him to his senses more effectually—nothing could have given him a fuller realization of his folly.

He shuddered at the possibility of what might have happened but for this incident.

The thought of his father, with sad, pathetic face, struggling along alone under a crushing load, and the picture of his mother pale and broken hearted, racked his soul with deepest and keenest emotion. It gave him a conception of his own selfishness that frightened him. He blushed with shame at his cowardice, and then and there, with his face looking towards heaven, thanked God for his preservation—preservation both from himself and his assailants, and vowed thereafter to be a man.

The encounter with the footpads was so heroic a treatment that it did more for Derringforth than six months would ordinarily have done for him. It was a tremendous shock, a tremendous struggle, a tremendous awakening. He was stronger and braver and better able to bear the sorrow of his heart because of it.

XXXV.

A YEAR of struggle had wrought a change in Derringforth, but he was still the boy when he called on Marion to tell her that the engagement must be postponed, and, like a boy, sensitive, petulant, almost childish, he was swayed by foolish pride.

When he entered his office the following morning there was a quiet determination in his face that suggested the man. The turbulent spirit of the boy had vanished and in its place had come a certain firmness—a grim stoicism that he had never exhibited before.

A close observer might have detected a trace of recklessness in his manner—might have fancied, too,

from the somewhat dogged way in which he went about his work, that the sweeter elements of his nature had petrified into unyielding rigidity. There was a slight suggestion of cynicism about the mouth and an expression in the eyes that was almost stern—perhaps more cold than stern—perhaps more pathetic than cold.

A crisis stared the Derringforths in the face this morning. The heavy hand of the Hayden National Iron Company was raised to strike them down. Back of that hand was Van Stump. In his search for some means to crush the Derringforths he discovered that they were large debtors of the Hayden Company. The latter was a corporation whose stock was listed on the New York exchanges. It was, therefore, an easy matter for him to buy a controlling interest. The business was prosperous, and the purchase would not only prove a paying investment, but would serve his purpose regarding the Derringforths.

At the end of a couple of days he was in a position to dictate to the management of the Hayden Company, and the very first stroke of his hand was leveled at the Derringforths. The amount of the claim was sixty seven thousand, four hundred dollars.

The Derringforths had not expected to be called upon for this money. They had in fact been told to take their own time for paying it and had accordingly felt easy in this quarter. All their energies had been bent towards freeing themselves from the Shylock who had brought them to the very verge of bankruptcy. But the demand from the Hayden people was couched in language that left no doubt of its meaning. Van Stump not only wanted to humiliate young Derringforth, but was anxious to crush the firm. The collaterals he held, for money advanced, were improving steadily and with a better feeling in financial circles, the Derringforths would soon be able to raise money on them through legitimate channels, and then he would lose the securities

that he greedily coveted. It was, therefore, important to him that the blow be struck without delay.

"Sixty seven thousand dollars will smash them," he muttered, gloating over the fancied downfall. "A clever move getting hold of this Hayden business," he went on, smiling at his own cunning, "a very clever move. It will crush them so flat that they will never rise again."

From the Derringforths his mind drifted to Marion and a look of cruel triumph came into his hard, cold face. "You shall rue the day, young woman, that you ever snubbed me," he hissed, clinching his fists suggestively.

Van Stump had presumed too much on the meekness and weakness of the Derringforths. A new spirit had entered the firm. Mr. Derringforth had magnified the importance of protecting his name. His sensitiveness and pride on this point amounted to little short of weakness. Phil had, from the first, questioned the advisability of bolstering up a name by such ruinous expedients as his father had resorted to. He had protested mildly from time to time, but his protestations had been those of a boy; now they were those of a man. He was in no mood for conciliating ugly creditors.

"I think we have had quite enough of this defensive policy," he said to his father. He spoke in a quiet, decisive way that lent force to his words. "In the effort to save our name we have ruined it. From the minute we placed ourselves at the mercy of that miserable Shylock—from that minute we were doomed. It was a mistake. I thought so at the time; I know it now."

"It was a mistake, Phil, you are right," responded Mr. Derringforth. "But we can't retrace our steps," he continued. "We can't undo the mistakes of the past. We must meet the situation as it is today, and it is very grave."

"The past is dead," said Phil. "Let us forget it."

There was indescribable gloom, indescribable resolution in these

words, as he spoke them. They told a story that pierced the father's heart. Neither spoke for an instant. Phil was the first to break the silence.

"Let us face the future without sentiment," he said, "and meet the situation boldly. If we had only done this a year ago we should not be where we are today. There wasn't a creditor then who would not have cheerfully given us time to turn around in. We could have made a showing that would have satisfied every one of our ability to pay, and of the profitable business we were doing. But what might have been is neither here nor there. It is no longer a question of pride, but one of expediency. This ugly demand from the Hayden Company has worried you until you are sick; it has made me mad. We have done the walking long enough, now let somebody else do it."

Mr. Derrington was astounded at the change in Phil. His manner, and the aggressive spirit he manifested, was a revelation to the father.

It was only after a prolonged protest that the management of the Hayden Company yielded to Van Stump's dictation for forcing a settlement from the Derringtons. On receipt of a reply from the latter the Hayden management felt as if it had run up against a stone wall. The letter, which was inspired by young Derrington, ran as follows:

HAYDEN NATIONAL IRON COMPANY:

DEAR SIRs—Comment on your action of yesterday is hardly necessary. You can perhaps imagine our opinion of a house that would take the position you have taken, considering the years we have dealt together, and the assurances we have had from you, and upon which assurances, much of the business between us was done. Whether you can imagine it or not, it matters little. But what we wish to say is—and this we desire to emphasize—that there is some doubt, in our minds, about your ability to make an immediate collection of sixty seven thousand, four hundred dollars from this house. You may understand the situation better than we do, but, as we see it, we are persuaded that, if you attempt the measures you foreshadow, you will begin a walk that will prove a long and wearisome one to you.

Very truly yours,

DERRINGTON & DERRINGTON.

The letter was at once forwarded to Van Stump for his edification and advice. He was livid with rage and stormed about his library in a way that terrified Strum, who happened to be present.

There was a mingling of contempt, and sarcasm and defiance in this brief note that Van Stump little expected from the Derringtons. His way was to crush everything in his path, and now after the purchase of nearly two million dollars' worth of Hayden Company stock, with the express purpose of crushing the Derringtons, he received a blow from them square between the eyes. The sting maddened and stunned him, and in his rage he made threats that were reckless in their ferocity.

XXXVI.

It was no easy matter for Derrington to bring his father around to a fighting standpoint. But the young man had developed a strength of will that prevailed in the end, and the letter to the Hayden Company, represented the dominating spirit of the Derringtons in a new attitude.

The condition of their affairs called for vigorous and extraordinary measures. A survey of the situation made it clear that some one should go West, to put certain property in such shape that it would be safe from attack. Mr. Derrington was too nearly worn out to attempt the journey. He was actually ill, and ought not to have been at business. The only alternative was that Phil should go, and at six o'clock that night he stepped aboard the train at the Grand Central Station, bound for Nebraska.

Before going, he called on Burrock to talk over the situation in Wall Street.

"The market has rallied a good deal today," said Burrock. "It has developed a strength, that few men looked for. My advice is that you hang on to Western Union. While you are away I will look after your interests for you."

"All right," replied Derrington.

"You know I always act on your advice. But be sure not to let me lose very much on the deal. I'm the next thing to a bankrupt."

It was a relief to Derringforth to get away from New York, and to feel that three full days stretched out before him, without a hand's turn to be done—no notes to pay, no mail to answer, no accounts to audit—nothing but nothingness. The last twenty-four hours had been so long and so full, that he felt older by a score of years. Until now he had not had a minute to reflect calmly upon all that had occurred. His suffering had been so keen, so deep and so cruel that, it seemed to him, it never could have been compressed into a single day.

In memory he went back to the previous night, and saw Marion enter the room to greet him. He could feel her hands in his—could see himself beside her on the sofa. But how far back it all seemed, and yet, the pain of his heart, was that of a fresh wound. He thought of every word she had spoken and of every look she had given him.

The scene stood out vividly before him. Once he suddenly reached forth his hands as if stretching them out to her. It was at that point where he had almost asked her forgiveness, almost begged for her love.

A look of tenderness came into his eyes, and the rigid lines of resolution about his mouth began to relax. For a little time the old hopeful, pleasant smile was on his lips. The stern determination vanished and he was a boy again.

But as his mind wandered on, and the breach between Marion and himself widened—as he saw himself leaving her with a formal good night—saw himself stopping, after reaching the street, and turning back, swayed by a love too powerful to yield longer to his pride—as these thoughts surged through his mind, and he saw the house suddenly darkened, the expression of his face changed. A stony resolution came into his eyes, and the light of love and hope and sweetness were forced

back again into the deep recesses of his soul.

The devil—if there be such a creation—has a very bad habit of doing things, at times, that he ought not to do. He is popularly supposed to inspire all evil acts and to perform, personally, an overwhelming proportion of them. If it be so that he does all this, the activity of his majesty commands our admiration, and paralyzes our comprehension. He is certainly very great in his line.

But there is a suspicion, in the minds of some people, who think a little now and again, that it would be a trifle more just if humanity, as a whole, would divide to some extent, with this satanic genius, the responsibility for some of the thoughts that go astray from the canons of morality and purity—divide with him the responsibility for an occasional censurable act.

There are some things credited to him, however, that look very suspicious, assuming of course, that he is what he is supposed to be. One of these is his trick of stepping in at a critical moment, and turning the current of one's thoughts in a way that changes the whole life.

For example Marion was convinced of Derringforth's love by the discovery that he had waited so long before the house, after she had said good night to him. She interpreted his motives perfectly, and her love went out to him. She began a note to him in the morning, in which she intended to tell him that she had hurried to her room, with the impulse to watch him from the window, as he went homeward—to tell him that she had seen him moving away from the house, and of her calling to him to come back. She had written but a few sentences, when the note from Devonshire was handed to her.

This was a crisis in her life. She had turned towards Derringforth, and, left to herself, the impulses of her heart, and the true, womanly instincts of her nature, would have led her to him. But she was not left to work out her destiny in her own way, guided by love.

It was at this critical point that the devil began to get in his work. Richard Devonshire became the instrumentality through whom his satanic majesty gained touch with Marion. The result may be inferred from the following letter, which was written several days after Derringforth had started for the West.

DEAR PHIL:—I can't go away without telling you that I am going. I hope I shall not have to go without seeing you. I said something, you know, the last time you were here about the possibility of our going to Europe. We have decided to go, and shall sail Thursday, one week from to-day. We may be away a long time—perhaps more than a year, as papa wishes to spend next winter in Egypt. I hope you will come to see me. I cannot go away happy, without seeing you. There is so much I want to say to you—there was so much I wanted to say to you, the last time you called, but, as you know, there was an atmosphere of constraint that made us both untrue to ourselves. I hope you will forgive me, and come to see me.

As ever,

MARION.

If our tickets were not already bought, I should back out, even now.

This letter was sent to Derringforth's office, and from there it was forwarded to Nebraska. Before it reached him Derringforth had left for Dakota. The letter was again sent after him, but before it had overtaken him, he started East, having been summoned home by a tele-

gram, informing him of the serious illness of his father.

Mr. Derringforth had dragged himself down to the office for several days after Phil went away, but finally he gave up and took to his bed. His illness speedily developed into pneumonia, and he had no reserve force, with which to combat the disease. He was worn out in body and mind from worry, and the struggle he had undergone. The blow from the Hayden Company was the final stroke that crushed him.

He was barely alive when Phil reached home. He had fixed his mind, it seemed, on holding on to life long enough to see his boy once more. He had prayed that this wish might be granted, and had asked often for the time, as if calculating the number of minutes before Phil would come.

Mrs. Derringforth met her son at the door. One hurried glance of inquiry at her eyes and his heart sank within him. She led him softly to his father's side. A smile lighted up the dying man's face when he felt the pressure of Phil's hand. He opened his eyes and looked into Phil's. The son pressed his lips to his father's forehead. The father tried to speak. "My boy" flickered on his lips, and he was gone.

(To be continued.)

GREEK MUSIC.

THE silent space enfolds a sea of sound :
 The silence of the Ages is too deep
 For Art to penetrate their dreamless sleep,
 Nor holds the Sphinx a secret more profound
 Than with what magic Orpheus and his lute
 Opened the gates of Hell. No more the dance.
 Wakes Cyprian groves: the pipe of Pan is mute.
 We only know that there was melody
 Of spirit so ecstatic as to trance
 All worshipping within those glorious shrines
 That fill the air with beauty. Poesy,
 Sublime as in its youth, no longer rings
 With the old choral splendor. Who divines
 The universal hush while Pindar sings?

John Hall Ingham.

CAPTAIN ADAIR'S WIFE.*

By Lieutenant John Lloyd.

XIX.

RONAN looked at that bit of blazing rope against the sky and it seemed to him that all his hopes had shriveled up in that heat. What would Colonel Marcy say when the story came to him? That Ronan had taken his daughter into the mine alone, *let her down in a bucket*, and had kept her there all night. Ronan fairly quivered as he thought of it.

A sensation of physical pain went through him. He recalled Mrs. Savage's rather coarsely bantering remarks. He wondered what he had been such a fool for. He wondered what he had thrown that match down for, and then he turned and looked at Mary Marcy's sweet face looking at him with all the trust in the world, and with every indication that she was taking her cue from him, her judgment of this disaster.

A warm wave went surging over his heart, he felt like taking her in his arms then and there. In one second all his doubts of her being influenced by any stories of his past life vanished forever. He knew that she saw only the best in him, and he felt that while she was with him, only his best would ever come to the surface.

But mingled with the joy in his heart, joy at a hope that was not new born, but standing in these last minutes upon its feet, was terror at the situation. Regret for every one of his wasted hours, for all his wasted fortune, came poignantly to him now. Mary loved him; how easy it would be to tell her of his own love now.

If he were an eligible suitor with what a proud swelling heart he could

go to Colonel Marcy and tell him that he owned the love of his daughter, and ask for her hand in marriage. Even in these minutes he thought contemptuously of the men who were timid about going to a girl's father. It was such a simple thing to do if you had anything to offer her.

Ronan was not the make of man who gives way to self pity. But he did scorch himself with the whips of self reproach. He had no right to bring any one except his betrothed wife into this mine alone. They had gone on, lost to the outside world, acting as though they *were* lovers, and they *were*, but there was no seeming possibility of the world giving its sanction. Ronan was perfectly miserable.

As for Mary, she was quite content. Of course they would get out some time, very soon. Ronan was there—that made everything all right. He always arranged everything. A week at the bottom of a mine in his society would hardly have looked appalling to her young and love lit vision—if they had only something to eat.

She looked about her with curiosity, and her eyes lighting upon the candles, she began to laugh.

"We had better blow the candles out, and put them away. They may be our only hope of salvation. We may have to *eat* them!"

"*Eat* them!"

"The—the people at the top may *never* come. They may think," Miss Marcy went on lightly, "that we have eloped."

"I wish to heaven we *had*," Ronan said under his breath, but Mary only heard a mutter.

* This story began in the April number of MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE.

"I heard a story once, about a man whose sweetheart died. It was in Paris, and they buried her in a vault. The lover was so overcome by grief that he threw himself down by the coffin almost unconscious, and the rest went off and left him. He was aroused by the clanging of the great iron doors." Mary put great effect into her *clanging*. Her eyes were big and shining like a child's who is telling a story to frighten himself. Ronan looked at her in speechless love and admiration.

"He started up to find himself tightly locked into the vault. He realized that it might be some days before he would be missed, or—*never!* He was a rich man, given to whims. People would say that he had gone away to foreign countries to forget his grief. And then he saw the candles on the coffin, and hastily blew them out. He stayed there in that place, counting the hours by his hunger. He knew when he was so hungry that he could wait no longer, that two days had gone by, and he ate an inch of candle.

"Then another and another day, passed in blank blackness, until at length the last bit of candle was gone, and he gave himself up to starvation. And then, there was a rasping of the lock, and workmen came in, and he staggered out into the sunlight. The workmen had come back for forgotten tools. He had been in the vault, *one hour and thirty minutes!* I think it was very uncomplimentary to his sweetheart, that he found the time so long, even if she was dead."

"An hour would seem an eternity if you were dead," Ronan said impulsively.

Mary blushed all over her face. It looked very pretty above her stiff white collar, in the flicker of the candle light.

"You aren't comfortable sitting on that box," Ronan went on. "Here, let me make you a seat." He took a pick which was lying there in a heap of tools and began digging in the solid wall of rock. He swung the tool with a strength and purpose

that sent the blood leaping through the girl's veins as well as his own. The rock crashed under his blows.

It was only a few minutes until he had hollowed out a niche. He threw down the pick and looked around at Mary, half laughing, wiping his hands on his handkerchief.

"Come, my lady fair," he said, "and sit upon thy throne."

Mary rose with dignity and let him lead her to the seat. They talked in a desultory fashion for an hour, the silences growing longer, until at last Ronan turned toward her with some word and found that she was fast asleep.

She was lying with her fair head back against the rough stone. Her hat she had taken off and placed in her lap. Her hands were bare, her gloves carefully pulled out and lying alongside her hat. Ronan remembered that he had always gauged a woman's "niceness" by the way she treated her gloves. If she rolled them up in an untidy ball, he used to wonder if her stockings had holes in them.

Then he turned up the corners of his mustache in a little smile. Mary might have made a football of any of her belongings and the spectacle would have been charming in his eyes. Her hands were lying curved and helpless in sleep in her lap. Her lashes were on her round cheeks and she was slumbering as calmly and trustfully as though she were in her own white bed at home. The sight moved Ronan to the depths of his soul. He started up with a desperate feeling that they *must* get out of here! How could he subject Mary to the comment of barrack and mining camp? It *must* not be! He took one of the candles and started up with an idea of finding something that would enable him to reach the top of the shaft. Thirty feet away he stopped and laughed aloud. Sticking out of the top of one of the winches that he had passed, was the end of a red ladder. He remembered that ladder. It was long and pointed, and it had been one of his foolish expenditures. It would unfold

to a length of thirty five feet. He pulled it up, exerting all his strength. He had just laid it along the ground and started to drag it, when he felt a rush toward him, and Mary Marcy was clinging to him sobbing, "Oh! oh!"

"What is it?" He held her in his arms protecting her all around.

"What is it? My darling. My dear! My child! What is it? *Tell me!*"

"I don't know! It was—oh, it was an animai—a great *beast*, and I awakened, and it was on my lap!"

"What! How did I *dare* leave you? How can I forgive myself? Where is it?"

"I—don't know! I sprang up and screamed——"

"I didn't hear you."

"No! And I ran down here where I saw your light. Oh, I am *so* frightened!"

There seemed to be nothing strange to either of them in the fact that Mary's head was on Ronan's shoulder, and that he had his arms about her; but when, a minute later, he put his open hand on the nape of her neck, and lifting up her face looked into her eyes and kissed her, there was a new outlook on life opened for both of them.

"And the eyes of them both were opened." If the promise was not kept, if they were not as gods, they did not know it. The divine exultation was in their hearts.

"I have found the way out," was all he could find to say to her. The endearments which had been formed in his mind in dreams, which had awakened him from sleep by their sweetness, had all fled his tongue. "I cannot tell you how stupid I feel myself not to have remembered this ladder. I can put it up in a few minutes."

She drew away from him, still with that happy, shining light in her eyes. He stooped to pick up the ladder, and then with an impulsive movement he put his arms around her and kissed her again and again.

She pushed down his arms, flushed and laughing.

"Let me help you," she said gayly, and avoiding his eyes took up in her strong young hands the other end of the ladder, and they went light footed toward the end of the shaft that led to the top.

As they came near the spot where Ronan had dug out the seat and left her, they saw in the recess a pair of round bright eyes.

"Ah!" Mary cried, and dropped her end of the ladder.

Ronan laughed. "Was that the 'beast?' Poor little civet cat. They are perfectly harmless and very affectionate."

He went toward this one and put out his hand. It made a vicious leap and grazed the end of his finger, taking away the skin.

"*Ou!* You little fiend!" he continued, almost affectionately—it had astonished him so.

"It will *poison* you!" She took his finger up and looked at it, and then before he knew it, had put her fresh red mouth to it, and was drawing the "poison" out.

"*Mary!*" Ronan's face was scarlet, and then pale as ashes with emotion. He had theories of affection, but his own soul had never, in all his life, been warmed by its purest flames. To Mary's womanly heart, with its element of motherliness, he belonged, by their recent confession of love. But what it meant to be taken into that pure and sacred retreat was unknown to him. He had some glimpses in that instant.

She put his hand down hastily. He did not say a word. He placed the ladder against the side of the shaft, and starting Mary up, followed her, supporting and guiding her into the daylight.

It was almost dusk. The large, brilliant stars of the south were beginning to show in the sky, even while the saffron and amethyst were melting into each other, above the sunken sun. A tall, giant cactus here and there stood up like sentinels against the evening light. It was all solemn and mysterious to the two young people. The world

was young, and they had learned its greatest mystery.

It was long after Mrs. Savage's usual dinner hour when they rode up to her gate. The Chinaman in his white blouse, his queue wrapped about his head, was gingerly holding the dripping hose away from his immaculate garments while he sprinkled the alfalfa which made the lawn. Evidently dinner had not waited. He had the serene expression of work finished on his bland countenance.

"Where is Mrs. Savage?" Mary asked as she came up the path.

"She sleepy—very. She not well. You want dinner? Me get you some." And he laid down the hose and went swiftly into the house.

"He says Mrs. Savage is ill," Mary said to Ronan. "I am awfully sorry I cannot ask you to dinner, but I hardly see how I can."

She looked loath to let him go, a little frown upon her pretty face. There was an expression in her eyes which plainly said "When?"

Ronan answered it gladly.

"Tomorrow morning. Will you be at home?"

She hesitated. "It depends upon Mrs. Savage's illness. If she is *very* ill, I could not leave her. But——"

"I'll come and see."

The Chinaman had gone in the house. There was no one in sight, and it was dusky. He gave a glance around, and then—he *couldn't*.

He pressed her hand, and turned back toward his horse. He had only gone two steps when he turned again and looked at her. She was still standing there, her skirt drawn up under her arm, her face tender toward him. He ran back, and not caring if the whole world saw, kissed her, and with burning face, and exultant heart, went down the path.

XX.

RONAN tossed and tumbled for a long time after he had lain down in his room at the hotel, to sleep. He reasoned with himself for hours, and groaned.

"What else *could* I do? *I* didn't do it at all; it did itself. It was nature, and we were but automatons in her hands. How can I go to Colonel Marcy and tell him that I love his daughter and that she loves me, and that he must give his consent to marry? I, a beggar!" And then the misery of being a beggar by his own act, pierced him through with remorse.

"I suppose the worst defect in my character," he reasoned out to himself, "is indecision. Why can't I be a man? I'll frankly tell Colonel Marcy everything."

He already felt relieved of a burden, in having made up his mind to this confession of his weaknesses.

"I am a man, I can work, and I *will*. I have a right to win and work for the woman I love, and who loves me," and with this thought in his mind he fell into slumber.

The sun was in the sky high, high, when there was a loud rap at Ronan's door. "Come in," he shouted.

The door was pushed open about six inches, and a square white envelope was spun across the room. "Letter fer ye."

"That you, Sandy Bob? Come in. Where did you get it?"

"Pasco give it to me, and asked me to sling it in at you. It ain't a post office letter. Somebody brought it."

"Well, come in."

A big, red faced man, with ropy hair and whiskers slouched in. He had the room next to Ronan's. He had been out all night and was just going to bed.

"I wish you'd hand me that letter," Ronan said sweetly.

Sandy Bob went over to the corner where he had flung it, and picked it up. Ronan usually got what he wanted out of the most unpromising people. He opened the envelope leisurely.

"How bucks the tiger now?" he began, and then he sat up in bed and lost all connection with his surroundings. "I'm going to git my beauty sleep," Sandy Bob said, and stretching his mighty arms above his

head in a great yawn, he went in to slumber off the effects of a night over the gaming table at the Crystal Palace Saloon.

Sandy Bob owned a large mine, the income of which he regularly lost gambling, under the delusion that he was enjoying "life."

Ronan's letter was from Mary, and the first she had ever written him. When he looked at the modest, "My dear Mr. Ronan," he could have no idea of the dozens of sheets she had torn up, which had run the scale of endearments.

"Mrs. Savage is not very ill," the letter went on, "but she is in a sort of hysteric state. She fell into the river at the dam, and insisted on riding home in her wet garments. She seems to have no chill, but is a little feverish. Papa has sent for me, and I am leaving at once. He sent the ambulance and an escort for me. There is some news of an Indian outbreak, and he wants me safe under his eye. I hope we shall see you over at the fort very soon."

"Yours most truly, Mary Marcy," was the signature.

Ronan put the little note up to his lips and kissed it. He was not a particularly sentimental young man, but he was in love for the first time in his life. He arose hastily, and started towards the big tin tub which he had stipulated should be always in his room. There was another knock at the door, a knock that followed the sound of rushing feet, and which preceded, by the barest second, an excited entrance.

Ronan stopped in the middle of the floor, his bath towel wrapped around him.

"What's wrong, Mike? You haven't had an accident in the mine?"

"You ain't sold it, sor?" the big Irishman asked, almost panting for breath.

"No, I haven't sold it—but what is the matter?"

A big grin of relief went all over the red face.

"Because," the man said, hardly able to get the words out, "*we've struck it!* We've found the ledge,

an' it's the biggest in the camp, an' solid horn silver. It's millions you're worth this day, Mr. Ronan."

"What!" Ronan stood staring, not able to take it all in.

"When we went to the works this mornin', there was signs as some wan had been meddlin'. The ore bucket was at the foot, an' th' rope was ashes. We climbed down th' ladder, an' found where work had been done, that uncovered the main ledge we've been a lookin' for. It was I that knew at wance, it waz th' buyers."

"No, it wasn't, Mike. I did it myself, last night, but I didn't know——"

Ronan sat down on the side of the bed, as he began to feel the full rush of his happiness. Mary had brought him luck indeed! In trying to make her comfortable in digging a seat he had uncovered the fortune that he had meant to abandon that day. He could go to Colonel Marcy now. It all seemed like a fairy tale.

"I'll be there in an hour. Take out an assayer. See here, Mike! You and Jim shall never regret that you stuck to the work. You shall have your share," and he walked over and shook the Irishman heartily by the hand.

"It's a gentleman you are, Mr. Ronan, that it does a man's heart good to give his work to. A body might know your father was a gentleman off the old sod."

Four hours later Ronan was on the best horse that he could find, following Mary to the fort. He was carrying not only love, but a fortune to offer her.

XXI.

COLONEL MARCY was in his office, walking up and down, worried and annoyed. There had been dispatches from the reservation that a band of Apaches, led by one of the Indians who had been pardoned the year before, had left the government supervision, and were supposed to be on their way into the Mexican mountains, killing and destroying in their path. There were not many

officers and men at Huachuca, and some of them had already been started into the field.

"Orderly," he called to the man at the door, "go over to Captain Adair's quarters and ask him to come here."

It was a grave, stern man who answered the colonel's summons, and ten minutes later walked into the office. In putting into Adair's heart his former perfect confidence in her, and in showing the depths of her danger and the terrible misfortune that had so cruelly come to her—to them both, Nina had thrown upon Adair a thousand fold greater responsibility than he had felt before.

So long as he looked upon her as a woman who had consciously played with him and marred his life, he had not known of the necessity for shielding her as he knew it now. He had not loved her so much. There was daily and hourly danger, not that *other* people would discover the secret, but that she herself would remember!

Her state was normal again. It only required one little word, one slur by Mellish, to throw open the doors of that dark chamber in her mind, and make her a woman who with her sensitive spirit could never reconcile herself to the thing she had done.

He went to the medical library at the hospital and read up on cases like hers. He found that there was a possibility that her lost memory might return to her *up to the time when she lost it*. That some day there might come to her a recollection of her marriage to him, but that all her life since that time, having been lived under a false condition of the brain, would be perfectly blank. That her marriage to Hecker would be as though it had never been.

"If that should happen," Adair swore to himself, "she shall *never* know! I will leave the army, take her where she will hear nothing of this life."

The sweetness of that dream, which in the energy of his mental battle for her who was truly his wife,

had seemed almost real, thrilled him through and through. He felt as though he would kill Hecker, if killing him were necessary. Again there had come to him the desire to go away from the constant contemplation of his misery, and again he saw that he could not. He must be here to see and know. Not only for his own comparative piece of mind, but to be her bulwark against any fate which might come to her.

She was living in quiet contentment now. Hecker was so constantly away from home, that she devoted hours to her music and the various trifling affairs of a rich woman's day. Adair often went in to see her, usually accompanying Colonel Marcy. He had given her a satisfactory account of his "slight" connection with her accident, and they were friends. Even with the strong physical attraction which nature had put between them, Adair, glorying in her loyal and gentle woman's heart, knew that so long as she considered Hecker her husband, no other man, not even himself, could find any lodgment there. To him now, she was a charge, the one being whom heaven had designed him, for some inscrutable reason, to watch over and guard; and he took up this duty as he had taken up every other in his manly life.

"Adair," the colonel said as he came in, "I am afraid there is going to be some work cut out for us. That infernal scoundrel Cochise is out again and his band is constantly being augmented by men who are sneaking away from the reservation. There must be a company sent out to follow them, and bring them in if possible. I have sent as many men as I could to watch all the watering places, but it needs somebody to chase the fiends back. It is properly Hecker's place to go, but unsoldierly as it is, I know you will appreciate my feeling when I tell you that I do not want to send Nina's husband away from her into danger.

"I love you, my boy!" and the colonel's hand wrung that of Adair with hard pressure.

Soldiers, who lead isolated lives, and who know the pang of losing by violence comrades who have shared their loneliness, wear sensitive hearts to each other. The hardening which comes to men in commercial life when each is striving to get the better of the other, they never know. Their lives are fixed.

"I hope your love for me will never be a reason for denying me a chance to distinguish myself in battle," Adair said with all the lightness he could muster.

"Precious little chance of distinguishing yourself in an Indian fight," the colonel grumbled. "The Eastern philanthropist will censure you for killing off his pets. He wants something to exercise his sympathy and charity upon that will not 'sass back.' Depend upon it, my boy, the only possible glory you can get in Indian warfare is in endowing a school to teach the devils how to fight your comrades with more science."

"Even that does not discourage me," Adair said, with his quiet smile. He was thinking that if death came to him in this war, it would find him ready. It seemed the only possible solution for Nina.

"Where is Hecker?"

"I do not know."

"I believe I'll go up and ask Nina. Neal is officer of the day, but I gave him leave to go outside for an hour and see a sick horse in the corral."

The colonel, his heavy figure buttoned tightly into his uniform, strode up Officers' Row.

Nina's door stood open. There was a sound of merry voices. Mary had reached home, said "how do you do" to her father, and run in to see Nina. They had finished their talk, and Mary was starting out, lingering in the hall for one last word. "I'm sure he'll be over *tonight!*" she said as a "lastly." "I shall not feel—well, I cannot say that I shall not feel *happy*, because I am just as happy as I can be, but my heart isn't going to stop beating in *thumps* until Kader has seen papa, Nina," and she took her cousin

about the waist and gave a little waltz step. "You don't *know* how *lovely Kader is!*"

Nina looked over Mary's shoulder and laughed; Colonel Marcy was coming up the steps.

"You didn't hear, papa dear, did you?" and she put her rosy hands over his ears as though her deafening him now would act upon what he had already heard.

But the colonel had not heard one word; his thoughts were on other things.

"Nina, where is Hecker?"

"Harry? Why, he went down into Mexico, didn't he?—about some horse thieves."

"We have nothing to do with horse thieves in Mexico," the colonel said impatiently. "I suppose I shall have to send out to Neal. You ought to keep run of your husband," he added, half quizzically.

"He's away a great deal and I am *sure* he told me it was Mexican horse thieves."

"Stuff!"

"Oh, by the way, Nina," Mary ran back up the steps with a thick letter in her hand. The paper was the heaviest parchment with a crest, and a perfume as loud and generally florid as the crest. "Mrs. Savage sent this to you. She was so ill I could see her this morning only for an instant, but she gave me this for you. You ought to feel very much complimented that she took all that trouble to write to you on a matter of business when she was feeling so badly after her accident yesterday."

Nina took the letter with some wonder. "I cannot imagine what Mrs. Savage can have to say to me that is of any importance on earth," and she tore it open.

Mrs. Savage knew. She had gone into violent hysterics after her accident, and the realization that Hecker, *Hecker* was actually laughing at her. But she had soon recovered her poise, and declining to speak to Hecker again had made Mr. Neal bring her home. Hecker had ridden back, and had started out the next

morning to finish his journey begun the day before. Mrs. Savage had thrown herself upon her bed, wild with rage and grief.

Hecker had committed that one sin that was to her unpardonable. He had laughed at her. She had taken off her skirt, and with the ruthlessness of despair had disordered her dress as much as possible to resemble that instant when she came out of the water, and had stood up before her largest dressing mirror and looked at herself, and then she had cried again, with rage and fury and self pity.

She looked *fat*! But it was not long until her anger burned away her tears. She sat down at her desk and taking out her best writing paper began her letter. By the time she had written two lines she was in her accustomed state of coolness, so far as the outward vision went, but inside there was a boiling volcano which only the dust of every day, the trifling little events which were to fill her coming years, sifting over, could smother. The letter that reached Nina, which Mrs. Savage with the utter lack of delicacy which she possessed had sent by the hand of Mary, was as follows:

MY DEAR MRS. HECKER.—

I know you will pardon my seeming indelicacy in writing to you upon a matter of business which would seem more properly to belong to your husband; but it is very necessary to me that it should be promptly arranged. When your husband went East last year to his marriage, he borrowed one thousand dollars from me to defray his expenses. The money was loaned from my private allowance, without my husband's knowledge. I very foolishly made bills expecting the money to be repaid, and now find myself in a very mortifying position. I know—as who does not?—that the finances of the family rest in your hands, and I throw myself upon your mercy.

Yours very truly

ELAINE SAVAGE.

Nina read the cruel, insulting sheet to the end, with an expression of incredulity upon her face. Then she began at the beginning and read it over again.

Once she started to hand it to Colonel Marcy, and then she drew back. She could not let her uncle

share this humiliation. She folded the letter up carefully and replaced it in its envelope and went on with her conversation, but there was a gray hardness about her face. She had ceased to expect some refinements of thought from her husband but—*this*!

She could not believe that Harry had borrowed a woman's pin money without the knowledge of that woman's husband. She would ask him as soon as he returned. But no! she remembered the fact that *she* was the purse bearer. There must be some reason for Mrs. Savage requesting this money. She would pay it, without asking her husband for an explanation, would trust him.

As Colonel Marcy went out to send some one for information of Hecker, Nina called to him.

"Uncle, may I have a man to ride over to Tombstone upon a very urgent errand."

The colonel hesitated.

"How urgent."

"*Very*!"

"What fooleries do you want?"

"None. I simply want a very important letter carried at once."

"Oh, in that case there is a dentist who has been over here tinkering up the regimental teeth, who is going home this afternoon. He will carry a letter."

"I'll have it ready in one minute."

Nina ran to her writing desk in the pretty little parlor she had arranged so cozily, and taking out her check book, made out a check payable to Elaine Savage for one thousand dollars, inclosed it with her card and addressed it to Mrs. Savage. This she took to her uncle.

She found him talking to a large bundle of queer black stuffs, looking like a particularly bulky feather bed with a string about the middle.

"Madame Eekar," she persisted in asking for.

The long upper lip and the heavy square black chin of Senora Lopez had its most determined expression.

"Here's a lady who seems to want you," Colonel Marcy said. "Do you speak Spanish?"

"Why, yes, I can understand it."

Senora Lopez lifted her bulk up the veranda steps and through the hall. Nina was rather glad than otherwise to see her just now. She imagined that it was some question of charity, and the strain upon her mind by the incident just past, made her want something to make her forget.

She could understand Spanish very well, and in her chance contact with the Mexicans since her marriage she had caught up their peculiar way of distorting the accents of Castile.

Senora Lopez was calm, with the calmness of desperation, and before her story was over, Nina was livid with misery and disgust. There was no need to read the crumpled notes that were offered her—notes whose chirography Nina plainly recognized as that of her husband; notes soiled by lying for days in the bosom of a Mexican girl, whence they had been abstracted by her mother. Senora Lopez calmly said that she had tried to have Hecker killed when she made the discovery, that she came to tell Nina, but he had so liberally paid all the Mexicans about the ranch that they preferred to let him live. This visit was a last resort.

When she was gone at last, Nina threw herself face downward, on the wide couch whose down cushions she had flung about with such artistic abandon only that morning, and buried her face in her hands.

"What have I done to deserve this?"

XXII.

MELLISH had been ugly for days. He went about his duties with a face that was a picture of sullenness. He had twice sent notes to his wife asking her, commanding her, to come to meet him, and each time she had ignored him entirely.

Mrs. Bland had put away from her as much as possible the suspicion that her husband had given her, but there still rankled in her mind that vague feeling that we

have taken to calling "a bad taste in the mouth," because there is nothing else that will give any idea of its disagreeable nature.

The day after Nina returned from that ride with Adair, in which she had told him of her loss of memory, she was unpacking her trunks, taking out souvenirs of her girlhood which she had failed to destroy, and which she hardly knew why she had brought with her, only clinging to them as every married woman does, with a sort of homesickness for that time when she was entirely herself, before another personality had come in to take half of herself in exchange for—Nina wondered even then, before the evolutions which were to follow, if Hecker gave her any proportion of *himself*. Affectionate pride, attention, ah yes! But—even now there was a vague feeling that the reserve power which Hecker seemed to keep in the background, was only an appearance. That in reality his depth was the depth of the mirror, and that she could never hope to go into the kingdom of his mind and heart, as a woman of her nature dreams of doing when she marries, because that realm was only a figment of a dream. All the more Nina clung to the things she cherished as a girl.

Mrs. Bland sat by her, doing some delicate sewing. Although there was very little difference in their ages, Mrs. Bland, seemed years older than Nina. Her hair was parted in the middle and the white, even line, seemed but a continuation of the whiteness of her face. It was a face whose repressed lips, and sad eyes told a tale which made a woman with a woman's heart, turn to comfort, and man turn to seek the cause.

In diving into the trunk Nina brought out a short blue serge gown. "Do you know," she said, lifting it up, "I haven't the faintest idea why I keep this gown. It's old, and of no value to anybody on earth, but when I start to give it away, there is some sort of a feeling restrains me. I cannot tell *what*." She put her hand to her forehead.

"Edith, I am going to tell you something. I was terribly sensitive about it at first, but I am over all that now, only it is difficult to explain—*now*! When I had been out here for some time last year, I had an accident. It was something about Indians. I know that, and it frightened me so that I had brain fever. The very *name* of Indian makes me tremble, and I am almost afraid of what will happen when I *see* one! Harry says it is all nonsense, that I shall not care at all.

"When the fever left me, I was wretchedly weak for a time, and they took me to the hot springs in Mexico. It was some time before I fully realized it, but after a while I did, that I had lost several weeks from my memory.

Mrs. Bland gave a little gasp, and let her sewing fall into her lap; then quickly recovering herself, went on with her work, calmly, placidly.

Nina had not noticed her; she was smoothing out the rough serge gown in which she had married Adair, and in which she had fallen back insensible as the Apache had caught her—fallen into an unconsciousness, a forgetfulness of her marriage, and her former intimate acquaintance with the man whom nature had intended for her mate.

"They say," Nina went on dreamily, pressing her hand over the folds, "that there are people so sensitive that by holding a bit of texture to their forehead they can see as in a vision everything that the wearer has ever seen, every emotion that has ever possessed him. I should like to take this old gown to one of them, and let her put it to her forehead."

She lifted the hem and laid it against her temple. Mrs. Bland reached and took it out of her hand. "It would make a very pretty little jacket for me to wear about the hills here. Suppose you give it to me."

"Why—yes—I suppose I *am* stupid about it. You may have it," and she turned again to her unpacking.

Mrs. Bland sent a note to Mellish

saying that she would see him that evening.

It was dark under the live oak trees at the upper end of the parade grounds, which she had chosen. There were some old cannon, and a pile of balls there. Mellish lazily seated himself on these.

"You must want something," he sneered. "You took you time about coming. What can I do for you, madam?"

"You can let me tell you that you have done the very vilest injustice to a good woman. That the attack which the Indians made on Mrs. Hecker and Captain Adair, that night, deprived her of her memory; that she does not know she is married to Adair——"

"Did she tell you that she had forgotten she had ever married Adair? It sounds like her devilish audacity," Mellish's teeth gleamed in the darkness. "It makes me think something of the boy's essay on Columbus. 'I suppose you are Columbus,' said the niggers. 'There is no help for us, we are discovered at last!' If Mrs. Hecker don't know she is married to Adair, how in the mischief does she know she *don't* know it?"

His wife turned away from him and went on in the careful, monotonous tone that one uses in explaining a thing to a child, and told him the whole story.

She could not see that his eyes were brightening, that she was giving him what he considered an extra weapon to pry money out of Adair's pocket.

"Well, I don't think half as much of her as I did before. I thought there was one woman in this day and generation with some *nerve*, and I thought Mrs. Hecker, who had married two men in the same army post, and was carrying on the situation with a high hand, was the woman. But if she is only a poor weak thing who would be scared to death if she knew what she had done—like all the rest of you, I don't care a hang what becomes of her. Does Hecker know this precious story?

"Of course she told him of the loss of memory when she married him. Nothing else would have been justice. But Nina says that he did not care at all, himself, but asked her not to speak of it to other people."

Mellish laughed. "Well that's slicker of him, than he knows. I can see the why of his reasoning. Adair was an old sweetheart of Mrs. Hecker's—he knows *that*. He knows he had no sort of a chance at all when Adair was around. Of course he was tickled to death to bring her back here his wife, and have her forget Adair." Mellish threw back his head and gave a loud laugh, which made his wife's slender black figure shrink. "It's the best comedy all around I ever heard of. By *George*! But I'd like to know what would happen if the actors knew what they were about."

"You are surely not so lost to all sense of decency as to tell *any one*?" His wife put her hands, thin, nervous, strong hands on his shoulders and almost shook him.

He took them off, still laughing. "I always did enjoy the climax to the play. Do you remember I never came in until the last act."

"You *shall* not!"

"Let go!" he said roughly, "I'll do as I please!"

XXIII.

THERE was a stir all about the post when Ronan rode in, feeling like a knight who had won his spurs and had come to claim his lady fair. In this sordid day, the pity is that the jingle should be that of dollars instead of rowels and chains.

He did not go to Mary at first, but rode at once up to the commanding officer's quarters. He hoped—there was no fear now—to find her father alone, tell his story, and then go to Mary. He knew the gallant colonel too well not to feel certain that he would never priggishly burrow into the follies of his youth. However great they may have been, they were clean follies, that had left no wrecks to mark their pathway. Ronan had flung his fortune far and wide, but

it had been done gayly. Truly, as Neal had said, his wild oats were of the seedless variety.

As he came up to Colonel Marcy's office door, he found that instead of being empty, it was full of anxious men. The Indians had within the past six or eight hours, gone into a ranch less than twenty miles away, had carried off the women, slaughtered the children, and left the owner, horribly mutilated, tied to a tree, to tell his miserable story. A courier had ridden in to ask for troops.

"There is a company of enlisted Indians on its way here now," Colonel Marcy said, "but depleted as we are, I feel that some one must follow this band of fiends *at once*."

"Precious little good the Indians will do," one young fellow said under his breath. "They simply go along to aid their brothers. There's no good Indian but a dead Indian."

"That's an old piece of philosophy," Captain Judd remarked, under his breath as well, "but it can't be improved upon."

"Where is Hecker?" Colonel Marcy asked impatiently.

"He got leave to go down toward Mexico to look at a horse," Neal came forward to say. "He ought to be back by this time."

"Adair," the colonel went on rapidly, "you take Company K, out at once, and follow this trail. Take this man here as guide."

"I can't go, sir. I'm going on to warn my brother."

"Let me go," Ronan said quickly. The talk had told him the story, and he knew every foot of the way. He did not wait to tell his love; he asked for a fresh horse, and ten minutes later was trotting by Adair's side over the sun baked *mesa* he had just left. He had scribbled a note on the back of a Tombstone shoe advertisement, and sent it over to Mary, but he had forgotten the story of his new fortune. In a reiteration of his love, this fact was entirely lost sight of.

It was a brave little band. All sun tanned veterans, who followed Adair.

Mrs. Bland had been hastily called to the door an hour before, and oblivious to consequences, Mellish had followed her into the dining room.

"That—dentist who has been over here, recognized me from the descriptions that were sent out two years ago," he began without any preliminaries, "and has sent word to the bank officials, and I've got to *get, now!* How much money have you got?"

"I?" Her face was ashy. "None!"

"It's got to be *found!* I'm not going to stay here like a rat in a trap. I can't go to Adair, for he is in with the colonel. They've got some—Indian scare on hand. I would be pounced on at once. I belong in the troop that is preparing to go out. I'll go with them and with money in my pocket can desert and get over the Mexican border. You've got to *get it!*"

"I have no way."

"Then I'll *make* a way. I'll go to Mrs. Hecker and tell her that she isn't Hecker's wife, and ask her what she'll give me not to tell it."

"You shall not!"

"I will." There was the daredevil gleam in Mellish's eyes. He enjoyed the excitement of being pursued, and the added joy of his interview with Mrs. Hecker. He had the curiosity of the audience to see what would happen next.

"Mrs. Hecker is engaged this instant with a Spanish woman."

"Not old Lopez? Oh *Lord!* This is rich! I knew she'd come some time."

He had a glimpse through the curtains of the bulky form of the Mexican woman. Mrs. Bland shut the door.

"Let *me* go to her and ask her for money for you."

"Well *go*, and see. you *get it!*"

"She shall not hear that story," Mrs. Bland said.

As she shut the dining room door tightly and stood for an instant in the hall, her face set itself. She went rapidly to the kitchen and sent the orderly to bring Mrs. Hecker's

horse around to the front door. The dining room was in the rear. The orderly went.

"What are you saddling up that horse for?" one of the troopers, who was waiting for the sound of "boots and saddles," called.

"I guess some o' the ladies is going to ride a half mile or so with th' officers," the man answered as he bent his back to "cinch up." He trotted the horse to the door.

Mrs. Bland went into the parlor to find Nina lying, a limp heap on the sofa. "Nina, dear," she said softly, "will you ride up through the cañon, and take some tonic I promised to that poor lame boy on the Murchison ranch? I promised it today. I took the liberty of ordering your horse around feeling sure you would go. Here is your hat, and whip. I suppose you don't care to change your gown to a habit for that little ride."

"If I can get her up there they will keep her until the troops have gone, and *he* has gone with them," the little woman was thinking, "and she will *never* know."

Nina sprang up. There was nothing, she often said, that took the "tired" out of her mind and body like a horseback ride. Neither of the two women had been told one word of the Indians being out. The possibility of their leaving the fort was beyond Colonel Marcy's thought. In two minutes, Nina had pinned a broad hat on her head, and was in her saddle, cantering up through "the park" toward Murchison's ranch about four miles away.

Mrs. Bland went back into the dining room after she had seen her disappear.

"You may do your worst. I have no money for you. Mrs. Hecker is entirely out of your reach. Tell your story to whom you like. Nobody will believe you."

Mellish turned with an oath, and struck her. She fell, but conscious and unhurt, and lifting herself, saw him leave her sight.

Nina rode up the park. After passing through that part of the cañon, she emerged upon a wooded

plateau. Then she drew up her horse and looked over toward Murchison's ranch. There seemed to be a great many people going in and out; she could see the house plainly at this distance, but the people and horses looked like ants.

"It must be a company of cowboys who have stopped for water," she thought, and turning her horse into the wooded road which led down to it, she let him walk along, giving the cowboys time to get away from the Murchisons'. They lived on a road, one of the least frequented, into Mexico. As Nina walked her horse under the scrubby mountain live oaks, and through the chaparral, there came before her mind visions of her schooldays, of the zest with which she had gone into society, of the men and women who had helped to pass the days, and looking at the failure of her married life, she passionately wondered how it could have happened. She seemed to herself to have been an automaton, moved by secret influence of which she herself was unconscious.

Once, on the winding road, which adapted itself to the formation of the ground and the forest, she seemed to hear the sound of hoofs galloping. She stopped to listen. Her horse set its feet and pricked up its ears, and then broke from its walk into a trot, snorting with uplifted head.

"Is a fly bothering you, old boy?" She leaned over and patted his neck. A horseman came tearing around the curve ahead of her, his horse's head down, running, riding for his life. Nina's horse wheeled and struck straight across the path of the coming animal.

Perspiration pouring from his red face, his hat gone, dust almost obliterating his uniform, in that bewildered minute, Nina recognized Hecker.

"Harry!"

In the same instant the sound of pounding hoofs could be heard both before and behind them. They seemed to be in a ring of galloping horses.

"My God! They have trapped us!

Take this." He thrust a revolver into her hand. "Shoot; kill the devils!" It was the voice of desperation, the determination to sell life as dearly as possible, and the sound of it was lost in the *melée* that precipitated itself about them.

Around the curve, behind Hecker, low on their horses, their evil faces blurs of black in the red of their head bands, came the Apaches. Over the road Nina had ridden galloped Company K, led by Adair.

Nina seemed to hear one crash, to see flashes of lightning before her bewildered eyes, to hear the shouts of men and the guttural snarl of beasts. There was a report at her elbow, and she saw Hecker fall from his saddle, his legs twisting limply from his heavy stirrups. She felt a hand on her bridle, and Adair's face was in hers. The soldiers had surrounded her, and were fighting the Indians like demons. Something gave way—she awakened from the dream.

"Robert, save me!"

In her eyes, in that hell of fighting, Adair saw that his own kingdom had come back to him.

* * * *

After they had routed the Indians, scattering them one by one through the wood, like a dust column cut by a rifle shot, they gathered up the dead and wounded and carried them sorrowfully home. Hecker, Mellish and two other privates only, could have the last honors of war, lamentations in the army papers, and a four line notice in the great busy dailies of the cities.

Mellish was buried in the little camp graveyard, under his assumed name. His wife stood at the window, watching the funeral pass, her body shaken with sobs for the lover of her girlhood, who had been dead to her so long.

Hecker's body was taken home to his people in Ohio. His widow was too ill to accompany it.

When Adair left the house the night after everything was over, the colonel wrung his hand, and held it close in his clasp.

"I know it seems like a long time, but it must be a year. We must never tell the story to the world. It will be a year before the horror of what she considers her insanity, will leave Nina her healthy, happy self

again. You are both young. You can wait."

"Yes."

And looking down the vista of the coming years, Adair saw peace and happiness.

THE END.

HALF AN HOUR IN A HANSOM.

By Anna Leach.

WHEN Mr. Belding started out on Tuesday morning there were thirteen cards in his card case. They were noticeable cards, just over from London, and engraved in the peculiar latest style. Any one who was faddy in the way of fashions would have been likely to have picked one up wherever he saw it, for the purpose of critically examining it, in deciding whether or not it was a lead to be followed. Mr. Belding opened his case and admired them.

Mr. Belding was going to the club in his new rubber tired hansom. He met Mr. George Dent just coming down the steps.

"Hello, Belding. Don't you want to accommodate a friend for an hour? Lend me your cab."

Mr. Belding's hesitation was so slight that it was lost in Mr. Dent's next sentence.

"I want to go up and say good by to an old friend at the Savoy."

"All right, jump in. You may keep the thing all day. I shall not want it. Was going to send it back."

Mr. Dent felt in his pocket and then called to the turning Belding. "Give me a card. I've forgotten my card case, and I haven't a scrap of paper about me."

A few minutes later Mr. Belding's card was sent up to Mrs. Scott in the Hotel Savoy, with a message written on its back which told of its changed ownership, and which brought Mrs. Scott down stairs in a plain but becoming hat and veil and seated her

beside Mr. Dent in the hansom for a good by drive through the Park.

Mrs. Scott was going back to San Francisco to join her stout and elderly husband, and Mr. Dent was going to be married next week. What they had to say to each other concerns nobody but themselves.

Mr. Belding went into the club and looked in his letter box, and came down again. A half hour later he took a card from his case and wrote a message on its back, and sent it up to a young lady who was superintending the unpacking of some Paris gowns. A soft look came into her eyes as she read it, and she tucked the card between the buttons of her gown and went down stairs.

Mr. Belding had danced and ridden and walked and talked with Miss Edith Morrison all winter, enjoying the attention that her beauty attracted and the wit of her conversation. He had done everything but make love to her. Most people, hearing echoes of their talk, might have thought that they had not stopped short of that, but they had only discussed the characteristics of the infant god in an impersonal fashion. Mr. Belding was dependent upon his father for every penny he spent. And Miss Morrison had no fortune. They had been brought up too wisely, made too knowing in the ways of human nature of their world to even dream of taking anybody's hand for a walk toward the rose embowered cottage of song and story.

Mr. Belding was going to British

North America and Alaska for the summer, and Miss Morrison was going to be married next week to a young Californian with a fortune.

This was "Good by." How they said it, they alone know.

* * * * *

Mr. Dent was driving down the avenue toward the club where he found plenty of friends to put him up during his stay in New York. It was late spring and there were few of the habitués on the avenue. He recognized a familiar figure and called up to the driver to stop.

"Oh, it is *you*?" Miss Morrison said delightedly. "But where are you going?"

"Nowhere. I was coming to see you. I hardly expected to find you out."

"I felt that I *must* breathe the air."

Mr. Dent gave a look toward the hansom. Belding had suggested his keeping it all day.

"Come and go for a little drive. Suppose people do see us together. Who has any better right?"

"You Californians are so delightfully unconventional," Miss Morrison said as she settled herself. "I adore a hansom. I am sure I don't know where I get the association, but they seem delightfully wicked to me. I suppose it is because we are always reading in English novels of the hero and heroine going knocking about London in a hansom. It is usually the husband or the wife of somebody else who is off on a lark."

"I wish you wouldn't speak of such things," Mr. Dent said gravely. "Of course you cannot know what they mean, but there are some phases of life that I do not like to think you ever heard of."

"And you from California!"

"There is no man on earth more particular than a Western man about *his own* womenkind."

"And himself?"

"I hope, my dear, that your influence will keep me worthy of your love and companionship."

Just here a small white object caught the eye of Mr. Dent. It was lying in plain view on the floor of

the hansom. It was an innocent faced card, bearing the name in fashionable engraving of Mr. Francis Belding. In Mr. Dent's eyes it was a whited sepulcher. A shudder went down his shoulders as he thought of the legend on the other side. For, far from the first time since he had known her, impatience went over him at Mrs. Scott's carelessness. Why couldn't she have destroyed that card instead of dropping it about? Why on earth hadn't he noticed it before Edith got in? He touched it with the tip of his stick and pushed it a tiny little way toward the edge of the hansom. Lost in the street it would be meaningless.

Miss Morrison touched her lover's hand inside the friendly screen, and looked down. As she did so, she gave a little start and put her hand to the front of her dress. Its contour was unmarred. There was nothing between the buttons.

"How stupid I am," she groaned to herself. "Why, oh *why* didn't I destroy that card! How could I have been so careless! That is just my stupid luck."

Horrors possessed her at the possible consequences. George had such faith in her. In her heart she felt that she deserved his trust, but *how* could she ever explain the message on the wrong side of that card. With her eyes on her lover's, holding his, she carelessly pushed her little parasol down and pushed that card just the least little bit toward the edge of the hansom.

"Perhaps I am not the perfect creature you seem to think me," she sighed. "Perhaps you will discover that I have faults, weaknesses—of which I am hardly conscious myself. Women are *all* like that. They know so little of the world as men know it; there are so many events that come to them, so many little incidents in social life, which they live through, blindly, not realizing their importance, until some happening awakens them."

Miss Morrison was thinking to herself, "Now if he does pick up

that I am started all right. I can use it to point my moral. I suppose poor old Francis will have to be sacrificed, and nobody knows what a Californian will do under the circumstances. Fight a duel maybe."

Miss Morrison dragged the tip of her umbrella over the floor again, and this time it came in sharp contact with Mr. Dent's stick.

"If those things come to a woman, how much more to a man," moralized Mr. Dent. "A man is in the midst of temptation from the time he puts off dresses. It is a strong nature that keeps himself entirely unspotted. A woman in her sheltered life, knows nothing of it all—a good woman brought up as you have been. I hope that none of my wild oats are ever going to spring up in your path. I trust I have cleared that, for you, my dear, but—I have scattered a few. I wonder how much a woman can forgive a man any way?"

They had turned in at the Park now, in all its glory of spring greenery and flowers. Off on the dirt roads there were couples on horseback. The nursemaids were wheeling along lace frilled baby coaches; everything was young and happy and beginning life. The sun shone, and their wedding day was a week off.

"If a person loves another, there is no question of forgiveness between them," said Miss Morrison softly. "I often do things myself that are unlike me, that I have been led into doing by circumstances, by some vanity or folly, but I do not despise myself on that account. A person whom one truly loves is as dear as one's own self." And then Miss Morrison's parasol gave another little rake across the floor of the hansom, fishing for that bit of white pasteboard.

"I am a happy man to have a wife like you, Edith. It can only be called luck. I have never done anything to deserve it either." There was gloom in Mr. Dent's tone. It almost seemed as if such a sense of his own unworthiness had come over him that he felt called upon to confess his blackest crimes and take his punishment then and there. His stick in its wander-

ings encountered Edith's parasol again and he had a sudden fear that he might turn the card over before he got it out. Suppose she should look down and read that message to another woman, written in his bold hand? He had better hurry home. She might get out and never see it.

He looked at his watch. "I am awfully afraid I am keeping this hansom too long."

"Isn't it a hired one?"

"No, indeed. New York has not reached the point where you can go to a stable and get a hansom with rubber tires and a man in livery. In fact it is almost impossible to hire anything that does not bear the peculiar flavor of orange blossoms. Orange blossoms from the country just up to see the sights on a bridal tour. This very comfortable vehicle belongs to a young man I know, who lent it to me for an hour or two. I am going to take one like it out to San Francisco. Belding is a first rate judge of horses, too."

"Belding?"

"Yes. This is his outfit. A very nice fellow Belding is, too."

A new panic took Miss Morrison. Suppose Belding were to find that card in his hansom. How would he suppose it got there? Might not he think she had been contemptible enough to hand it over to Dent? It must be got rid of at any hazards. She looked for it. Dent was also looking at it, pushing it towards the edge. He saw it then, and thought it was only a scrap of paper. *Would he toss it out?*

She watched it, her heart beating. They were almost home again. Dent dexterously lifted the card with the tip of his stick and flirited it into the street. Neither of them saw that it fell face downward, and that its back was blank. There were only ten cards in Mr. Francis Belding's card case. There were two sighs of relief.

"Well, after all, little woman," Dent said as he lifted her out, "I fancy we are about as good as the rest of our kind."

And she laughed: "Oh, better!"

THE STAGE.

ANNIE PIXLEY, who has recently concluded an engagement in Chicago, where she played "M'liss" at the Haymarket, is a Brooklyn girl. She was born there in

ried an English actor, Mr. Robert Fulford. Her first hit was made at San Francisco in "The Danites," which company she left to accept an engagement, the offer of



ANNIE PIXLEY.

From a photograph by Gilbert & Bacon, Philadelphia.

1856, but received her education in California, in which State her dramatic talent was early called into requisition for amateur entertainments. The step from such surroundings to the professional atmosphere is not a very long one, and Miss Pixley took it at an early date. She was still very young when she met and mar-

which made her very proud, with Joseph Jefferson. We next find her in Boston, playing varied rôles, and afterwards in Philadelphia, creating there the part of *Josephine* in "Pinafore." Then came her success with "The Deacon's Daughter," to which she was glad to return after a disastrous excursion into the field of comic

opera with "Polly Middles." This is the piece, which, under another name, also brought Henry Dixey to grief last season.

* * *

THE inexplicable action of the Sorosis Society in refusing admission to Lotta on the ground that she is an actress, has occasioned a good deal of comment. And

her summers at her beautiful cottage on the shores of Lake Hopatcong, New Jersey. She was born in New York City in 1847. Like Miss Pixley she went to California when very young and made her first appearance on the stage when only eight years old. Her New York début at Niblo's in 1864, did not result in a brilliant success,



LOTTA.

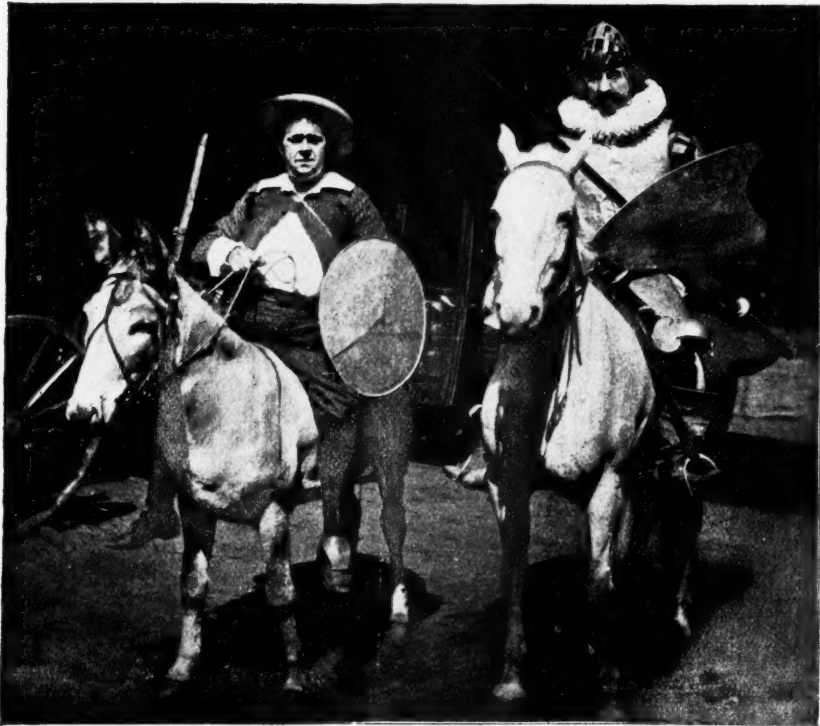
From a photograph by Sarony, New York.

this comment has been more favorable to Lotta than to Sorosis, which already includes actresses among its membership. "But we don't want too many members of the profession in our ranks," say these ladies forsooth.

In that case the line should have been drawn at another time than just when Miss Crabtree's name came up. She stands too high in the regard of lovers of the drama to be subjected to the indignity of a blackballing with impunity. She has already retired from the stage, and passes

and it was not until four years later that she won at Wallack's the fame that has made her name almost a household word.

Unlike so many members of her profession, Lotta has contrived to retain the large sums of money she has made, and under the shrewd management of her mother, her earnings have been most judiciously invested. She owns the Park Theater in Boston, which is managed by her brother, of whom she is very fond, and is said to hold a big mortgage on a well known hat factory in New York.



BARNABEE AND FROTHINGHAM IN "DON QUIXOTE."

It may seem rather audacious to compare Reginald de Koven with Beethoven, but we think the reader will acquit us of too fulsome praise of the young American composer when we add that the reason the analogy suggests itself to us lies in the fact that as Beethoven's name is associated with only a single opera, "Fidelio," so Mr. de Koven can induce the public to lend its ears only to "Robin Hood." His "Knickerbockers" was presented for the first time in New York at the Garden Theater on May 29, and the management announced that the Bostonians would alternate that opera with "Robin Hood" during the several successive weeks of the engagement. But this notice was withdrawn after a six nights' run, and it is doubtful if "The Knickerbockers" ever sees the gleam of the footlights again. This, following on the failure of "The Fencing Master" to make money in spite of the booming that was given it, strikes a heavy blow at Mr. de Koven's aspirations. And there is still another work of his, gone into the deep sea of forgotten things. This is "Don

Quixote," produced at the Boston Theater in November, 1889. The birthplace of "Robin Hood" was Chicago, and the date, June, 1890. But there are worse fates than being known only as the man who wrote this charming little opera.

* * *

DELLA FOX, De Wolf Hopper's leading lady, is said to receive a salary of \$500 per week. She is a Cincinnati girl and her contract with the Hopper company has another year to run. "Panjandrum" continues to draw the biggest audiences the Broadway has seen since "Wang" left its boards.

* * *

THE season of "The Fencing Master" closed in Milwaukee the latter part of May. Marie Tempest spends the summer abroad, part of it at her own home in London. Meantime, for her reappearance at Buffalo, September 7, Reginald de Koven is writing a new opera, to a libretto by Glen Mac Donough, author of "The Prodigal Father." Miss Tempest will be no longer under Mr. Hill's management, he

having just retired from the theatrical business.

* * *

It was about six years ago that frequenters of a well known Paris restaurant were exercising their minds over the identity of a young girl who was often seen there in company with her mother and the celebrated composer, Jules Massenet. She

first appearance before the Parisian public was at the Opéra Comique in the opera "Esclarmonde," which Massenet had written for her, and her success from the first was brilliant. It was the talk of the boulevards for days. "Esclarmonde" was played one hundred nights to full houses. The one hundredth performance was given on the first anniversary of her first appear-



SYBIL SANDERSON.

From a photograph by Benque & Co, Paris

was a small, well made girl, with a pair of large and remarkably expressive brown eyes. Her good spirits and vivacity of manner attracted as much attention as her beauty. At last one day Massenet chanced to meet the dramatic correspondent of a New York paper. To him he confided the fact that he had discovered another Patti, that her name was Sybil Sanderson, and that she came from California.

Miss Sanderson made her debut in Amsterdam February 6, 1888, as *Manon* in Massenet's opera of the same name. Her

ance at Amsterdam. She had not as, it had been predicted, proved herself a second Patti, but one of the many brilliant sopranos this country has produced.

Miss Sanderson was born in Sacramento some twenty six years ago. She is the eldest daughter of Judge S. W. Sanderson, who was chief justice of the Supreme Court of that State. When quite a baby she covered every piece of paper that fell into her hands with scrawls which she insisted were musical compositions. Eventually she discovered that she possessed a voice,

and her parents feeling rather more confidence in this than in her infantile compositions, had it carefully trained.

In 1884 Miss Sanderson was taken to Paris by her mother. Here she entered the Conservatoire and became the favorite pupil of Massenet. She studied with this master until the time had arrived for her to make her début.

A curious thing happened in connection with this début. It was delayed two days beyond the date originally fixed, but some of the American papers did not hear of this, and elaborate accounts of her great success were printed in the United States before she had appeared at all. But in this case zealous friends proved to be true prophets as well. Miss Sanderson sang in London ten years ago, but the critics of the tight little isle did not take as kindly to her as do their Continental confrères.

* * *

MR. PINERO, the English playwright, has been making some confessions to an interviewer. For one thing he admits that he never commences a play with a plot for it in his mind. He selects certain types of men and women and then lets them work out their own destiny as they will, thus setting at defiance all established rules for the writing of plays. He says that he has no special hours for work and that he is completely carried away by it when the spirit of composition possesses him. He re-writes a great deal and considers "The Profligate" his greatest play.

* * *

GILBERT AND SULLIVAN'S forthcoming piece is to be a burlesque on Italian opera, which suggests unlimited opportunities for truly Gilbertian fun. Meantime the London Savoy, where it is to be brought out, is occupied by "Jane Annie," a comic opera by Barrie and Doyle, music by Ford. It is a skit on boarding school life, and concerns itself with the reprehensible behavior of a young lady who deports herself in blameless fashion until she wins the good conduct prize, when she becomes recklessly wicked and hypnotizes the school mistress.

* * *

FRENCH'S American Theater was opened with an English play May 15. It might be thought that New York already had a sufficient number of theaters, but if managers could find fresh sporting dramas to produce in them it looks as if the metropolis might support still more than are already projected. From a box office point of view "The Prodigal Daughter" is a big success—more's the pity from every other stand-

point; indeed from this one, too, as authors and managers will doubtless be encouraged to invent and import further specimens of the same ilk. It is the most uninteresting stage story imaginable, filled with trite situations and thin dialogue. The first act is tedious in the extreme, but of course the audience is willing to endure it all patiently in view of what is to come—a realistic race scene in act four with ten thoroughbred steeplechase horses for the chief performers. But even this, to our mind, is not so exciting as a similar scene in "The County Fair," where mechanical effects enable the spectator to see the horses for a period of several consecutive minutes, instead of being tantalized with only fleeting glimpses of them as they take the water jump in front of the footlights.

But the realism of the accessories to this scene is worthy of high praise. The management of the crowd in a manner to convey the impression that it cannot be managed at all, is admirable. Mr. French evidently recognizes this feature of the performance at its true worth in its relation to the rest of the play, as the words "175 Auxiliaries" are printed on the house bill in larger letters than are allotted to any other member of the cast, two horses only excepted. We shall mention, however, that Helen Dauvray and Julia Arthur appear; also Walden Ramsay and Jefferson de Angelis. The mounting, naturally, is of the most elaborate description. It must needs be in plays of this sort.

* * *

Stock company theatres are surely, if slowly, increasing in number. The Grand Opera House in Boston is to be turned into one next year, and the Girard Avenue Theater, in Philadelphia, has just closed a season run on this plan, managed by George Holland, brother to E. M. and Joseph. Speaking of the Quaker City, Nixon & Zimmerman, proprietors of three leading theaters there, have made public their receipts from various attractions during the season. From this statement it would appear that the largest returns were brought in at the Chestnut Street Opera House by Denman Thompson in "The Old Homestead," which drew \$27,000 to the box office in a two weeks' engagement. "Ali Baba" presses this very hard, however, with \$24,000 for the same period. Richard Mansfield ranks next, followed closely by Daly's company. It should be added that \$15,000 was taken in in one week at this house by the Mask and

Wig Club, but as this is an organization connected with the Pennsylvania University, and therefore of peculiar local interest, its figures do not really belong in a list purporting to give the drawing powers of the various professional companies.

At the Broad Street Theater "Robin Hood" leads with \$23,405 for a fortnight's engagement, with E. S. Willard in "The Professor's Love Story" a lagging second with \$10,000 for one week.

AFTER A RUN OF OVER 150 performances at New York's handsome Empire Theater, (which it opened January 25) "The Girl I Left Behind Me" was transferred on May 29 to another new theater, the Schiller, in Chicago. The original cast went with it, and the World's Fair city has crowned the verdict of the metropolis by sending crowds to see the piece, which, when it quitted New York "left behind" another company to continue the play right along at the "old stand" till June 24.

THE critic of the Chicago *Inter Ocean* does some rather bold philosophising in his review of Messrs. Belasco and Fyles's drama. "This play," he says, "is in proof that a dramatist need not be consistent in dealing with facts and conditions if only he be interesting and specious. No one cares for the incongruities in 'The Girl I Left Behind Me,' because sentiment is balanced against judgment in the consciousness of the audience, and in such a case sentiment invariably prevails. When therefore reason cries out against that private walking off with the friend of the general's daughter, sentiment responds that the whole affair is captivatingly romantic and delightfully humorous, and must not in any wise be interfered with for probability's sake." Mr. Fyles, we may add, is a dramatic critic himself, on the staff of the New York *Sun*.

The next attraction at the Empire will be the English play "Liberty Hall," to be produced probably in August, with Henry Miller and Viola Allen in the cast.

To return to Chicago, Clyde Fitch's new play, "April Weather," written for Sol Smith Russell, was presented there May 29, and made an impression which forecasts a good run. Of course there are children in it, and in this case, they play a very important part.

A paragraph has recently gained some currency in the newspaper press to the effect that Clyde Fitch was Sol Smith Rus-

sell's son. If such were the case, Mr. Fitch must have begun to conceal his identity when very young, as he was "Clyde Fitch" to his fellow students at Amherst College. And again, if this report be true, how are we to account for Mr. and Mrs. Fitch, senior, who are living in Boston?

Mr. Russell is to play a long engagement next season at Daly's Theater, when undoubtedly the metropolis will have an opportunity to pass upon Mr. Fitch's latest work. Another play, first produced elsewhere, which New York must wait until fall to see, is James A. Herne's "Shore Acres," booked to start in at the Fifth Avenue in October.

"1492" has passed the ordeal of a New York presentation after having gained Boston's cordial approval. This, as we intimated last month, was a prospect to cause managers much quaking of spirit, but in this case there was that exception which is said to prove the rule. The metropolis has taken very kindly to Mr. Rice's new extravaganza, in which the city itself plays no unimportant part.

The makers of this Columbian piece are very modest. They put forward no claims to having produced a play of intricate plot or an opera of rare musical merit. The sole end and aim is to amuse, and this "1492" certainly does in a way that is very refreshing on a hot summer night. Much of the humor comes from the welding of fifteenth century traditions upon nineteenth century facts.

The impoverished condition of the Spanish treasury before Columbus sailed is shown with great realism, even to the advent into the throne room of the royal cook, with a Celtic brogue, demanding her back pay. In the last act Queen Isabella is discovered at the wash tub, to such sad straits have the monarchs been reduced. They are saved from further humiliation by the return of Columbus.

Act second is laid in Madison Square, New York City, quite up to date, even to the advertisements on the dead wall of the Cumberland, and George Francis Train on a bench with his book and his nosegay and a flock of children around him. The placing of Columbus amid these surroundings opens a mine of unlimited fun, which Mr. Barnet, however, has not worked as deeply as he might. However, Mr. Rice has come to the rescue with a list of specialty artists, numerous enough to stock a variety show, and as vaudeville just now is all the rage, the public kindly consents to

forget about the great discoverer for a while, and laughs heartily at the supplementary entertainment offered.

"1492" has a large and capable cast, headed—although his name occupies the modern place of honor at the foot—by Mark Smith as *Columbus*. Miss Theresa Vaughan, of "Tourists" memory, rejuvenates herself into "*Fraulein*, a German waif," and "*Infanta Joanna*, in love with *Columbus*." Indeed, several of the rôles are doubled, Walter Jones doing capital work as *Ferdinand*, the king, and *Charley Tatters*, the tramp. *Queen Isabella* is admirably impersonated by Mr. Richard Harlow, a young Bostonian of splendid figure and fine face. He carries himself with truly queenly dignity, which is maintained even at the wash tub, and manages his train and fan with a deftness that is feminine to the last degree.

EDWIN BOOTH has left behind him a memory as fragrant as the roses in whose month he died. All have hastened to lay a tribute on his tomb, and many beautiful things have been said about the great master in his art, who is now no more. And what has made these words all the more beautiful is the sincerity in which they have all been spoken, for here was a case where it was not necessary to remind one's self to say nothing but good of the dead. What else could be said of him who was at the same time talented, dignified and eminent, and thoughtful, generous and kind?

An editorial in the *Philadelphia Times* headed "The Last of His Line," closed with such a simply expressed, yet noble eulogy, that we think our readers will be glad to see it in this place:

"A silent, serious, introspective man, sensitive to excess, but brave, true and generous and a hater of nothing but of falsehood and pretense, the beauty of Booth's art was a reflex of his character. No actor ever enjoyed so long a career of unbroken public confidence, and none was ever more oppressed by griefs and cares that were not of his own creating. Amid the tragedy and the comedy of our recent theatrical history, this unique figure stands alone, with the tender melancholy, the sad and subtle humor, the gentle affection of Hamlet amid the turmoil and folly of the court. But the tragedy had passed before the final act. If he had ever any enemies, there were none remaining. He had mastered misfortune and had made his profession, which shares in his fame, a sharer also in some of its rewards. He died when

his work was done and his name undimmed, surrounded by loving friends and secure in the esteem and love of his countrymen. He may or may not be the last of the great actors, but the art of the actor will be greater hereafter by the lustrous memory of Edwin Booth."

THERE is such a thing as a man's losing his identity and feeling complimented thereby. Mr. Dixey has become so closely associated with his play that one is almost inclined to confuse the names and speak of seeing Adonis in "Dixey" instead of the reverse. The famous burlesque still goes merrily on at the Casino, in spite of receiverships and the spats of directors. It is really wonderful how easily adaptable to today this piece can be made, written nearly a decade ago when "Hazel Kirke" was still a fresh field for the satirist. Mr. Dixey has added two new creations to his lists of burlesques—Paderewski, made very funny by a patent automatic attachment to the piano, and a take off on the serpentine dance.

The original "village maiden" is on hand in the person of Miss Amelia Summerville, who is as deliciously droll as of yore. Odell Williams excels in his imitation of Coudock's *Dunstan Kirke*, and Miss Kate Davis, the *Duchess of Area*, shows herself to be possessed of not a little versatility of voice. The stage of the Casino, being larger than that of the Bijou, where "Adonis" originally found lodgment, admits of much finer scenic effects, of which Mr. Dixey has not been slow to take advantage.

"THERE is nothing new under the sun," said Solomon. If Solomon were a theater manager of today, he would add: "And the public wouldn't take it if there was." Charles Frohman has recently returned from Paris, where he left an order with Victorien Sardou to write a four act drama, following as closely as possible the lines of "Diplomacy." This play has drawn well, so, very astutely, Mr. Frohman reasons that another play, with a new name and a slight shifting of the order of situations, ought to duplicate the success, and very likely this will be the case.

You can readily understand this by recalling your feelings when you have finished some very interesting novel, and regret that you have done so, because you have thus deprived yourself of a delightful pastime. Your appetite is whetted for another of the same sort, and when this is

provided, you eagerly seize upon it, caring nothing that the author may repeat himself, so long as he holds your interest.

Look at the comedies which have pleased most during the past few years. Do they not all follow the same lines? Is there not generally a husband or lover who shows up badly in the eyes of his wife or *fiancée*? Audiences have been led to expect this turn to the fun producing plays. They can understand the drift of things without unduly taxing their mental powers. It is, in fact, like having the whole series one play, "linked sweetness," if you please "long drawn out."

Critics may deplore this state of affairs from the standpoint of lighthouses set to illuminate the pathway of the drama to higher things, but the great mass of theatergoers visit the playhouse to be amused, and care not a rap for the elevation of the stage. And as it is they, and not the critics, who fill the managers' coffers, it is their tastes that are consulted.

NOTE how Mr. Frohman has borne in mind the facts above set forth even in the naming of the new piece with which Miss Johnstone Bennett is to open the Standard Theater in the latter part of August. Miss Bennett is indissolubly associated with "Jane," and from Jane to "Fanny" is not such a very far cry. "Charley's Aunt" (reminiscent in title of "Aunt Jack") is another Frohman play to be brought out in the metropolis next month, while early in September Charles Frohman's Comedians will appear at the Garden Theater in a Bisson adaptation which has run over two hundred nights in Paris. This forecast seems "all comedy," but then, what will you? One may be thankful, indeed, that it is not "all variety." With Proctor's and the Union Square both gone over to "continous performances," four roof garden stages in full blast, and "strong" men made to serve as tail pieces to comic operas, we should be prepared to expect anything in the fall.

It seems quite fitting that Edmund C Stanton, of happy Metropolitan memory, should signalize his entrance upon the management of the Grand Opera House by giving therein a season of performances bearing out the theater's name, and the five weeks' stay of the Gustav Hinrich's company was an eminently successful one, crowded houses being the rule. To be sure, the singing was not always of the best and the mounting invariably left a

good deal to be looked for in vain, but then a very varied repertoire was given, including one distinct novelty, "I'Pagliacci," and the price of an orchestra chair was only seventy five cents. Well worn, but immortal, "Trovatore" appeared to be the best drawing card, as it was given more times than any of the others in the list, and Eight Avenue audiences actually found it extremely exciting, following the action on the stage and the book in their lap with breathless interest, and such running comments to their companions as, "See, him and the count are rivals," "Now he's getting jealous," and "Look, they're going to fight." But, alas! the latter expectation was unfulfilled, Mr. Hinrich's supes evidently had not contracted to do more than threaten one another, and the curtain always fell on a valiant display of swords, whose blades were carefully kept from coming to the clashing point.

JUNE 22 marked the breaking of all consecutive run records in America. On that date "A Trip to Chinatown" reached its 604th performance at the Madison Square Theater. On the souvenir programme supplied for the occasion appears an interesting record of certain famous New York runs. "The Black Crook," at Niblo's Garden, Wednesday, September 12, 1866, to Saturday, January 4, 1868, 476 times; "Humpty Dumpty," at the Olympic Theater, Tuesday, March 10, 1868, to Saturday, May 15, 1869, 483 times; "Hazel Kirke," at the Madison Square Theater, Wednesday, February 4, 1880, to Tuesday, May 31, 1881, 436 times; "Adonis," at the Bijou Opera House, Thursday, September 4, 1884, to Saturday, April 17, 1886, 603 times.

Mr. Hoyt, by the way, has written a new play, and, departing from his usual custom, has given it a title that does not begin with "a." The superstitiously inclined will be especially interested in the fate that is meted out to "The Milk White Flag," when it is produced at the Boston Theater next fall. The theme is the National Guard and the piece will call for two hundred speaking parts.

WHILE New York is rapidly building new theaters, London is about to witness the destruction of an old one, around whose history interesting memories cluster. Drury Lane is to be razed to make room for street improvement, and the stage which Garrick, Edmund Keene, the Kembles, and many other lights helped to make famous the world over, will have no successor.

LITERARY CHAT.

ELIZABETH PHELPS WARD is said to have grown twenty years younger since her marriage. (Her husband is almost as much her junior.) They are reported by their friends as an ideal couple. Herbert Ward is a splendid specimen of young manhood physically and mentally. Before his marriage he was said to be susceptible to every pretty face, but he married a woman old enough to be his mother and has had eyes for no other since. And from being a plain woman his wife has grown beautiful. No one would recognize her latest photograph as the author of "The Gates Ajar." She rests more than she once did. Her husband is writing a story of collegiate life for which Amherst College will make the background; a novel about fisher folk is also on his desk.

It is seldom that an author discovers after his book is in print that he "built better than he knew," but that is the case with Dr. D. O. S. Lowell's "Jason's Quest."

Dr. Lowell says that his little volume owes its existence to the writer's recollections of his own needs and wishes when a schoolboy. There is in the minds of most young people a vagueness concerning the facts (?) of early mythology. It takes a thorough study of many of the ancient authorities to piece together the stories intelligibly. Dr. Lowell, from his vast store of learning, has taken the simple thread and woven it into a narrative. Perhaps as much to his surprise as that of any one else, he has succeeded in giving us a classic; a volume written for the young, which for true simplicity, charm of style, and intense interest, will rank with any book of the sort in any language. It is a series of beautiful pictures, which will be impressed so distinctly and vividly upon the mind of every young person who reads it, that the wonderful meanings which are in the old myths will lose no atom of their force when maturity and experience of life has come, to show him their teaching.

While written originally for young people, the book is equally fascinating to the

adult, and the first edition was exhausted soon after publication. It has already been adopted as a text book in several of the New England schools, and promises to find its way in this manner all over the country. Dr. Lowell has a most pleasing style, marvelous for its imagery.

GILBERT PARKER, who is one of the men we are all talking about, is a young Englishman of fortune, who takes nothing at second hand. When he is going to write a story of a country, he goes to that country and lives there until he becomes thoroughly imbued with the life, before he begins to make a single sketch. The consequence is that Scotchmen who read the dialect of their country claim him as their own, and Canadians, when they read "The Chief Factor," declared that only a native and the son of a native could have written it.

Mrs. BURTON HARRISON will have a play produced in Chicago, in October, by Mr. Felix Morris. Mrs. Harrison is a most disappointing writer. She opens her stories delightfully, and sets her palette, as it were, with an array of colors that charms by anticipation. After she has made the preliminary sketch, she seems to grow tired of her characters, and her stories all end most unsatisfactorily. If she is going to write a successful play, it might be well for her to write the last act first. Mrs. Harrison is in Europe just now, but she will return in time to spend the heated term at her home—"Sea Urchins."

THERE is only one possible use on earth for a "realist." He is a note taker for future historians. To his own people, of his own time, his work is not even in the nature of "an awful warning," for if he draws exactly what is there he simply adds to the already over supply of the commonplace. It seems almost impossible that there should exist a genuine realist. Zola is usually cited as the foremost example, but he is nothing of the kind. Most people read "Nana" and consider that they are competent to pass an opinion upon the author, utterly unconscious that "Nana"

is but the last of a long series telling the history of the Rougon-Macart families, which was written to prove Zola's theories about heredity.

Arthur Sherburne Hardy, the professor of mathematics at Dartmouth College, whose exquisite novel "Passe-Rose" is already a classic, has very aptly described the so-called realists:

"A man nowadays goes out, and the first thing he sees is a mud puddle, and he describes it. But if you look sharp enough, and long enough, at the bottom of every mud puddle you can see the sky."

It is the province of an artist, be he writer or painter, to idealize, to show not the failure, but the achievements of life, to exalt our natures, to uplift, to create a goal toward which we may strive.

Mr. WILLIAM D. HOWELLS had a birthday not long ago, and celebrated it by talking that day instead of writing. Among other things he harked back a few years and called up a book which created a furore among the distinctly literary class of people. Mr. Howells said: "One of the finest examples of fiction in this country is a story called 'An Earnest Trifler,' which appeared some years ago. It was the work of a Miss Sprague, of Ohio, the daughter of a prominent judge of that State. The story was published by Houghton & Mifflin, and so far as I know, is the only one she ever wrote. It was a delightful story, and had its author continued in her literary career she would have met, I am confident, with the rarest success. I have never heard of her death, and presume she married some time after the appearance of her story and now finds her happiest usefulness in her new sphere."

Mary A. Sprague did not marry. Perhaps Mr. Howells would be much surprised to know that "An Earnest Trifler" is said to be almost a literal translation of an old French novel, and to know that Miss Sprague has never, until the last year, been able to find a publisher. A Chicago firm is now bringing out a short history of Peru, written by her.

Mr. HOWELLS was asked if story writing was "easy." "Oh, no," he replied. "There is nothing easy about it. To write a story, even today, is the hardest kind of labor. The act of composition is work and of the most laborious character. With me, at the best, composition is slow and exceedingly difficult, but there is something about it which, after all, is very fas-

cinating. Anthony Trollope is a marked example of the hard working, enduring, and systematic toiler. But few are constituted as he was. Trollope was a man possessed of immense physical resources, and so was able to perform a vast amount of brain work each day the year round, and keep it up year after year. He was simply wonderful in this respect, and a novelist of great ability.

"In my own case I have to exercise great caution; I am not a strong man, and am obliged to limit the amount of work I do to the condition of my health and strength. As a rule, I write only three or four hours each day, and the remainder of my time I devote to outdoor recreation of a moderate character, and to reading and social enjoyment with my family."

Will any one of the people who profess to know everything, arise up and tell why John Ruskin should be made poet laureate of England? In 1845 he himself came to the conclusion that his poetry was worthless, and he refused to write any more verse of an ambitious character. His last "poem" was written in 1887. It is entitled "An Answer to Baby."

Fishes in the sea,
Apples on the tree,
What is it to me,
Baby, whose they be?

Ruskin was married as a very young man to a beautiful girl. It was a marriage that seemed in every way desirable; but the young bride soon showed that she was not happy. About this time John Millais, artist, asked to paint Mrs. Ruskin's portrait in his famous picture of the "Huguenot Lovers." While the picture was in progress the artist and his model fell violently in love with each other. Mrs. Ruskin left her husband, was divorced and married Millais, and has been conspicuously happy.

THERE is one form of literary work of which the public never has enough, the short story. The demand always exceeds the supply. There are plenty of writers capable of producing the short story, if they only had a realizing sense of what a short story really is. It is simply an incident in its proper settings. A first rate short story always has "a bone," a core, and that foundation can be told completely in one hundred words. That is the interest. The rest is merely background, grouping, to make a complete picture out of the sketch.

Take for example, "Margery Daw," by Thomas Bailey Aldrich, which is said

to be the best American short story. You can tell that story, with its point, and interest any one, in fifty words. This is true of every one of Aldrich's earliest stories. In some of his later ones he has become befogged, and written around nothing. "The Lady and the Tiger" could be sketched in fifty words. This is the infallible test of the "good" short story. A character study is a different thing altogether.

* * *

JOURNALISM, or rather "writing," as doing literary work for print, is called in some quarters, is assuming formidable proportions. It looks fascinating to the novice from the outside, and his opinion is deepened by seeing those inside continuing in the work, even when they are poorly paid. It seems to require no special education, no capital, and no place of business. A writing pad and a stylographic pen are the stock in trade. The market is the world. There was a time when a writer was supposed to be a person whose occupation chose him, instead of his choosing the occupation. It was supposed to require a set of talents of a peculiar nature. An observation that could see all about a subject; an intuition that could divine the gold as well as the silver side of the shield.

It has been said that the difference between a masculine and a feminine mind could be illustrated in this way. Let troops pass in review before a man and a woman. The man could describe the maneuvers, and the woman the detail of the uniform. The writer was supposed to have both the masculine wide vision and the feminine perception of detail.

But we have nowadays classes for journalists. Our women colleges are graduating them by the dozen, while they come from the universities by the score. It is hardly likely to do anybody any harm. Like the schools which cannot create an artist, a school for journalists will simply make a more knowing audience for the man who must be heard. The only people who suffer will be the editor who must look over a greatly increased lot of chaff to get at the kernel he eternally seeks.

* * *

THE fondness that Europeans show for a class of American literature will always be a mystery to Americans themselves. We may explain this fondness on the principle that stories of exaggerated, almost caricatured democracy, such as come from the pens of Bret Harte and Mark Twain, are *caviare* to the European mental palate;

but the evident fondness for the social atmosphere that is supplied by a monarchical form of government, that these writers show, is one of the curiosities of human nature. Bret Harte has resided for years in England, and Mark Twain has lived abroad for two years, and is very likely to take up his permanent residence there. He is educating his children in France and Germany, and his most democratic story, "The American Claimant" was not only much more liked abroad than at home, but it was written on foreign soil.

One of our newspaper syndicates is reported to have paid him twenty thousand dollars for the story, and also to have lost money by the venture; but it was so popular in England, where he also owned the copyright, that he is writing another long story upon the same lines. Mr. Clemens is also writing a series of sketches of the German people. This new literary activity is said to result from a need of money, brought on by bad investments. Most prolific authors have "an earlier style" and "a later style." It would be curious to see the Mark Twain of "Innocents Abroad" and "Huckleberry Finn" the Mark Twain of the Mississippi River, the mining camps and the reporter's desk, become, through these associations, the writer of a serious novel.

* * *

THE two books which Pierre Loti has recently published, the "Matelot" and the "Exilée," have caused not a little comment. The former is the story of a sailor, very simply told, as indeed are all of Loti's stories. The other consists of a number of sketches, the principal one being an account of Carmen Sylva and of the affair of Prince Ferdinand and Mademoiselle Hélène Vacaresco. It is difficult to understand why Loti should have taken for the motive of his sketch, a subject that was hackneyed newspaper gossip. This may in a measure be explained by the fact of his having so long been familiar with the palace of Bucharest and his intimacy with the royal family. But is it possible to explain anything in the life of such a man as Pierre Loti? Possibly the sunlight of the Orient has affected him as Daudet's famed Tartarin was affected by the sunny sky of Tarascon, which induced him to tell queer tales.

* * *

THE story of the play of Guy de Maupassant's, which was given for the first time several weeks ago at the Comédie Française, is worth being told. It seems

that Jules Claretie, having seen a little play in verse that De Maupassant had written for some amateurs, was captivated by it and begged the author to give it to him for the *Comédie Française*. De Maupassant insisted that it was too trivial a thing to be treated so royally, but promised to write him another, saying it had been the ambition of his life to see something of his played by Claretie's comedians. He wrote a play in three acts and sent it to the *Comédie Française*, but afterwards he repented of his decision, perhaps fearing the play not worthy of him, and withdrew the manuscript. After the sensation of M. de Maupassant's unfortunate illness had had time to cool, and it was realized that his life was not in danger, his papers were examined and this play was found. M. de Maupassant's mother sent the manuscript to M. Paul Ollendorff, the well known editor, who took it to Alexandre Dumas, who was De Maupassant's very dear friend. M. Dumas appreciated instantly the real merit of the play and suggested going to consult Claretie. At the first word Claretie interrupted him with "It is useless to continue, my dear Dumas; that is the thing I have been waiting for five years." Is it necessary to state that the "*Paix du Ménage*" was accepted? M. Dumas directed the setting, but the piece was given exactly as M. de Maupassant had left it.

NAPOLEON has become decidedly the fashion since Marbolt's "*Memoirs*" have had such a success. Every writer of history and romances has taken it upon himself to give us a new Napoleon; possibly not new, and yet with such varied lights thrown on him that recognition is difficult. M. Arthur Levy, author of "*Napoléon Intimée*" belongs to the category of enthusiasts. His book is like the Vendôme Column—a monument erected to the Little Corporal.

Under M. Levy's treatment the emperor assumes not only all human virtues, but is divinely perfect. Napoleon was not only what we are all willing to acknowledge him, the greatest soldier of his time, but the best, the most tender, the most delicate, the most affable, the most indulgent, and patient of men. There are a few little events in the career of M. Levy's hero that he might find some difficulty in explaining, but he accepts him as a whole and entirely ignores any unpleasant details.

SOMEBODY has suggested Rudyard Kipling as poet laureate. Mr. Kipling is a

young man who cannot be disregarded, but making him poet to Her Majesty would be something like mounting that august and portly lady upon an unbroken mustang for a ride to Westminster Abbey. Kipling is not to work in anybody's harness. His strong point will always be his short story; the short story with the accessories which will allow him to give his finished work a peculiar flavor.

Kipling does not know how to make literary strawberry jam, but he can concoct curries. It is hoped by all Kipling's admirers that his new book of stories, "*Many Inventions*," may take us back to Indian scenes, and to such heart stirring incidents and characters as he put into "*The House On the City Wall*," whose heroine, "like her mother before her," had been ceremoniously wedded to a tree; to that young Indian noble who had been educated in Paris, who cynically disclaimed any faith until the howls of a religious festival broke around him, and carried him off, beating his breast, modern civilization forgotten; to studies like "*Without Benefit of Clergy*," which leaves you humming a silly little jingle, with wet eyes and a choking throat.

* * *

DR. EDWARD EGGLESTON is soon to bring out a new novel. He writes about three hours every day, and is able to get in a good deal of work in this fashion. It is curious to see to what different audiences his books appeal. The first one, "*The Hoosier Schoolmaster*," which is and always has been the most popular of his writings, touches the whole American people, as the representation of a life that was within their own or their parents' recollection. "*The Faith Doctor*," his last story, is distinctly in that good society of literature which is appreciated by the limited class. It has had no great sale. Perhaps few people outside of New York, and not many there, know that the lady in "*The Faith Doctor*" who devotes herself to giving "*Bible Talks*," is a fairly good character sketch of the head of a great religious organization among women which extends over the United States and even farther.

* * *

THE cleverest little book going the rounds this summer is "*A Cathedral Courtship*," by Kate Douglas Wiggin, who is already famous as a Kindergarten. It will make anybody laugh whether he has any sense of humor or not. It is not only a humor of words, although those are chosen delightfully; it is a humor of action.

It does that impossible thing, make you laugh at an action simply described. It gives a picture of English life that not one person in ten thousand sees, even on the soil.

* * *

THERE are not a few laymen who make an effort toward the army novel, but it is seldom that they make a success. To tell an army story one should have lived the actual life. To get the point of view of a man whose income and social position are absolutely fixed is difficult for an American. The point of view of an army officer differs radically from that of a man in the hurry of events, and the thick of schemes. Army people have a vision for first principles. The complications bearing upon the conditions of his business and social life are nil to the army man.

George I. Putnam has made one of these rare successes in his book "In Blue Uniform." It is a quiet picture of garrison life at a frontier army post, and the story is a charming, little comedy with one almost tragic incident. The very air of the post pervades the book, and the humor is of the army vintage.

* * *

EUGENE FIELD is a great wit, and one whose ingenious literary practical jokes are famous, but even his imagination could hardly conceive anything so funny as a Texas literary paper offering Julian Hawthorne two hundred dollars for a story of Texas life written upon the same lines as his "Scarlet Letter." So, as Eugene Field is telling the story, it must be true.

* * *

CAPTAIN CHARLES KING is one of the most popular writers in America, and the character of his books proves over again that nine tenths of the people in one country are exactly like nine tenths of the people in any other country; for Captain King's books are exactly the same grown up fairy tales which delight middle class Germany in the works of E. Marlitt, and bourgeois France in those of Olnet. Captain King is a delightful man, who writes for money, and gives the people who buy his books good measure, gay uniforms, a band, and a liberal supply of intrigue. There is plenty of story, pure and simple, not much attempt at character study, beyond putting in a few well known army people, in the hope of giving a personal interest to the tale, and there is always a clear certainty that the ending will be agreeable. They always marry "and live happy ever after." Captain King knows his audience. The

mass of the people have healthy appetites. They like bread and butter and wholesome sweets, with a flavor they may understand.

The *caviare* of literature is for a limited class, and the money maker very wisely does not try to cater to it.

Captain King does not write his tales. He talks them into a phonograph, and then sends the rolls to a typewriter. "Laramie" and "Between the Lines" were written to bring in money to furnish a new home.

* * *

SARA JEANNETTE DUNCAN's "Social Departure," the story of two girls who went around the world, and "An American Girl in London," bid fair to be very popular so long as they depict existing conditions. She has just brought out a new book called "The Simple Adventures of a Mem Sahib," being sketches of the life of a young married woman in India. Miss Duncan was a newspaper correspondent in Montreal when she started around the world with another newspaper woman as a companion. In Calcutta she met a professor in the University there, and married him, but the atmosphere of matrimony and India was too much for the Canadian girl who had lived her independent life so long, so she came back to Canada and took up her pen again. One misses a little of the breeziness of the earlier books, a little of the girlish spirit, and observation of the things that would naturally attract the heart of a girl. While this is inevitable, it is to be deplored.

* * *

It is the newest fad to have a book plate. Not that book plates are a recent invention; not by any means. In every great old library they are found, in many—in most—of the Colonial libraries. But to the "new people," those who did not inherit libraries and have bought their own books, the book plate is a revelation. It is a thing that is not for sale in the shops, and has only been talked about generally, very recently.

Nowadays when the coat of arms is ordered for the new carriage and the new silver, it is also put upon parchment to paste in the backs of the new books.

Some of the designs are unique and individual, but book plate collectors declare the modern ones to be fantastic and worthless. The book plate collector started out about seventy years ago in the person of a Miss Jenkins of Bath. A recent critic of this fancy says: "If collectors were reasonable, which they never are, they would be satisfied with such book plates as can

be found apart from the books, or can be abstracted from worthless volumes. But the enthusiastic collector stops at nothing. And an Aldine or an Elzevir, if it have a book plate in it, is sacrificed with as little thought as a last year's almanac."

IN "Poems by Two Brothers," the reprint of the old, and lost, book of poems by Alfred and Charles Tennyson, it is difficult to distinguish which was written by the poet laureate to be, and which by his brother. Here is one which is ascribed to Alfred. It shows talent, but how much more?

I will hang thee, my Harp, by the side of the fountain,
On the whispering branch of the lone waving willow;
Above thee shall rush the hoarse gale of the mountain,
Below thee shall tumble the dark, breaking billow.
The winds shall blow by thee, abandon'd, forsaken;
The wild gales alone shall arouse the sad strain;
For where is the heart or the hand to awaken
The sounds of thy soul soothing sweetness again?
Oh! Harp of my fathers!
Thy chords shall decay;
One by one with the strings
Shall thy notes fade away;
Till the fiercest of tempests
Around thee may yell,
And not waken one sound
Of thy desolate shell!

MRS. ARTHUR STANNARD (John Strange Winter) has just been elected a fellow of the Royal Society of Literature, a distinction that has only been offered to one woman since the formation of the society in 1823. The other lady is Mrs. Napier Higgins, wife of the Q. C. of that name. Mrs. Higgins wrote a standard work upon the women of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, which took her ten or twelve years to complete. It is very charming to be a member of the Royal Society of Literature doubtless, but why, out of all England's great women, Mrs. Stannard and Mrs. Higgins should have been chosen for this honor, nobody seems to know.

THE old fashioned novel with new fashioned settings is about the most fascinating combination for a midsummer day's reading. Ada Cambridge (Mrs. Cross) seems to have discovered the formula for creating just this sort of fiction. In her "Three Miss Kings" she gave us the regulation old story of heiresses coming into their own and confounding their enemies, but she made the *mise en scene* in Australia and painted it delightfully. She

has just come out with a new book, "The Little Minx." The heroine is the wife of a young clergyman who goes out to Australia, and it is as full of local color as the earlier tale.

MARY HARTWELL CATHERWOOD is a novelist with a distinct style of her own. She takes from almost unknown history, characters who have lived and suffered long ago, blows new life into them and makes them go over again, with vividness and color and passion the events which have imprinted themselves upon the dry records of a nation.

"The Romance of Dollard" is the book upon which her fame rests, if being read by a not very large but critically appreciative audience can be called fame. Mrs. Catherwood belongs most distinctively to the good society of literature, but she is neither known, nor appreciated by the general public. Her stories for children are dainty and interesting, but have none of that underlying character study which makes them interesting to grown people, such as you find in the stories of Mrs. Burnett for example. Mrs. Catherwood will never write a "Lord Fauntleroy," nor will her child's stories ever breathe out the charm and quaint, unconscious humor of Mary Wilkins's short stories for children.

Mrs. Catherwood is a very pretty woman with a delightful home in the village of Hoopeston, Illinois, near Chicago. Chicago claims her as a member of its own literary set, and she may often be seen in the restaurant of one of the big stores there, lunching in the midst of a day's shopping with two or three other clever women about her. Mrs. Catherwood is a member of the Committee of Literature for the World's Fair Congress.

WALTER BESANT is among those foreigners of note whom the Columbian Exposition has drawn to our shores this summer. Mr. Besant has expressed himself as especially interested in New England, and he will devote a generous share of his time here to studying that locality. In appearance, with his glasses and long beard, he reminds one of Wilkie Collins.

James Rice, his collaborator, died in 1882, but as Mr. Besant was always the writer of the firm, the removal of the partner has made no break in the output of novels. Mr. Rice was a concise thinker, and did very effective work in the arrangement of plots.

ETCHINGS.

BON VOYAGE.

'Twas at noon as I passed along
By the portals of the ferry;
All around the motley throng
Crowded, bustling, blithe and merry.

Starting toward the sounding sea
Here's the fashionable maiden;
With her goes her finery—
Fifteen trunks, all heavy laden.

Next, a little way behind
There's a charming little rogue—a
Maid who bears within her mind
Dreams of bliss at Saratoga.

Then there's one who seeks the hills—
Crag and dell and dashing fountains;
Where the summer tourist's bills
Rise above the topmost mountains.

Bon voyage, I wish you all!
May you find in bounteous measure
Happiness that will not pall,
Rest, refreshment, mirth and pleasure.

Would that I with you might flit!
But I can't—I claim your pity,
For on business—bother it!
I am bound for Jersey city.

"LET THE DEAR BABY CRY."

In these summer days of much journeying infantile wails fall all too frequently on the ear of the traveling public, and it is to be presumed that the sounds disturb the mothers as much as the rest of us. But there be mothers who are disturbed only by the sounds that disturb "baby." It is of one of these that they tell this story in Boston.

It was during the last Presidential campaign and a prominent orator had gone to Lynn to make an address in favor of Cleveland. During the speech he got warmed up and began to saw the air with dramatic force. Suddenly from the front of the hall came a long, infantile wail. The speaker continued speaking and the baby kept on crying. The mother tried in vain to stop the noise, but to no purpose. Then the speaker looked down upon the mother and child and gave a grand flourish.

"My dear madam," he said, with his hand upon his breast, "why not let the

dear baby cry. He'll soon stop. He isn't annoying me in the least."

The mother gave a glance upward, then looked at the wailing child.

"Oh, it isn't that, sir. It's you that's annoying the baby."

WOULD SHE?

Just now she passed me with haughty air,
And not a bow would she give to me;
I'll not deny she is wondrous fair,
Or that her smile is ecstasy;
But would she carry her head so high,
As if aware of her loveliness,
If I should show her a-creeping by
That caterpillar upon her dress?
Or with a look that betokens scorn,
Would she so loftily pass me by,
If I should stop her this summer morn
To say her hat is all awry?
Or would she pass in such queenly way,
As if entitled to wear a crown,
Were she aware this sweet summer day
That her back hair is a-falling down?

THE JOYS AND WOES OF SUMMER.

THESE golden summer days, in truth,
Are dear unto the heart of youth,
With all the joys that lake and field
The seashore and the mountains yield.
Dear are they to the winsome maid,
Who sees, 'neath twin umbrellas' shade,
Afar, the blue horizon's rim,
And near, a belted and blazer'd him.
And dear are summer days, alas!
To poor paterfamilias,
Whose soul financial panic fills
When he's presented with the bills.

TO A MAIDEN KNEELING AT A WOODLAND SPRING.

DRINK, fair maid, from the spring that
bubbles up,
Make of your slender hands a dainty cup,
And I from those white hands would rather
drink,
Just as thou kneelest on the mossy brink,
Than taste ambrosia of fair Ganymede.
Thou kneelest here—for what grace dost thou
plead?
Wouldst thou some forest god's affection
win?
Or dost thou seek—Great Scott, she's tumbled
in!

MISS KEETER.

SHE'S as dainty and as quaint a
 Little miss as haunts the park;
 She adores me, though she bores me,
 When she meets me in the dark.
 Softly sings she—gently swings she,
 Round and round my rustic chair.
 Near and nearer—clear and clearer—
 Fairy music floats in air.
 Now she presses soft caresses
 On my sunburned, humid brow—
 While she woos me, sleep pursues me—
 Dreamy visions come and—o—o—w !!

A SUMMER SONG.

Ho, for some quiet, cool resort,
 For now the sun grows stronger;
 The mountain climber's pants are short,
 The pug dog's pants are longer.

The flowers are blooming on the lea;
 The soda fountain fizzes;
 And swift o'er river, lake, and sea
 The excursion steamer whizzes.

Beneath the summer maiden's skirts
 There peeps a dainty ankle;
 She comes, she sees, she coyly flirts,
 And leaves heart wounds that rankle.

Thermometers begin to soar
 As fierce July draws nigher;
 And in the strawberry box once more
 The bottom rises higher.

O'er yon blue hills is overshadowed
 A veil that shimmers hazy;
 The flies around the poet's head
 Buzz till he's nearly crazy!

A BACK YARD TRAGEDY.

WHEN the pale stars begin to shine,
 Beneath the linden tree
 She sat—no ear, no eye, save mine
 Was there to hear or see.

She sat, and sang, as in a dream,
 A slow, soft song of love:
 Methought that in her eye did gleam
 A ray from heaven above.

And now her flute notes louder soar;
 But, ah! a sudden pain.

Well aimed, that brick! A voice next door,
 "It's Jones's cat again!"

FULL OF HIS SUBJECT.

It is a well known fact that when a company of clergymen get together for a good time socially, there are always some very funny stories told. One need not be surprised, therefore, to read some hard hits on the cloth, even in the religious papers. Here is one of them.

It was at a quarterly meeting of Seventh Day Baptist churches in Wisconsin that

two clergymen were to present papers on the same day, and the question of precedence having arisen, Mr. A. sprang to his feet and said: "I think Brother B. ought to have the first place on the programme: he is an older man than I am, and, besides, is full of his subject." When the audience remembered that Brother B.'s subject was "The Devil," a cheerful smile seemed to beam around the church. The brethren do so enjoy these little things!

UNUTTERABLE.

I WOULD not sing of thee in sluggish prose,
 Nor round thy virtues pulseless phrases bind,

But with divinest passion unconfin'd,
 I'd fain indulge in fine poetic throes,
 And image all the grace thy beauty shows;
 For thou art such an one as fills the mind
 With dreams so bright, the soul is unre-
 signed

When from the sight thy witching presence goes.

Thou standest there in such enchanting guise,

As if by love transfixed, irresolute.

I dare not come anear or speak to thee;

So stay thou ever thus before mine eyes,

Thou elfish maiden in a bathing suit,

That—whew! that wave has knocked
 the poesy out of me!

ON A PRACTICAL WIFE.

I SWORE I loved but her alone;
 She'd not believe me.

I swore her sorrows made me groan;
 She'd not believe me.

But when I made her *mère* a loan,
 Then she'd believe me.

I often praised her azure eyes,
 She'd not believe me.

I called her smiles "Italian skies";
 She'd not believe me.

But when I praised her home made pies
 Then she'd believe me.

At last I found it best to say
 (So she'd believe me)

Mere commonplaces every day,
 Although 'twould grieve me.

My moral? Try your wife that way,
 'Tis best, believe me.

OBSERVED BY OLD EBONY.

Yo' maybe has been hoodooed,

In days dat's pas' an' gone,

An' had bad luck in raisin' fowls

In the early part ob dawn.

But de chickens need no 'tention now,

Dar's something still mo' fine,

De watamellon big an ripe

Is laughing on the vine!

IMPRESSIONS BY THE WAY.

COMFORT FOR THE STAY-AT-HOMES.

Now is the season when our cities become like unto "deserted villages." Walking through the streets where the well to do live, one is confronted by house after house with boarded up front doors. And many of these are dwellings where sumptuous comfort reigns. Around some of them a carpet of smoothest turf, climbing vines and flowering plants bring tributes from the country side, and would seem to make a pilgrimage thither not at all necessary. But it is precisely that class who could be most at ease in town that hurry out of it soonest.

The tenement districts appear to be more thickly populated than ever—because it is all in evidence now, clamoring for every zephyr. The poor undoubtedly suffer greatly during the heated term. They need all the sympathy, practically expressed, that can be bestowed upon them. Their rooms are small, nearly always crowded, and the cook stove, which must be kept going, is never very far away.

But the great middle class, the people who live in their own modest little homes on streets that are respectable if not fashionable, these are the folk who often make martyrs of themselves for supposed comfort's sake. When July arrives they think they must leave town and spend at least two months in the country. They cannot afford to take a cottage of their own and pay rent in two places. The going away at all is only made possible by the dismissal of the servant and the stoppage of butcher's, grocer's and milkman's bills for a period.

Rooms are hired—as few as can possibly be got along with—in a second rate hotel, whose only recommendation is that it is out of town, and the whole family transport themselves thither under the delusion that they are much to be envied because they are able to go to the country. These rooms are mere bandboxes in size compared to those left empty at home; as like as not they are directly under the roof and are

stiflingly hot both day and night. The food is scanty and the meats poor. Very probably mosquitoes are numerous, and, if the resort happens to be by the shore, so are the gnats. The husband and father, who cannot leave his business, must rise with the lark and go to bed with the chickens so as to be ready to catch that bugbear of an early train to the city, and at the end of the season he is worn out in body and mind.

Perhaps once or twice he goes to the little home in town and passes a night there to see that all is safe. How cool it feels as he opens the front door and steps into the darkness of the hall. The thick walls have kept out the heat. He opens the windows front and back, establishes a current of air, unimpeded by mosquito screens, then takes a bath in a tub where the water will run as long as he wants it to, dries himself on as many towels as he pleases, and then lays him down in peace to sleep, thinking with a sigh of happiness that here no dog barking at the moon can break in upon his slumbers. If he is a sensible man he goes back to the country the next day and brings his family home, where ease reigns, even if fashion doesn't.

Unless one can afford to be as comfortable in sleeping and as dainty in eating at a summer resort as in the city, there is nothing gained by the change. The children may be sent to play in the parks: close to all our large towns are resorts on ocean, lake or river to which pleasant excursions for a day or night may be made for very little money; and the opportunities to hear good music are such as never come to those who affect the so called "quiet resorts," where the buzzing of flies, the singing of mosquitoes, the barking of dogs and the squabbling of children make a din that is worse than pandemonium, because there is a sting, a bite or an entire family quarrel lurking beneath each separate noise.

Let those of slender means then, endeavor in summer to make as much as possible of their city homes, instead of trying

to get along with as little as they may of accommodations in the country. When the vacation time of the bread winner arrives, they can take a fortnight's trip among the mountains or to the sea, and in this period obtain the necessary break to the monotony of always living in the same place.

Let us put down this fetic of going away for the summer just because the very wealthy, who can afford to own half a dozen homes, set us the example. The brick walls, the running water, the high ceilings, the good living of one's own house, are much better recuperators than trees and grass, coupled with stifling rooms and stunted stomachs.

THE PENALTY OF READING TOO MUCH.

ONE of the great novelists drew the character of an officer with a marvelous memory, who accounted for his gift by saying that he had never clogged the wheels of his mind by reading things he did not want to remember. When an idea came into his brain, it came clear, unobstructed by the opinions of hundreds of others who had gone over that ground before, each working it according to his own methods. The ideal mind, is, of course, the perfectly trained mind, entirely unconscious of itself; yet this is almost impossible of attainment, for, in the processes of that training, self consciousness is created. It is for this reason that so many of the most original minds come from the country. They have lived alone with nature; their vision is made wide; they have learned the long sighted habit, and they see things through their own eyes and not those of another.

Somebody has said lately that there are fools who have been made fools by reading too much. They read a great many books, and as most books are, comparatively speaking, bad, they come a little nearer to the line of folly with every book they read. They imbibe a great mass of crude and raw opinions of life, made up in their turn, in many cases, from second class material, and instead of seeing the life about them clearly with their own eyes, they look through the glasses which are held up before them, and whatever originality nature may have given them, is distorted by the clouds of centuries of prejudice.

We are all educated unconsciously by what we read. Every bit of experience which comes into our daily life, leaves us in some respects a different person from what we were before. Reading, even for

recreation, is nothing but vicarious experiences. In these days the novel is the social, the scientific the ethical treatise. When we go through the experiences laid down therein we emerge with some changed ideas. We cannot have in this country a literary censorship, but surely people should be made to understand that they cannot overload their minds with food, wholesome or unwholesome, with any more impunity than they can overload their stomachs.

WHAT IS A GENTLEMAN?

THE definition of gentleman is a subject that is always fascinating, perhaps because it is so elusive, so indefinite, and affords so much room for speculation and discussion. Then, too, it is a word we are growing very shy of, a word that has been so abused, that no American will allow it to be used in his presence to describe a class to which he himself does not belong. As always happens in such a case, this class has almost cut it from its vocabulary. A man or a woman of the best form never speaks of a *gentleman*, but always of "a man I know."

The American and English idea of a gentleman is entirely different. In England a gentleman is a man of birth and breeding and cultivation. In America a man may have come from the most humble origin and be the very flower of gentlemanhood.

Gentlemanliness in its real sense means the two qualities of inherent self respect and inherent courtesy. The courtesy must be, not a veneer, but the outward expression of an inward grace. It must not be a thing of code, but a thing of instinct, and this can only come through inheritance. The son of a boor is apt to have boorish instincts.

Our radical difference from English standards is in our contempt for their ways of measuring a gentleman by his wealth and position. A man may be entirely uneducated, and be a gentleman because he has a gentle heart. His son, given the advantages of training, would in turn be a gentleman in every sense of inherent right.

There was an old maxim laid down eighteen hundred years ago, which seems after all to entirely cover the subject: "Do unto others as you would have others do unto you." The man who does that, through impulse, might safely be called a gentleman whatever his station in life happened to be.

CHARACTER IN HANDWRITING.

Any person sending to MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE fifteen lines or more of original composition (a letter preferred), written on unruled paper, and signed with an assumed name, will have his or her characteristics told. The delineation will appear in a succeeding number of the magazine.

Specimens of handwriting will be passed upon in order of date of receipt and the delineations published as fast as space will permit.

Address, Character in Handwriting, MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE, 155 East 23d Street, New York

ELOISE STEELE. A young girl who loves pretty gowns and pretty adornments in the house. High tempered, not at all versatile or original. A keen sense of humor. An excess of frankness. Neatness, refinement, generosity, spirituality.

A. T. RANGLER. A person whose prominent characteristic is economy, combined with extreme generosity. One who would be likely to deny himself to serve a friend. A very modest demeanor, a happy temperament, frankness, tact, business habits, and conscientiousness.

FRANK E. SHARP. A very thoughtful, open eyed young man, who is slow of speech and of thought, but whose final opinions are worthy of attention. Stiffness and shyness in company. Perfect confidence in some, but reserve with the many. A man to be trusted.

GEO. A. WESTER. If a back hand is not written by a left handed person it is one whose affectation is to be deplored. There is here a lack of freedom, of ease. A self consciousness that seems to be the result of early environment. There is no vulgar egotism. A strong will, an evenly balanced mind, a dictatorial manner, but not always entire self confidence.

DANDY JIM. A very youthful example, that will change with years. Some very pleasing qualities indicated. Versatility, originality, optimistic temperament. Evidently a young person whose cleverness has been commented upon until he is a little spoiled.

SAVOIR FAIRE. A not overly sweet disposition, vehemence, a little conceit, a rather selfish disposition, not much sensitiveness, no despotism, adaptability, a tendency to look on the bright side, a final attention to detail.

ENIGMA. This letter shows hopefulness, capacity for strong emotions, clearness of intellect, a logical mind, imagination, good judgment, tenacity, intuition, versatility, benevolence, and truthfulness.

JOHN BANKER. A sensitive, affectionate nature, not possessing sufficient will power to assert itself. This is combined with much mildness and sweetness of disposition, and a love for the beautiful. Economical and yet with no miserly tendencies. An almost entire absence of worldliness and egotism are displayed in this handwriting.

HAMILTON ELKHORN. An intensely enthusiastic nature, but one inclined to look on the dark side of life. Kind heartedness and generosity, especially to their own, are seen in this handwriting. An utter absence of either jealousy or suspicion. A strong will, but one easily convinced of an error.

AGRICOLE. A handwriting in every sense pleasing, displaying much courage of thought, very clear reasoning powers and hopefulness. A nature not only trustful, but worthy of being trusted. Generosity, modesty and sweetness of disposition are remarked.

ELIZABETH WHITE. The handwriting of a very young girl, whose character is as yet unformed. The traits most marked, are frankness, affection, with an inclination to pose, and not a little consideration for details.

MAMIE MAUD FAY. On lines in pencil.

CAROLINE BRONX. A very original handwriting. Much breadth of thought, a keen sense of humor, strength of will, tenacity and firmness of purpose, are strongly marked. Capacity for de-

votion to a cause, an impatient, imperious temper when aroused, a certain amount of enthusiasm and caution.

ROSE FARNHAM. A very calm, persevering person, in whose writing is displayed much frankness, rather more affection than tenderness, great strength of will, combined with good judgment. Assurance, much candor, and tact are noticeable.

KATE COURTNEY. The chief characteristic of this handwriting is its extreme frankness. Honesty and open heartedness are found to a remarkable degree. A strong love of the beautiful, optimism, clearness of intellect, together with much tenacity of purpose, are seen. A certain amount of vanity combined with self will.

DAN'L L. DRISCOLL. This is a very remarkable writing for a boy of thirteen, showing an intense love of the beautiful, much artistic talent and sweetness of disposition. These are the only characteristics strongly marked, others, such as carelessness of detail, may be entirely erased by time.

HENRY G. STOLL. On lines. This is either the writing of a very young or very affected person. The later specimen is more pleasing, as it is more natural. There is a certain lack of originality, but much kindness of heart. Some egotism, but not absolute selfishness. Little vanity and a very even temper.

CIRCLE. This may not be the writing of an intensely original person, but it is to me very interesting, giving evidence of good spirits, much refinement, a quickness to form conclusions, and yet of a person possessing good reasoning powers. An affectionate disposition, honesty and simplicity are all to be found.

BONNIE. This is the writing of a very pleasant girl, who is fond of having her own way, with much loquacity, small wit, a carelessness that is almost reckless. A love of admiration, vanity, versatility, not a remarkable degree of refinement are noted.

CLEF BURLINGAME. A handwriting that gives evidence of originality, versatility and a striking amount of finesse. A keen sense of humor, imagination, intuition, some opinionativeness, a very well poised character. A strong talent for diplomacy with a knowledge and appreciation of life.

MARINNA. This is the writing of a very frank, openhearted young woman, who possesses a strong will, perseverance and clearness of intellect. There is some coquetry, and fondness for admiration. A strong love for things worldly, much sincerity and candor.

FRANCIS RAYMOND. An impetuous, extravagant nature, very easily influenced, and yet one who has a fondness for airing his own opinions, generous, kind hearted, but with little fineness of feeling. Egotism, materialism, and some sensuality.

MARIE LOUISE. The writing of a very sensitive, delicate minded woman, who is always ready with sympathy for her fellow creatures' misfortunes. Modesty, honesty, sincerity and sweetness of disposition are seen. A love of daintiness and beauty of surroundings. A nature capable of endless devotion to a cause. Moderate clearness of intellect, tact, and no conceit.

GEORGE H. THOMAS. This is the writing of a

CHARACTER IN HANDWRITING.

person not possessing a very strong will, but one who would be at all times an agreeable companion. Modesty, no egotism, very little reasoning powers. A man who would ask for peace at any price, generous to a fault, tender hearted and very considerate for others.

AUGUSTUS. Perhaps it would be well to take the rendering given by the graphologist of your own character and see how wrong—or right he is when he tells you that you are an independent, obstinate and a rather opinionated person, who, possesses in addition some very admirable qualities. There is more sensuousness than purity in this writing, and, without a demonstrative affection, a love of the opposite sex. There is a strong sense of justice, a rendering unto Cæsar of his due, but no extraordinary generosity. There is a keen reasoning power, some critical faculty, decision of character, self confidence, and little softness and susceptibility.

MARGUERITE CLIFFORD. The most striking characteristic of this writing is its optimism, which is seen to a very remarkable degree. Some affectation, but as it is the hand of a very young girl this may pass with time. Versatility, no great will power, good nature and sweet temper; a fondness for society and the gay world in general. Not a trustful nature, and yet a girl who will be at all times the most constant of friends.

MARIE RUD. The writing of a rather conventional person. A nature at all times frank and open that would scorn a lie; generous and yet with no extravagant tendencies, a love for the beautiful, slow to form an opinion, but will hold firmly to this opinion when once formed. Sweetness of disposition, tenacity of purpose, almost entire absence of egotism. Caution and much personal pride are noted.

H. G. T. A man whose thoughts are far too rapid to permit of his writing anything but a very ugly hand. Extreme good nature, cordiality and candor are remarked. Cleverness in business affairs, firmness of purpose, capacity for strong emotions. A man who finds great satisfaction in a well served dinner. Generosity and utter freedom from narrow mindedness.

MAUD LEWIS. A handwriting betraying great decision of character, evenness of temper, and candor—good reasoning powers. A person who would never be guilty of acting in the dark. Tact, adaptability and generosity, modesty, no false pride, fondness for pleasure and yet no great social talent. No special originality.

FRANCIS BANCROFT. An intensely feminine handwriting. Extravagance almost to the point recklessness, versatility and very little reasoning powers are noted. Love of admiration and conventional, literary tastes and a love of the beautiful both in art and nature. Sincerity, frankness in speech and amiability are all to be seen.

SARA KINNEY. This is the writing of a young person of very decided opinions, who is apt to think her own opinion the correct one. Affectation of rather a harmless order, a strict regard for detail; a keen sense of justice, candor and honesty, a lack of originality, a small degree of egotism and very little intuition.

DOROTHY SPENCER. The handwriting of a very charming and original person, one possessing a dainty wit and a happy way of forming conclusions. Affectionate, but rather inconsistent in forming friendships, a love of the pomps and vanities of this world, a merry disposition and a frankness of speech that may at times lead to unpleasant consequences.

TOM JEFFERSON. The handwriting of an affected, posing individual, and yet one who is not lacking in good qualities. Generosity, good nature and a regard for the feelings of others are remarked. An almost utter lack of originality and force of character. Fondness for literature of rather a light order.

JOSEPH PEIPER. A rather despondent nature, but with sufficient reasoning powers to throw off any such morbid feelings. Strength of will and tenacity of purpose to a degree great enough to cause them to finish a task once commenced. Sweetness of disposition, although impetuous

when aroused. Pride of person, a disregard for conventionalities and a lack of candor.

VIRGINIA JAY. The most striking characteristic of this writing is its utter lack of adaptability, much decision of character, lack of originality and a fondness for airing opinions. A close observer of duty, critical and yet at all times just. Of rather a studious temperament and with a love of that which is beautiful. There is both sincerity and frankness. Not really selfish and yet not absolutely forgetful of self.

BIRDIE SEYMOR. It is almost impossible to tell anything from the handwriting of a person so young as to have the character as yet unformed. Sweetness of disposition, combined with a very strong desire to follow her own sweet will, are almost the only characteristics remarked.

ABE STEIN. On lines. This is the writing of a very painstaking person, who lacks sufficient force of character to make him original. Pretentious, aspiring, with some affectation. A regard for the opinion of the world, sensitive, with a love for finery. Admiration, without entire comprehension of the beautiful. No especial regard for the truth in details. Affectionate and kind hearted.

DOROTHEA DORR. A very unusual personality. Ready sympathy and understanding for the ills of her fellow creatures; a very womanly woman. A quick perception of the beautiful, spirituality, literary tastes and humor of a very refined degree. Modesty, sweetness of temper, tact, adaptability. Not sufficient self assertiveness; a person who is very apt to think of the whole world before self.

S. B. CARNES. A man possessing sufficient energy and capacity to succeed in anything he may undertake. Opinionated, but not overbearing; generous to a fault, sensual, and one who forms opinions entirely by deduction. Affectionate, a ready wit, lack of caution in speech.

WARWICK DOUGLAS. A very unusual handwriting, giving evidence of extreme versatility, love of ease, a strong will, and yet too indifferent to struggle against opposition. Generosity, and unusual conversational powers. A man who prefers a good meal and a comfortable chair to the more serious cares of life. Some sensuality.

S. E. LEGRAF. The greatest defect to be seen in this writing is its egotism. Extreme candor, entire absence of any narrow minded ideas, generous, of a very sweet and forgiving temperament. A man who will be at all times master of his own life. Careful of detail and with a taste for beauty.

J. C. KENT. Modest and gentle, but aspiring. Good reasoning powers, refined tastes, truthfulness, no especial originality. A very tactful and pleasing individual, but marred in a measure by egotism.

G. H. WARDEN. The writing of a calm, lofty minded individual. A love of the beautiful which overreaches every other characteristic, a romantic imagination, great generosity, no especial affections. A regard for details that at times becomes almost painful. Some diplomacy, a strict regard for truth, and a firm will.

L. S. BERNHEIM. Fifteen lines are required.

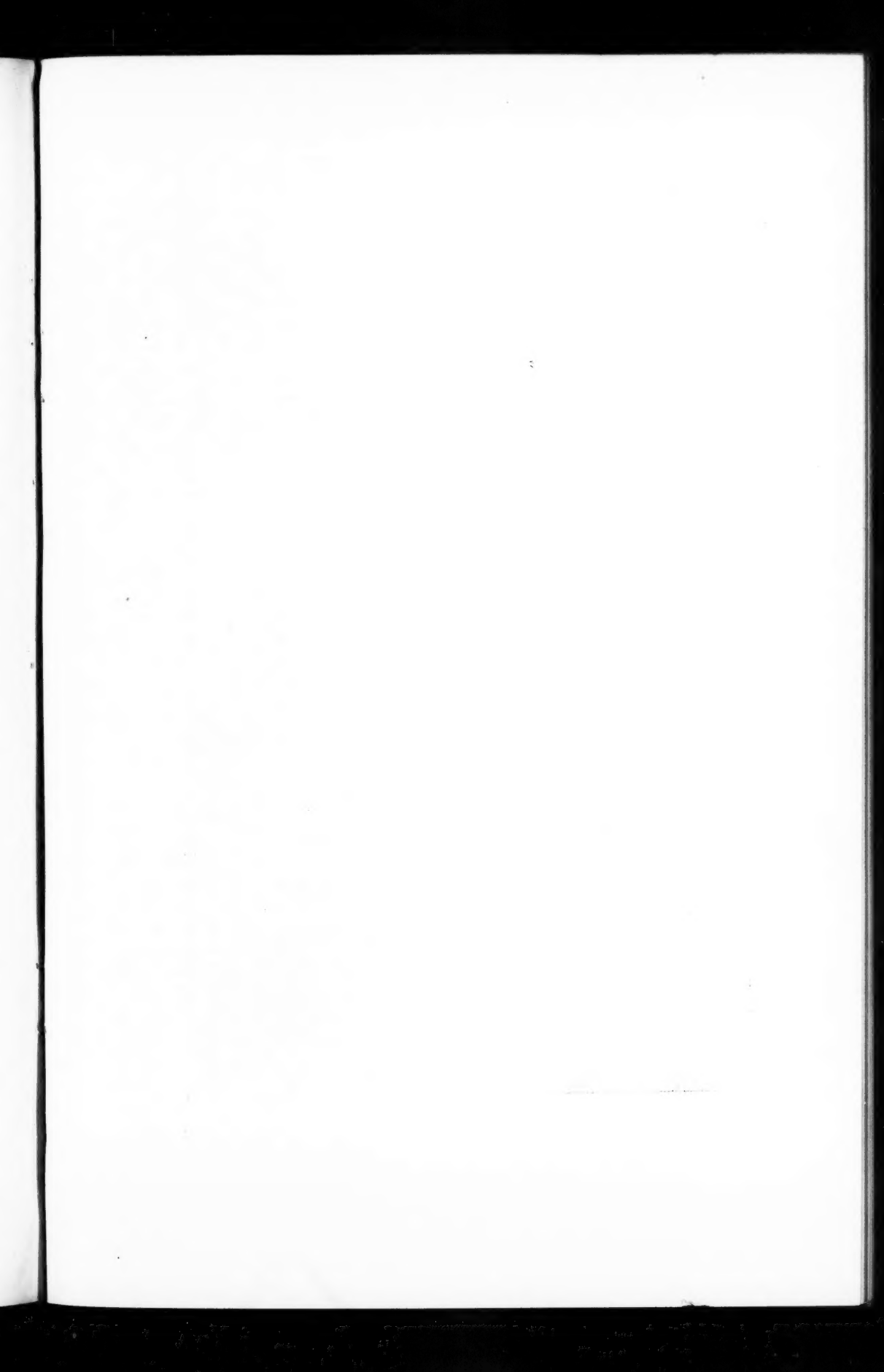
19 SUMMERS. This handwriting shows a generous, rather impetuous nature. A person who is in the habit of repenting at leisure. A respect for her own opinions. Refined, delicate tastes. There is a wavering between high and low spirits. Love of admiration. A charming consideration for others.

JOHN G. COBLER. See "L. S. Bernheim."

CLAUDIA. A person given to paying an unnecessary amount of attention to trifles. Delicacy of feeling and refinement of tastes. A temperament that is forgiving because duty compels her to be, but who never forgets an injury. Some egotism.

JOSIE CALDWELL. See "L. S. Bernheim."

DORA GILROY. This is the writing of a young girl who possesses an unusual amount of will power. Conventionality of manner rather than thought. Generous, sweet tempered, cautious in speech, extreme truthfulness. Literary tastes, a small sense of humor, calm and self contained.





THE MADONNA.

From a painting by Von Bodenhausen.